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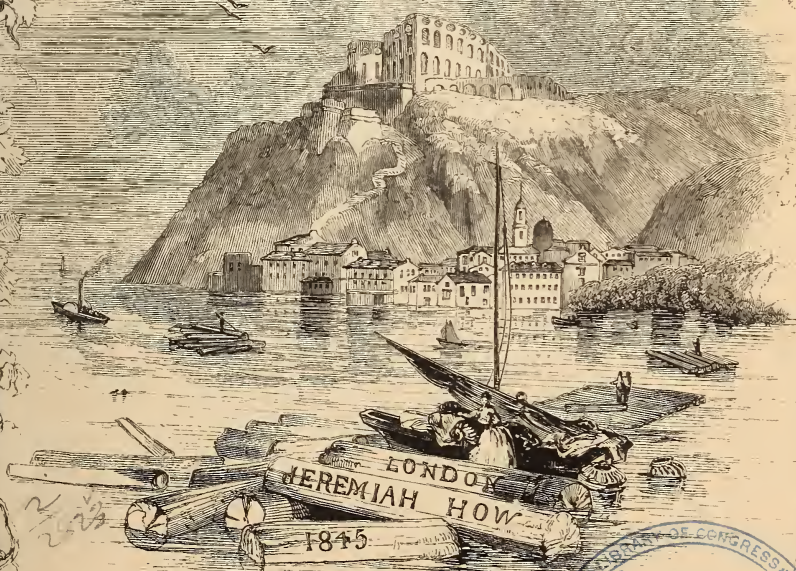


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THE RHINE

ITS SCENERY
AND
HISTORICAL & LEGENDARY ASSOCIATIONS
BY
FREDERICK KNIGHT HUNT.



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TO
HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,

THIS VOLUME

IS

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

A DIENDING OF ALL BEAUTIES ; STREAMS AND DELLS,
FRUIT, FOLIAGE, CRAG, WOOD, CORNFIELD, MOUNTAIN, VINE
AND CHIEFLESS CASTLES BREATHING STERN FAREWELLS
FROM GRAY BUT LEAFY WALLS, WHERE ROIN GREENLY DWELLS.

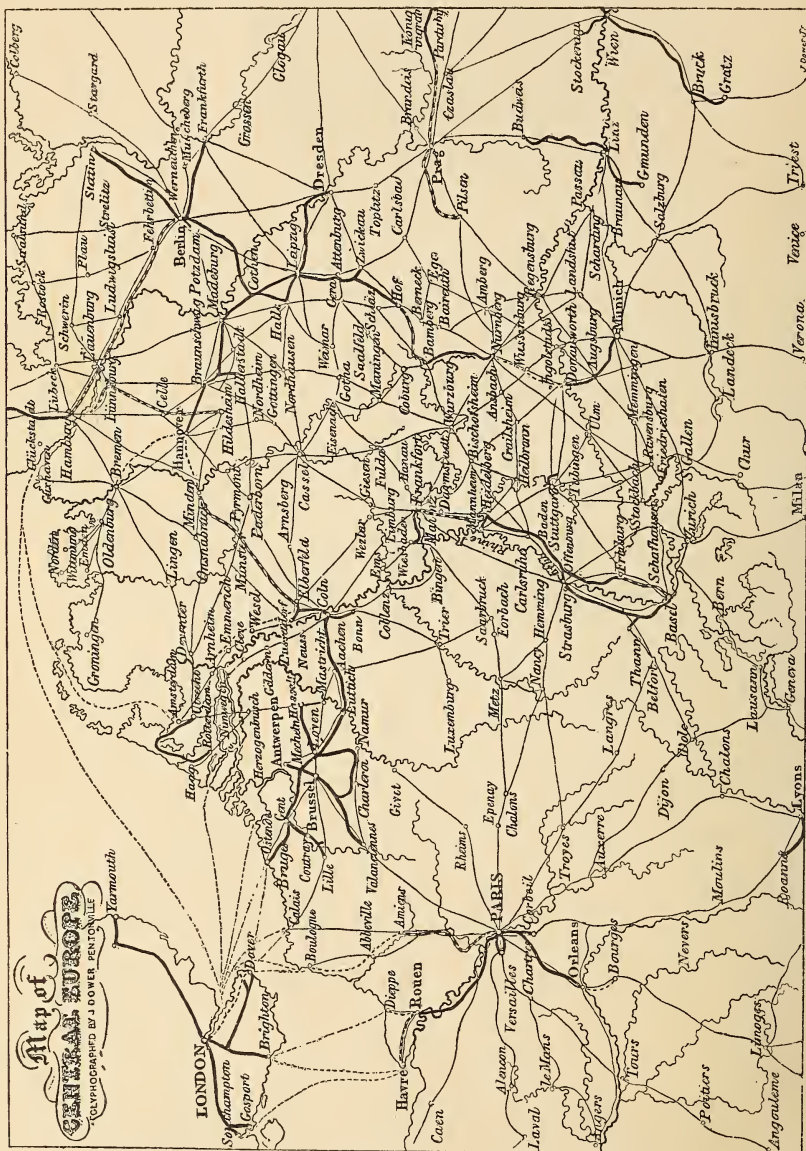
CHILDE HAROLD

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INTRODUCTION. OUTLINE OF THE RHINE TOUR. THE INTERCHAPTER.



IN the first announcement of a New Book upon an Old Theme, custom and convenience alike require that a word should be said in shape of introduction and explanation. Its object, its usefulness, its points of novelty, and intended appearance, become the proper text for the Preface.

First, then, of the intention of this Book, which is to make more pleasantly familiar in England the most beautiful and most romantic of the rivers of Europe; to show how easily its scenery may be enjoyed, and how small an outlay of time and money is requisite to make acquaintance with the charms of THE RHINE—the stream of the Conqueror, the Poet, and the Painter—the river of rivers—its majestic banks made historical by Cæsar, by Charlemagne, by Napoleon; its crumbling ruins in picturesque decay, each in itself a lingering romance of the Middle Ages; its vine-clad slopes, the parent of the *Rheinwein*, and theme of a thousand songs; its rapid waters, the fabled dwelling-place of sprites and mermaids;—the River of “The Fatherland.”

The charm of THE RHINE TOUR is increased by the facility with which it is made. Steam is our willing slave, ready to bear us, afloat by vessel and ashore

by railway, on our pilgrimage in search of health, of change, of amusement; of instruction, or the picturesque. Gallantly, in spite of wind and tide, it breasts its way, and places *Cologne but a day's journey from London*; — as near as the English Lakes, and nearer than the Highlands of Scotland!

That the pleasure of the trip has the further merit of utility needs but little proof. Travel teaches what books never teach so well. It roots out prejudices, expands the feelings, cultivates the taste, sharpens the intellect, and, beyond all other means, polishes the manners. The advantage of the lessons thus taught is beyond all calculation. The old moralist was right in estimating men according to their knowledge of strange lands and languages. "He who knows one country and one tongue, is as one man; he who knows two, is as two; he who knows three, has treble power; and so on in like proportion."

The "Grand Tour" is no longer the privilege of *the few*; for steam has thrown down the barrier of cost, and offers to all the teachings of travel — lessons in the great School of the world — easily and agreeably learned, and long remembered. Steam is, indeed, our Great Schoolmaster. Not satisfied with pouring forth, for our use and delectation, books by thousands and newspapers by millions, the Vapoury Giant opens all Europe for the inspection, the amusement, and instruction of the Summer Tourist; in a few hours bearing him over those boundaries which man and nature have set up between race and race, between country and country, as though to prevent that free and kindly intercourse which, when indulged, is found to be so delightfully congenial to our really social nature.

Each stage of the Rhine Tour has its own peculiar attractions. First, the trip across the Channel, and up "the lazy Scheldt;" then ANTWERP, one of the finest old cities of the Continent, with its citadel and story of battles and sieges; its tall Spanish-built houses, their aspect telling their history; its magnificent Gothic Cathedral, and above all, its memory of Rubens, and its treasury of his works. Then the railroad trip, with its trumpet signals, through the fruitful fields of Belgium, to BRUSSELS. The life, vivacity, and cleanliness, of the modern portions of that "little Paris," its park, boulevards, and *petite* palaces, contrasting with the gloomy grandeur of the old town. Then the plain of Waterloo, with its monuments and recollections ever interesting to the Englishman. Then LIEGE, the busy centre of manufacturing industry, — the Birmingham of Belgium. Then the delightful valley of the Meuse, and Aix-la-Chapelle, its baths, and gaiety; and again, the railroad to Cologne, its old cathedral, its three skeleton kings, unnumbered virgins, and other legendary histories. There the Rhine gives first foretaste of future beauties, as above Cologne the Seven Mountains, with the Drachenfels as their King, first break upon the sight. Ehrenbreitstein, the Broad Stone of Honor, next frowns upon the gazer, and, following too thickly for cursory description, the features of the Rhine now crowd on his delighted

notice. Mountains built up, as it were, of successive seams of hard bare rock, and rich strips and patches of earth covered by the vine—graceful bends of river scenery—villages cowering for shelter under huge rocks on the banks, the stream laving their very door-stone, and the hills rising, like earthy giants, above the rustic roof, and slender church spires,—each mountain pinnaced by some ruined fortalice invested with wild legendary associations, and enriched by all the poetical garniture of chivalric tale, and “ballad historie.” From Ehrenbreitstein to Bingen is one continuous succession of delightful scenery; now bold and startling, the rocks jutting bare and barren in rude sublimity, anon the mountain tops mingle into soft outlines, their bases shutting in the windings of the river, until the gazer finds himself passing through a seeming succession of lakes. It is, indeed, a land of beauty and poetry. From the days of the Romans to the time of Charlemagne, through the romance of the Crusades, and the stirring periods of the Middle Ages, until Napoleon rose to startle Europe, and form an era in modern history,—the Rhine has been an historic river. To its geographical importance is added the potent charm of natural beauty; and the accumulated associations of ages have invested it with a degree of interest which others may claim or envy, but may never expect to enjoy.

By this route the Rhine bears its pilgrim on his way—each few miles offering, on either bank, towns and villages as halting-places, should he wish to linger—until he reaches Mayence, the birth-place of the printing press. From this point he may make excursions to Wiesbaden, to Franckfort, to Heidelberg, to Carlsruhe, to Baden-Baden, to Strasbourg, or, retracing his steps when the more beautiful portions of the river have been exhausted, may hasten down the rapid current to Holland;—that most curious of countries—a land filched from the sea.

“A country that draws fifty feet of water,
In which men live as in the hold of nature,
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.”

HUDIBRAS.

THE RHINE BOOK, by an arrangement entirely novel, seeks to separate the Romance of Travel from its Common-place. The numerous illustrations from original sketches, and the attractions of the finest printing, will, it is hoped, render the volume worthy of the library, the drawing-room, or the boudoir, whilst it unites with its claims to elegance those points of practical usefulness necessary in a Guide Book. Dates, distances, times, and prices, will be found fully and exactly stated, to enable the Tourist to know and regulate his expenses at pleasure, and to avoid those extortions to which, when destitute of such information, he would most certainly be subjected.

The INTERCHAPTERS contain various points of detail gathered in the countries to which they refer. The Tourist who only seeks amusement or relaxation need

not trouble himself with more of them than may be requisite or serviceable for the regulation of his movements; but will scarcely complain that facts and figures valuable and interesting to the student of history and to the political economist find place in company with things more personally important, such as lists of exhibitions, catalogues of pictures, and collections of hotel cards.

In preparing the details of the Interchapter for Belgium free use has been made of the Volume of Monsieur J. Duplessy upon the Railroads of that country, — a work compiled from official documents, and, notwithstanding the modesty of its title, sanctioned by His Majesty King Leopold, and largely patronised by his people. And here it may not be out of place to state that

The expense of travelling by railway in Belgium is much inferior to the charge made in England. Let us take for example the railroad from Birmingham to Liverpool, $97\frac{1}{2}$ miles (rather less than 157 kilom.). The price of the best places is 1*l.* 5*s.* (31 francs 25 centimes) or 20 centimes per kilom. In Belgium, from Brussels to Antwerp, a distance of 44 kilom., the diligences cost 3 francs 50 centimes, that is 8 centimes per kilom.; the price in the waggons does not amount to more than 3 or 4 centimes per kilom., and in England the cheapest places come to $11\frac{1}{2}$ centimes per kilom.

In France, upon the railway from Paris to Saint Germain (18,500 mètres), the lowest places are 1 franc, and on the road from Paris to Versailles, right bank (18,000 mètres), they are 1 franc 25 centimes.

The advantage with respect to economy is still in favour of Belgium.

The German "Legends" in the latter part of the book have been chiefly rendered from the versions of Reismann; care having been taken to select those most likely to interest the English Traveller, and to afford a correct notion of the traditionary stores of THE RHINE;—its brave knights and fair ladies; its ancient warriors, mischievous demons, cunning gnomes, and graceful mer-maidens

" — bright forms that lure but to betray."



INTERCHAPTER FOR THE TRAVELLER.

FACTS, FIGURES, DISTANCES, PASSPORTS, MONEYS, EXPENSES, INNS, CUSTOM HOUSES, CONVEYANCES, LANGUAGE, EXHIBITIONS, AMUSEMENTS, PICTURES, ETC.

LONDON TO ANTWERP.

PASSPORTS. — The traveller who decides upon visiting the Rhine will do well to take steam to Antwerp. To do this it is first requisite to procure a passport; a Belgian one *visé* by the Prussian Minister is the best. To procure this a visit must be paid to the office of the Belgian ambassador, No. 50. Portland Place, between the hours of eleven and two. The traveller's name and appearance will be taken the first day. Upon calling next morning the passport will be delivered to him free of charge. It should be taken between eleven and two o'clock to the Prussian Ambassador, No. 4. Carlton House Terrace, St. James's Park, who will affix the necessary signature, also without charge. Having done this the traveller possesses the passport he requires, and he may start upon his tour without fear of detention, either in Belgium, on the Rhine, or in Holland. Should he require a passport in haste, the best plan is to go to the Prussian Consul, B. Hebler, Esq., No. 106. Fenchurch Street, City, who will supply it on payment of seven shillings.

CONVEYANCE. — *Steam-boats* for the Rhine, by way of Antwerp and Ostend, leave London three or four times a-week. Vessels of the General Steam Navigation Company leave Blackwall every Thursday and Saturday. For the tourist who studies economy, it is well to take a return ticket from the office of this company in Lombard Street, which tickets convey the purchaser up the Rhine, allowing him to land and remain at intermediate places as long as he may think fit, and bring him back to England at a considerable reduction upon the fixed fares from place to place. The only objection to this plan is that the traveller must always journey by the same company's boats.

The direct fares from London are at the following rates :

FARES TO ANTWERP FROM LONDON. — Chief Cabin, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Fore Cabin, 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Children under ten years of age, half-price; Coach, 6*l.*; Chariot, 5*l.*; Light Calèche, 4*l.*; Two-wheel Carriages, 3*l.*; Horses, 5*l.*; Dogs, 10*s.*

But it should be remarked here, that the steam-boat lands the passenger at Antwerp, from which city he must travel across Belgium to Cologne by railroad. From Cologne he ascends the river by the steam-boats, and, if he chooses to take a return ticket, comes down the Rhine, through Holland, and so on back to London by the vessels of the Steam Navigation Company. The cheapest route of all is to take a return ticket, *viâ* Rotterdam, returning the same way. By this mode the cost of the Belgian railroads is saved, but Belgium is not seen.

LUGGAGE. — Though the fares of the Belgian railways are low, the traveller will be charged heavily for luggage. If he travels alone, and proposes to make only the tour of the Rhine, he should avoid the Englishman's error of moving about with a horse-load of baggage. Let him leave his imaginary wants and his half-dozen portmanteaux at home, and be content with what he can stow away in a carpet-bag. If, however, the Rhine is only followed as a route to some distant point, and he must have baggage, let him book it at the General Steam Navigation Company's Office in London direct by steam-boat to Cologne, where he can meet it. In this way he will avoid the annoyance, anxiety, and expense of "lugging" his burthen over land to the Rhine.

MONEY. — For a trip upon the Rhine so little

money is required, that the best plan is to carry English sovereigns, upon changing which a considerable premium is obtained — that is, if the innkeeper is not allowed to forget this advantage due to his customer. Should the traveller, however, contemplate a journey beyond the Rhine, into Switzerland and Italy, he should provide himself with circular notes, procurable from the bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; the Union Bank of London, 2, Princes Street, Bank, Pall Mall East, and Argyle Place; Sir Claude Scott & Co., Cavendish Square; Messrs. Twining and Co., near Temple Bar.

Value at which the following coins are current.

	Pruss.		Frankft.		Holland.		Belgium and France.	
	th.	sg.	gl.	kr.	gld.	cts.	fr.	cts.
Sovereign.....	6	20	11	50	11	90	25	..
English Shilling.....	..	10	..	35	..	58	1	20
Dutch 10 guilder piece.....	5	20	9	55	10	..	21	16
Ducat.....	3	4	5	30	5	50	11	60
Guilder.....	..	17	..	58	1	..	21	11
Fred. d'Or.....	5	20	9	50	1	90	21	..
Prussian Thaler.....	1	..	1	45	1	70	3	79
French Crown Thaler.....	1	16	2	44
Brabant ditto.....	1	16	2	42
Convention ditto.....	1	10	2	24
Piece of 20 kreutzers.....	..	6	..	24
20 frank piece.....	5	12	9	30	20	..
25 frank ditto.....	1	10	2	20	2	35	5	..
21 frank ditto.....	..	8	..	28	..	48	1	..

DISTANCES ON THE RHINE TOUR.

	Miles.
London to Antwerp - - (Steam-boat)	229
Antwerp to Brussels - - (Railway)	26 $\frac{1}{2}$
Brussels to Liege - - Do.	67
Liege to Aix-la-Chapelle - Do.	28
Aix-la-Chapelle to Cologne Do.	43 $\frac{1}{2}$
Cologne to Bonn - - (Steam-boat)	20 $\frac{1}{4}$
Bonn to Coblenz - - Do.	45 $\frac{3}{4}$
Coblenz to Boppart - - Do.	14 $\frac{1}{4}$
Boppart to Caub - - Do.	16 $\frac{1}{2}$
Caub to Bingen - - Do.	11 $\frac{1}{4}$
Bingen to Bieberich - - Do.	14 $\frac{1}{4}$
Bieberich to Mayence - - Do.	3
Mayence to Dusseldorf - - Do.	156 $\frac{3}{4}$
Dusseldorf to Rotterdam - Do.	184 $\frac{1}{2}$
Rotterdam to London - - Do.	200

1060 $\frac{1}{2}$

DISTANCES. — A table showing, in English miles (omitting fractions), the distances of the

principal towns in Belgium from the capital, and from each other.

NOTE. The square, containing the angle common to any two towns, exhibits the distance between them. Thus, the distance from Ghent to Brussels is 30 miles, and from Antwerp to Liège 62.

																			Basma.											
																			Antwerp.	86										
																			Bruges.	50	53									
																			Ghent.	24	30	30								
																			Hal.	32	54	34	10							
																			Auy.	45	73	95	58	44						
																			Liège.	17	58	83	107	62	55					
																			Louvain.	41	34	26	41	65	26	14				
																			Malines.	14	55	47	22	32	54	13	13			
																			Mons	48	45	70	55	22	45	60	58	32		
																			Namur.	41	41	29	32	17	34	63	85	54	35	
																			Ostend.	98	70	68	80	120	109	66	38	15	64	68

The following will be useful to the traveller.

MEASURE OF LENGTH IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

	Eng. Miles.	Eng. Miles.
1 French league is -	2 $\frac{1}{2}$,	or 2 leagues make - 5
1 Italian mile is -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$,	or 7 Italian miles - 8
1 Spanish ditto (nearly) -	3,	or 7 Spanish ditto - 20
1 German ditto -	4 $\frac{5}{8}$,	or 7 German ditto - 33
1 Dutch ditto -	3 $\frac{7}{11}$,	or 11 Dutch ditto - 40
1 Russian verst -	3 $\frac{2}{3}$,	or 3 Russian versts - 2

CONTINENTAL DISTANCES FOR A SINGLE POST.

FRANCE - - 1 myriametre - - 11	} of which make one equatorial degree.
GERMANY - - 2 miles - - 15	
ITALY - - 8 miles - - 60	
HOLLAND - 2 leagues - - 19	
SWITZERLAND - 2 leagues - - 23	

The French metre is 1-11th of a yard, or 11 metres make 12 yards.

1 French pound is equal to 1lb. 10z. 10dr. or 12 French make 13 English.

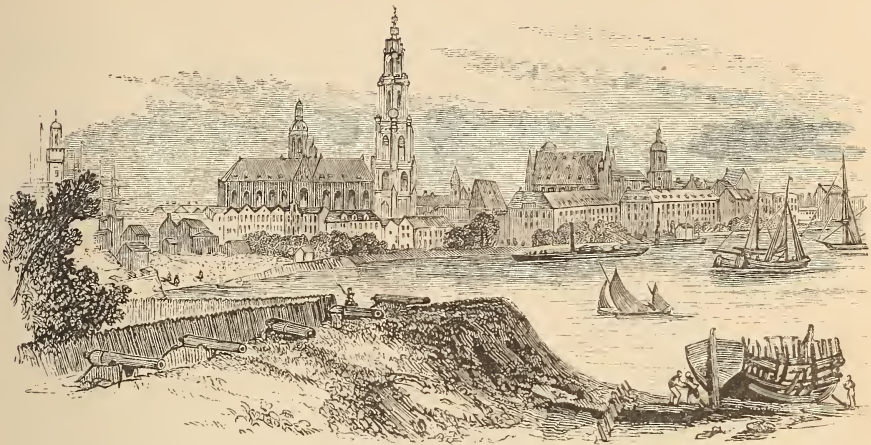
HOTELS IN ANTWERP.

Hôtel St. Antoine, Place Verte, kept by SCHMITT SPAENHOVEN. The English, French, and German Languages spoken.

Hôtel Du Parc, kept by LOUIS DE LA PRÉ, Place Verte, opposite the Cathedral. — Baths.

Hôtel Grand Laboureur, kept by V. J. LOOS, Place de Meir, opposite the King's Palace. Table-d'hôte at 2 and 4.

Hôtel D'Angleterre, kept by C. BOISACQ-VANDERHULST. This Hotel is in the centre of Antwerp, near the Museum, and on the road from the Port to the Railway.



Antwerp, from the Scheldt.

THE GOOD GENIUS OF ANTWERP.

In the Year of Grace One thousand five hundred and eighty-eight, the gossips of the Place de Meir were amused by a group of persons, who slowly made their way along its uneven surface. They were strangers, and from the baggage carried by two boatmen, and the point from whence they came, it was clear that the canal had been their route from Malines. Their dress was a compound of German and Flemish, with but slight trace of the gayer and more elegant costume of Spain, which at that time was patronised in Antwerp with much real satisfaction by the younger and richer portion of the citizens, but was regarded by the bulk of the people as a caged tiger might look on the spangled habiliments of its keeper. It was evident that the inquisitive looks directed towards the new comers gleaned from the outward aspect of the party but slight information calculated to arouse more than a passing interest. It was a widow and her family: she a portly dame, but much dejected in her manner, and they, five sturdy-looking youths and two daughters—the latter more remarkable for neatness than for beauty. All but the mother looked round about them enquiringly, as though to see how the aspect of their new home chimed with the idea they had foreshadowed of it, and one of them,—a boy about ten years old,—showed more than Flemish feeling, by shouting with glee as he pointed out to his sisters the beautiful spire of the Cathedral, the decorated gables of some new Spanish-

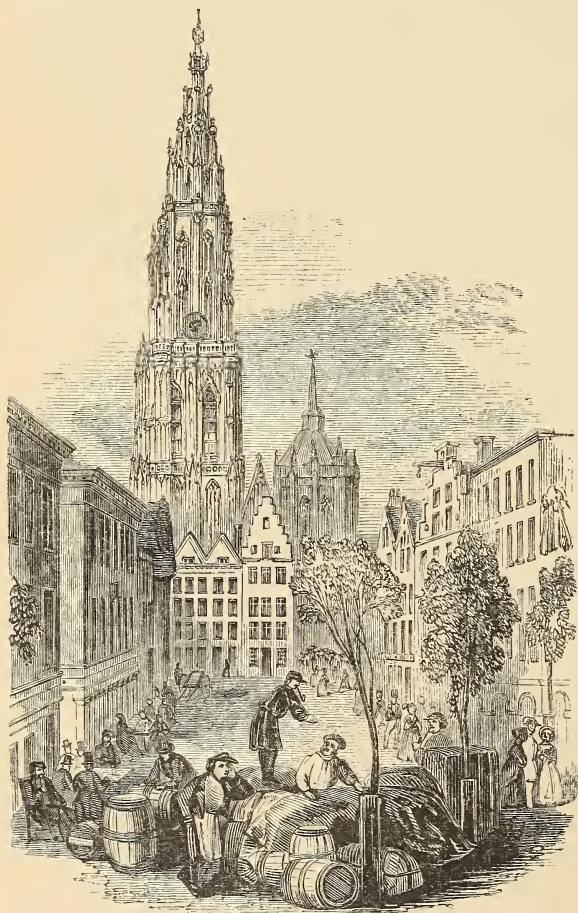
built houses, and the rich trappings of a passing cavalier. — Suddenly the *carillons* broke forth with their music, and the shouts were doubled.

“Peter, Peter!” cried his mother, as the boy ran across the broad handsome street to gaze into a court-yard, where a large basket of flowers had been placed: “you must be more staid, or you will never be a lawyer.”

In a moment he was at his mother’s side, and taking one of her hands in both of his, he walked obediently with her, as she led the way down a small street on

the left hand, and entered a house. The boy looked round about him, and turning to the youngest girl, said, “I am sure you will like this place, sister. Do not be sorry we have left Cologne — *we shall soon learn to love Antwerp as dearly as you loved your old home on the Rhine.*”

In a week the Widow and her children were leading the quiet life of a quiet Flemish family. Peter was busily engaged in learning languages, which he did with great facility, and in talking about his intended study of the law, — the profession of his father. But its dry details and subtle niceties were not adapted to his warm imagination. His spirit yearned for things more bright and glowing. When the attire of his brethren and his sisters was discussed, he always gave his voice and vote in favour of gay silks and rich velvets beyond the mother’s



The Cathedral.

means. When a fête day called forth the holiday attire, it was Peter who arranged the disposition of the family wardrobe, and criticised the garments of the multitude of citizens who thronged the Cathedral at High Mass; and when the mass was done, and the host of worshippers had departed, Peter would still linger before the picture of some saint, or stand by the hour watching the forms of the solitary penitents who knelt in prayer on the floor of the Cathedral, or in some one of its many chapels. The flood of rich light that then streamed through the lofty painted windows of the nave was another source of joy to him,—an object almost of his adoration, and he would gaze upon the gold and jewels and rich carvings of the grand altar, until its gorgeousness became almost a part of his mental self. With a thirsty mind, he drank in all that his eye could discover of the majestic and the gorgeous; and when his thoughts were forced by duty from their favourite theme, to the petty quirks, the mean evasions, the unworthy subtrefuges, and the cold, hard, worldly realities of the law, the inner rebellion was cruel. The memory of his father's wishes, the desires of his mother, and the persuasion of his friends, weighed heavily in the scale; but a strong nature was too much for them, and Peter at length abandoned with exultation his legal studies to become a page in the house of a noble Spanish family.

* * * * *

Two and fifty years passed away, and the gossips of the Place de Meir were again listening to the same *carillons* that had sounded a welcome to the widow's family more than half a century before. The beautiful spire was there, and the music was the same, and there was a group wending their way towards the widow's house. But where is the boy?

Youth long ago had given place to manhood, and even more disgusted with the servile duties of his post than with the formalities of the law, the Page became a Painter. With the devotion of a spirit engaged in its proper sphere, he wrought late and early at his easel, and soon there came forth from it bold vigorous forms grouped in luxuriant profusion, and glowing with a richness of colour, such as never before was produced by the painters of Flanders. Soon on all hands he was greeted as a Master, and fame, and honours, and riches poured in rapidly upon him. Journeying to Italy to study the pictures of that country, his polished manners, and the news of his ability, procured him a warm reception at the Court of Mantua—whose Duke he consented to serve as Envoy to the Court of Spain. The stately hidalgos and lofty beauties of that sunny land were charmed with the handsome person, the finished address, and ready pencil of the young Fleming, and Phillip the Third and the proudest of his grandees were anxious sitters before his easel. But the Ambassador was not forgotten in the Artist, nor was the object of his mission left unfulfilled. Returning to Mantua he reaped an abundant harvest of thanks and gold, and rich in the world's goods he went to

Rome, to Bologna, to Venice, to Milan, to Genoa ;—noting in each their treasures of Art, and painting late and early with a noble desire to emulate the greatness of the Italian Masters. Whilst thus engaged he got news of the mortal sickness of his mother—and the son hurried with all the impatience of filial love to Antwerp, but arrived too late to receive her latest breath.

Honours at home awaited him, but could not for a long time heal his grief. He was named a Counsellor of State, and the Archduke Albert loaded him with favours, and gave him a pension that he might have leisure if he chose it. They tempted him to live at Brussels; but Antwerp was his home, he said, and there he still with unabated ardour worked on, painting altar-pieces, and other such pictures, for most of the chief churches of Belgium. Going to Paris to take a commission for twenty-one large paintings, the King, who ordered them, would have them completed in that city; but *no*!—Antwerp was his home, and there he finished them. Some time before this he had married a native of the city, and this bound him in affection still closer to the place; but at length his wife died, and to amuse his grief he travelled through Holland, and afterwards accepted missions for Madrid, and subsequently for England. In Spain he again made friends, and painted some magnificent pictures;—in England he succeeded in procuring for Flanders a treaty of commerce; and surprised King Charles the First by the variety of his accomplishments, the soundness of his judgment, the richness of his fancy, and the power and never-ceasing industry of his pencil. From London he went again to Spain, and thence once more returned with softened feelings to his much-loved Antwerp. There in the house near the Place de Meir the painter received visits from scions of royal houses; there FERDINAND, the brother of PHILIP THE FOURTH of Spain, and there MARIA DE MEDICI, on her way into exile, visited him; and thus the painter diplomatist and courtier brought honour to the city whilst he was enriching it by the immortal products of his pencil.

But hark! the *carillons* are playing merrily, and the group we saw have entered the house, and three of them ascend its stair. There is a notary, a physician, and a noble-looking youth, and they come to see the Painter die. There he lies surrounded by his family;—noble-looking sons and comely daughters, and his young second wife. The physician says there is no hope, and the news affects the least the man it concerns most nearly. He is calmly resigned, and with a heart overflowing with love for those around him, amid the prayers and tears of his family, and the sorrow of his townsmen, he closes his earthly career.

Yet though long since dead in body, his name lives after him, and the works of PETER PAUL RUBENS attest their author's claim to the title of THE GOOD GENIUS OF ANTWERP. His house still stands near the Place de Meir for the

traveller's inspection; in the Cathedral may still be seen his masterpiece, the "Descent from the Cross;" in the Museum are many of his most masterly pictures, and there too is his arm-chair, and a painting by a modern disciple displaying the touching details of his death. In the chapel behind the high altar of the Church of St. Jacques we find the tomb where his ashes rest, and above it, from his own pencil, another of his masterpieces—"St. George with other saints before the Virgin and Child," in which are portraits of himself, of his two wives, (Elizabeth Brant and Helena Forman,) of his children, and his father; whilst in the centre of the greenest spot in the whole city, almost under the shadow of the beautiful spire that attracted his boyish admiration, and in sound of his dearly-loved *carillons*, stands the Statue raised to his memory. Having gazed on these the Stranger has no difficulty in forming his judgment on the city. The religion of the land has reared lofty and most beautiful monuments to decorate it; its old supremacy of trade has left behind long piles of noble houses, broad squares, and handsome avenues; the spirit of war shows its presence and power in the place by bastions, foss, and ditches innumerable; but not one of these forms the distinguishing mark of the town. The name and fame of a Painter are its real glory—ANTWERP IS THE CITY OF RUBENS.*

Whilst rambling round the town in search of the memorials of Rubens, the Tourist meets most of the other objects it has to offer for his notice. In the Place de Meir, close to the artist's house, stands the King's Palace, a plain uninteresting building; and when he leaves the Rue Rubens to walk to the Museum, he may pass through the old Bourse, and note its Alhambra-like columns. In the narrow streets he will encounter many specimens of the genuine Fleming, both male and female; and the coarse skins, long-eared caps, and wooden shoes of the women, if he be new to continental ways, will amuse him by their novelty, and suggest comparisons with the apparel of the labouring people of England. Arrived at the Museum he will find, besides the works of Rubens†, many pic-

* "Having become acquainted with the Duke of Buckingham in Paris, he was commanded to negotiate with the Duke some affairs between Spain and England. That nobleman purchased his collection of works of art for 100,000 florins, and it was sent to England in 1625. Most of these paintings were again, upon the Duke's death, exported for sale, and the best pictures are now in the Belvidere Palace at Vienna.

"Rubens had gone to Spain with Prince Charles and Buckingham, according to some accounts, in 1623; but this circumstance is very much doubted, as several things appeared to make his journey thither at that time very improbable.

"While in England this great artist painted the present roof of Whitehall Chapel, or, more properly, the banqueting-room of Whitehall Palace, for which he was paid 3000*l.*"—*Life of Rubens.*

† The opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, our chief English critic upon the works of Rubens, must find place here. Sir Joshua left England chiefly to see the pictures of Rubens, influenced

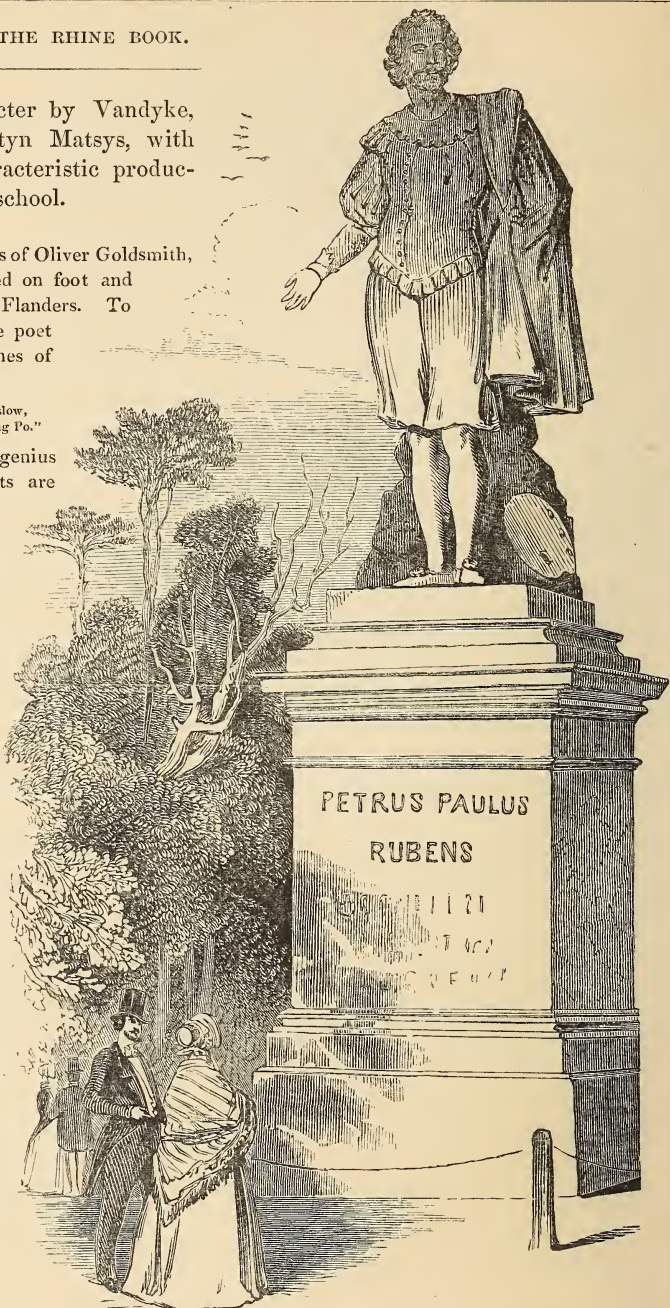
tures of high character by Vandyke, Jordaens, and Quentyn Matsys, with numerous other characteristic productions of the Flemish school.

perhaps by the suggestions of Oliver Goldsmith, who had previously passed on foot and in great poverty through Flanders. To this part of his career the poet refers in the opening lines of the Traveller:—

"Alone, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wand'ring Po."

"The works of men of genius alone, where great faults are united with great beauties, afford proper matter for criticism. Genius is always eccentric, bold, and daring; which, at the same time that it commands attention, is sure to provoke criticism. It is the regular, cold, and timid composer who escapes unseen, and deserves no praise.

"The elevated situation on which Rubens stands in the esteem of the world is alone a sufficient reason for some examination of his pretensions. His fame is extended over a great part of the Continent without a rival; and it may be justly said that he has enriched his country, not in a figurative sense alone, by the great examples of art which he left, but by what some would think a more solid advantage,—the wealth arising from the con-



course of strangers whom his works continually invite to ANTWERP. * * * * * Having now seen his greatest compositions, where he has more means of displaying those parts of his art in which he particularly excelled, my estimation of his genius is, of course, raised. It is only in large compositions that his powers seem to have room to expand themselves. They really increase in proportion to the size of the canvass on which they are to be displayed. His superiority is not seen in easel pictures, nor even in detached parts of his greater works; which are seldom eminently beautiful. It does not lie in an attitude, or in any peculiar expression, but in the general effect, — in the genius which pervades and illuminates the whole.

“The works of Rubens have that peculiar property always attendant on genius, — to attract attention, and enforce admiration in spite of all their faults. It is owing to this fascinating power that the performances of those painters with which he is surrounded, though they have, perhaps, fewer defects, yet appear spiritless, tame, and insipid; such as the altar-pieces of Crayer, Schut, Segers, Huysum, Tyssens, Van Balen, and the rest. They are done by men whose hands, and, indeed, all their faculties, appear to have been cramped and confined; and it is evident that every thing they did was the effect of great labour and pains. The productions of Rubens, on the contrary, seem to flow with a freedom and prodigality, as if they cost him nothing; and to the general animation of the composition there is always a correspondent spirit in the execution of the work. The striking brilliancy of his colours, and their lively opposition to each other; the flowing liberty and freedom of his outline; the animated pencil with which every object is touched, — all contribute to awaken and keep alive the attention of the spectator; awaken in him, in some measure, correspondent sensations, and make him feel a degree of that enthusiasm with which the painter was carried away. To this we may add the complete uniformity in all the parts of the work, so that the whole seems to be conducted and grow out of one mind: every thing is of a piece, and fits its place. Even his taste of drawing and of form appears to correspond better with his colouring and composition than if he had adopted any other manner, though that manner, simply considered, might have been better. It is here, as in personal attractions, there is frequently found a certain agreement and correspondence in the whole together, which is often more captivating than mere regular beauty.

“Rubens appears to have had that confidence in himself which it is necessary for every artist to assume when he has finished his studies, and may venture in some measure to throw aside the fetters of authority; to consider the rules as subject to his control, and not himself subject to the rules; to risk and to dare extraordinary attempts without a guide, abandoning himself to his own sensations, and depending upon them. To this confidence must be imputed that originality of manner by which he may be truly said to have extended the limits of the art. After Rubens had made up his manner, he never looked out of himself for assistance: there is, consequently, very little in his works that appears to be taken from other masters. If he has borrowed any thing, he has had the address to change and adapt it so well to the rest of his work that the thief is not discoverable.

“Besides the excellency of Rubens in these general powers, he possessed the true art of imitating. He saw the objects of nature with a painter's eye; he saw at once the predominant feature by which every object is known and distinguished: and as soon as seen, it was executed with a facility that is astonishing: and, let me add, this facility is to a painter, when he closely examines a picture, a source of great pleasure. How far this excellence may be perceived or felt by those who are not painters, I know not: to them certainly it is not enough that objects be truly represented; they must likewise be represented with grace, which means, here, that the work is done with facility and without effort. Rubens was perhaps the greatest master in the mechanical part of the art, the best workman with his tools, that ever exercised a pencil.

“This power, which Rubens possessed in the highest degree, enabled him to represent whatever

he undertook better than any other painter. His animals, particularly lions and horses, are so admirable, that it may be said they were never properly represented but by him. His portraits rank with the best works of the painters who have made that branch of the art the sole business of their lives; and of these he has left a great variety of specimens. The same may be said of his landscapes; and though Claude Lorraine finished more minutely, as becomes a professor in any particular branch, yet there is such an airiness and facility in the landscapes of Rubens, that a painter would as soon wish to be the author of them as those of Claude, or any other artist whatever.

"The pictures of Rubens have this effect on the spectator, that he feels himself in no wise disposed to pick out and dwell on his defects. The criticisms which are made on him are, indeed, often unreasonable. His style ought no more to be blamed for not having the sublimity of Michael Angelo, than Ovid should be censured because he is not like Virgil.

"However, it must be acknowledged that he wanted many excellences which would have perfectly united with his style. Among those we may reckon beauty in his female characters: sometimes, indeed, they make approaches to it; they are healthy and comely women, but seldom, if ever, possess any degree of elegance: the same may be said of his young men and children. His old men have that sort of dignity which a bushy beard will confer; but he never possessed a poetical conception of character. In his representations of the highest characters in the Christian or the fabulous world, instead of something above humanity, which might fill the idea which is conceived of such beings, the spectator finds little more than mere mortals, such as he meets with every day.

"The incorrectness of Rubens, in regard to his outline, oftener proceeds from haste and carelessness than from inability: there are in his great works, to which he seems to have paid more particular attention, naked figures as eminent for their drawing as for their colouring. He appears to have entertained a great abhorrence of the meagre, dry manner of his predecessors, the old German and Flemish painters; to avoid which he kept his outline large and flowing: this, carried to an extreme, produced that heaviness which is so frequently found in his figures. Another defect of this great painter is his inattention to the foldings of his drapery, especially that of his women: it is scarcely ever cast with any choice of skill. Carlo Maratti and Rubens are, in this respect, in opposite extremes: one discovers too much art in the disposition of drapery, and the other too little. Rubens's drapery, besides, is not properly historical; the quality of the stuff of which it is composed is too accurately distinguished, resembling the manner of Paul Veronese. This drapery is less offensive in Rubens than it would be in many other painters, as it partly contributes to that richness which is the peculiar character of his style, which we do not pretend to set forth as of the most simple and sublime kind.

"The difference of the manner of Rubens from that of any other painter before him is in nothing more distinguishable than in his colouring, which is totally different from that of Titian, Correggio, or any of the great colourists. The effect of his pictures may be not improperly compared to clusters of flowers: all his colours appear as clear and as beautiful; at the same time he has avoided that tawdry effect which one would expect such gay colours to produce; in this respect resembling Barocci more than any other painter. What was said of an ancient painter may be applied to those two artists,—that their figures look as if they fed upon roses.

"It would be a curious and profitable study for a painter to examine the difference, and the cause of that difference, of effect in the works of Correggio and Rubens, both excellent in different ways. The difference, probably, would be given according to the different habits of the connoisseur: those who had received their first impressions from the works of Rubens would censure Correggio as heavy; and the admirers of Correggio would say Rubens wanted solidity of

The Legend of the Blacksmith.

CLANG, clang, sounds the heavy hammer

Clang, clang, with a constant roar ;

Thicker fall the blows and faster

By that dingy smithy door.

Sturdy is the blacksmith's figure,

Firmly knit with strength enow

To lift the hammer like a plaything,

Yet there's pain upon his brow.

Trouble sore and sad vexation

Clouds his handsome face the while,

Still he plies his old vocation :

Where is gone his olden smile ?

Clang, clang, goes the heavy hammer,

Clang, clang, with a constant roar,

Thicker fall the blows and faster

On that dingy smithy floor.

Supple now the stubborn iron

Twines within the craftsman's hand,

Into shapes and curves fantastic

Twists it still at his command,

effect. There is lightness, airiness, and facility in Rubens, his advocates will urge, and comparatively a laborious heaviness in Correggio, whose admirers will complain of Rubens's manner being careless and unfinished, whilst the works of Correggio are wrought to the highest degree of delicacy ; and what may be advanced in favour of Correggio's breadth of light will, by his censurers, be called affected and pedantic. It must be observed, that we are speaking solely of the manner, the effect of the picture ; and we may conclude, according to the custom in pastoral poetry, by bestowing on each of these illustrious painters a garland, without attributing superiority to either.

"To conclude,—I will venture to repeat in favour of Rubens, what I have before said in regard to the Dutch school,—that those who cannot see the extraordinary merit of this great painter, either have a narrow conception of the variety of art, or are led away by the affectation of approving nothing but what comes from the Italian school."—*Tour in Holland and Flanders, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Till on upright standards stately
 A roof is fashion'd, light and tall,
 With an iron carv'd figure
 Pois'd like pinnacle o'er all.
 Mid the clang of heavy hammer,
 Screech of file, and bellows' roar,
 Faster works the smith and faster
 On the hot and dusty floor.

He has wrought with fierce devotion,
 And at last his task is done,
 Down he casts his heavy hammer,
 Forth he walks into the sun.
 ANTWERP'S spire, so graceful tapering,
 Rich in tracery towards the sky,
 Ne'er attracts his sad attention,
 Fix'd upon a casement nigh.
 " Curs'd be the clang of hammer,
 Screech of files and bellows' voice,
 Since it keeps me from my lover,
 From the maiden of my choice!"

Suddenly his face upbrighten'd,
 Gone the sadness — brow unknit,
 As a thought of hope came o'er him,
 He might win his mistress yet.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Silent soon the heavy hammer,
 Cold the fire, untrod the floor,
 Rusty grows the Blacksmith's anvil,
 Cobwebs tie the smithy door.

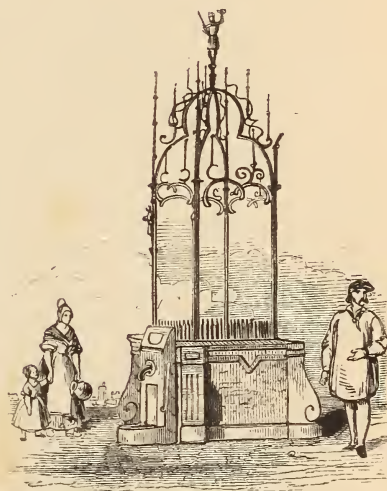
A month has fled, and who comes now
 With a lightsome tread and a joyous brow?
 He enters the home of the maiden fair,
 He lifts the latch, and he mounts the stair, }
 Seeking her father's *studio* there:—

"The Blacksmith! What?—you know my vow?"
 "No blacksmith—but A PAINTER now;—
 Behold my work—behold your son,
 Learn what the force of love has done!"

Before the father's startled gaze
 See now a picture stand,
 Rich in the limner's every grace,
 Wrought by a Master's hand.

"Love a miracle has wrought,
 Love a miracle has done,
 Blacksmith he my daughter sought,
 Painter he has won :
 Call the maiden to my side,
 QUENTYN MATSYS take your bride."

And this story of true love
 When the Antwerp gossips tell,
 Still, in token of its truth,
 They point to Matsys' well.
 Though the Painter and his spouse
 Ages since to dust have gone,
 Still the iron that he wrought
 Canopies the stone.
 If the LEGEND runs aright,
 A Phantom comes at dead of night,
 Plies the Blacksmith's dingy trade,
 And fills the seams that Time has made.
 There until our day it stands,
 Still preserv'd by elfin hands,
 Still its curves fantastic tell
 How LOVE WROUGHT A MIRACLE.*

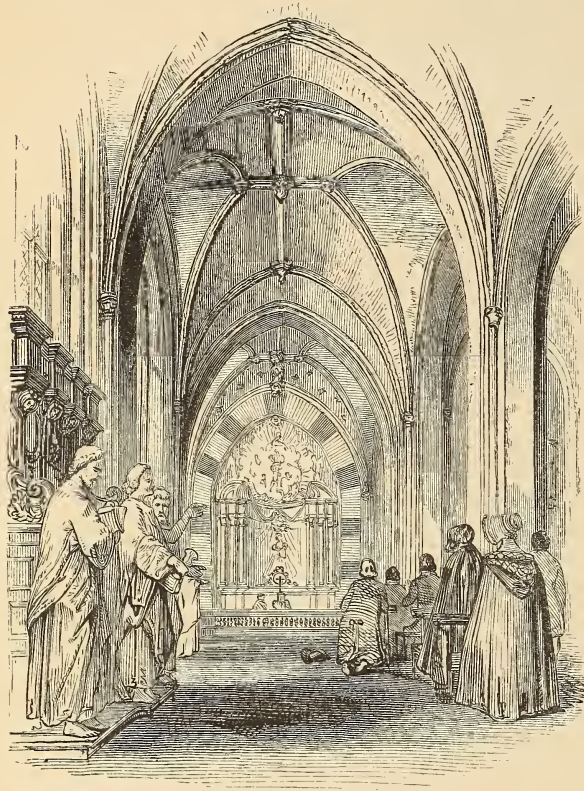


QUENTYN MATSYS' WELL.

* "The monument of Matsys himself, exhibiting his portrait in bas-relief, together with his arms and epitaph, may be seen attached to the wall of the western front of the cathedral of Antwerp, at the foot of the great tower, and immediately opposite to the iron frame of the fountain. Under the portrait is this inscription : "Quintino Metsiis, incomparabilis artis pictori, admiratrix grataque posteritas anno post obitum sæculari CIO. IO. C.XXXIX posuit." On another stone is the following line :—

"Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem."

When Rubens, Quentyn Matsys, and the other painters whose names and works are associated with the Cathedral, have received their meed of admiration,



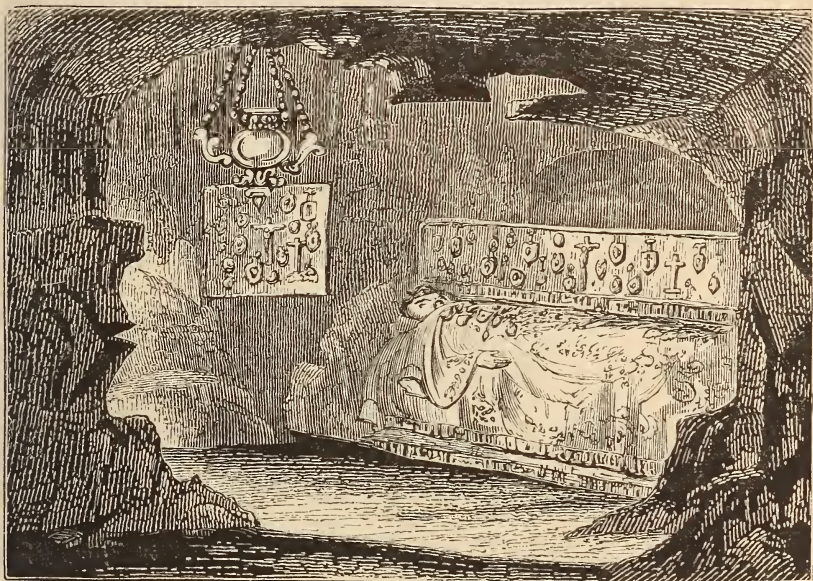
ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

the TRAVELLER will scarcely fail to remark another feature of the edifice. The Carver, as well as the Painter and the Architect, has helped to complete the effect of the Gothic churches of Belgium; and in Antwerp still remain many of the most elaborate works of the chisel. For the eye that loves a Gothic interior this adds greatly to the interest of the Flemish places of worship. The WOOD-CARVER is the only proper Sculptor for a Gothic edifice: marble is too cold and classic, and harmonises but indifferently with the grotesque and elaborate decorations of an ancient chapel. The pulpit and the confessionals of Antwerp Cathedral afford proof of the skill and industry expended upon

oak carvings in this country in old times; and the stalls in the choir show that the Belgians of our day are not willing to be outdone by their forefathers in zealous attention to the decoration of their religious edifices.

When the buildings, the pictures, and the carvings have been admired, the TRAVELLER should close his eyes, if he desires to retain a favourable impression of the religion and of the people. He should not see the *frippery* of the churches; the dolls, the tinsel, the flounced petticoats, and "Bartlemy" finery. If, however, he is a student of human nature, as well as an admirer of the arts, he can then note the number of kneeling penitents before a greasy collection of half-burned candles, as

they "gutter" away in sickly-looking waste during the broad daylight before some decked-out wooden Virgin or wax saint. He may visit also "the Calvary," with its theatrical array of flames, saints, and evangelists; and, peeping through the iron grating of the sham sepulchre, may behold "the Tomb of the Crucifixion," with its collection of gold and silver offerings made by the devout.

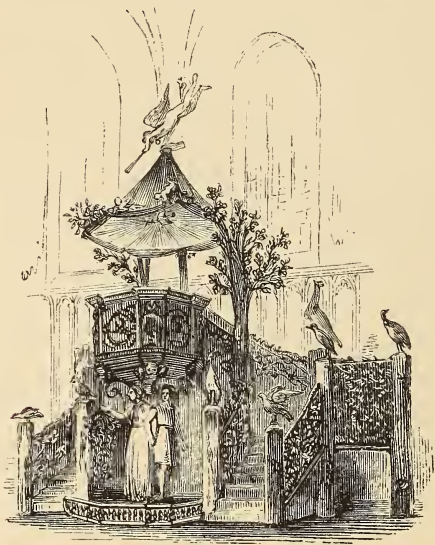


THE CALVARY, ANTWERP.

In a gloomy cave, dimly visible in the half light, lies a figure intended to represent Christ. The face and hands only are seen, the body being covered by a cere-cloth. Small silver crosses, embossed hearts, crucifixes, and trinkets of various shapes lie upon the figure, and hang suspended beside it, whilst an empty lamp, similarly complimented by devotees, hangs above. The stone upon which the worshippers kneel, when they come to pray before this waxen Saviour, is worn hollow by human knees! More than a century ago a poet said:—

“ When Superstition (bane of manly virtues)
Strikes root within the soul; it over-runs
And kills the power of reason.”

Let the Traveller draw his own conclusions ; but, if they be unfavourable to the religion which makes such displays, let him remember that Belgium is at present "the most Catholic country in Europe;" and that to give utterance to sentiments inimical to the faith of the land he has come to see, is—to say the best of it—bad taste. His opinions are his own ; let his tongue be his own also, and let him hold it fast.



CARVED OAK PULPIT — ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

INTERCHAPTER FOR THE TRAVELLER.



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|-----------------|-----------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Cathedral. | 8 St. Joseph. | 14 Museum. | 20 Government House. |
| 2 St. Jacques. | 9 French Chapel. | 15 Civil Hospital. | 21 Military Hospital. |
| 3 St. Paul. | 10 Exchange. | 16 Bank. | 22 King's Palace. |
| 4 St. André. | 11 Great Theatre. | 17 Post Office. | 23 Beguinage. |
| 5 St. Augustin. | 12 Variétés' Theatre. | 18 Horse Post. | 24 Botanical Garden. |
| 6 St. Charles. | 13 Town House. | 19 Rubens' House. | 25 Anseatic House. |
| 7 St. Antoine. | | | |

ANTWERP.

CHIEF THINGS TO BE SEEN IN ANTWERP.

1. The Cathedral, (one of the most splendid Gothic works in existence,) with pictures by Rubens, Vandyke, and others.
2. The Church of St. Jacques — Pictures by Rubens and Vandyke, and tomb of Rubens.
3. Rubens' House.
4. The Church of St. Paul — Paintings — the Calvary.
5. The Church of the Augustines — Pictures by Rubens, Vandyke, and Jordaens.
6. The Museum — Collection of Paintings.
7. The Statue of Rubens.
8. The Citadel.

POST OFFICE. — Chief post office, Place

Verte; branch offices; 1. at the corner of the Place des Façons; 2. Fossés aux Crapauds, opposite the Rue de l'Empereur; 3. Place de Meir, at the corner of the Rue du Chêne; 4. at the Petit-Marché.

THEATRES. — Royal Theatre, open Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Comedies, dramas, grand operas, comic ditto, burlesques. Price of admittance: 1st boxes and stalls, 3 francs 50 cents; 2nd boxes and parquet, 2 francs 50 cents; Pit boxes, 2 francs; Pit, 1 franc 50 cents.

Théâtre des Variétés, Place St. George. Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. Secondary style comedies and vaudevilles. Price of admittance: 1st boxes, 2 francs; 1st gallery and

parquet, 1 franc 50 cents; 2nd boxes, 1 franc; Pit, 75 cents.

PRIVATE CLUBS.—The Philotaxe, Rue des Tanneurs; the Union, Place Verte; Chess Club, Place de Meir; the William Tell, Rue Léopold; Military Club, Place Verte. Strangers are admitted on being presented by a member.

HACKNEY COACHES.—Vigilantes, Place Verte; Place de Meir; Fare within the walls 50 cents (*5d.* Eng.); by the hour, 1 franc 25 cents the 1st hour, and 1 franc each ensuing hour.

ANTWERP, in Flemish Antwerpen, the chief town of the province of that name, is situated in a plain $51^{\circ} 13' 16''$ N. latitude, and $2^{\circ} 3' 55''$ East longitude, 20 leagues from the sea, on the right bank of the Scheldt.

The Scheldt, in Flemish Schelde, the largest of the two rivers of Belgium, rises in France, near the Castelet (department of the Aisne), receives the canal of St. Quentin at Cambrai, passes under the walls of Bouchain, Valenciennes and Condé, and enters Belgium after its junction with the Scarpe: it waters the western part of the province of Hainault, runs to Tournay, Esquermes, and Herinnes, where it forms the limit between Hainault and West Flanders; it then divides the latter from East Flanders, runs towards the N. E. by Oudenarde and Ghent: suddenly changing its direction from west to east, it waters Wetteren and Dendermond; it then bounds West Flanders and the province of Antwerp: at the fort of Bath it divides itself into two considerable branches; the southern, under the name of West Scheldt (Hond or Wester Schelde), takes a westerly direction across the southern part of Zealand, and falls into the north sea below Flushing, where it is 3 leagues and a half in breadth.

The other branch, called the Eastern Scheldt (Ooster Schelde), flows first to the N. E., on the limits of North Brabant and Zealand, turns towards the W. N. W., in the north of the first of these provinces, and falls into the North Sea

by an opening 2 leagues and a half wide, 5 leagues N. N. E. from the West Scheldt. The course of the Scheldt is 86 leagues, of which about 13 compose the course just described; its course in the province of Antwerp is 11 leagues. The water is salt as far as the forts of Lillo (15 leagues from its mouth); the water is fresh at Antwerp, but too thick to be drunk. The tide is perceivable in the Scheldt, as far up as Ghent; thus it influences the river even as far as 40 leagues above its mouth.

HISTORY.—Antwerp is in the form of a drawn bow, the string of which would be the Scheldt. Its origin is obscure and fabulous, like that of most ancient cities. According to an old tradition, there existed, about the time that Cæsar entered Belgium, a giant named Antigon, who demanded from all the merchants who went up the river a certain part of their merchandise; and when any one deceived him as to the value, he not only confiscated the whole of the goods, but he also cut off the merchant's hand and threw it into the Scheldt. A certain Salvius Brabou, or Brabant, killed the giant, after having made him undergo the same punishment; thence the castle in which the giant resided received the name of Antwerpen, from the Flemish words *Hand*, a hand, and *Werpen*, to cast. Notwithstanding the fabulous derivation of this origin, the remembrance of the giant has been preserved; his statue figures in all solemn processions; and in the arms of the town may be seen two hands, and a triangular castle.—St. Amand built the church of St. Peter and St. Paul at Antwerp in the 7th century, and St. Eloy came to preach there about the year 646. The Normans burnt the town in 837, and in 885 they rebuilt a castle near the Werf, a door and three towers of which still exist, though concealed by some houses, built since 1480.

TRADE.—Antwerp was under the yoke of the kings of France until 977. In 1124 the town was already very populous and extensive, but it was only about the beginning of the 16th century that it took a regular form; from that period it rapidly increased, and soon became

the general mart of the North, the South, and the East: its population exceeded 200,000 souls; it contained 300 painters and 140 goldsmiths; 5000 merchants daily assembled on the exchange; 500 vessels came up the Scheldt to it every day; a single tide frequently used to bring up 400, and 2500 were usually at anchor before the town, whilst 500 carriages daily conveyed thither the merchandise of France and Germany. The merchants of Antwerp were so rich, that Charles V., having one day vouchsafed to accept of an invitation to dinner, at the house of one of them named Daens, who had lent him 2,000,000 of florins, the merchant put the emperor's note into the fire, at the end of the feast, saying to him, "I am overpaid by the honour your Majesty has conferred upon me to-day." This state of prosperity ceased at the period of the wars of religion; the Iconoclasts pillaged the churches, and destroyed the images; that of the Virgin was insulted at the procession of August 15, 1566, and there was much blood shed in the streets; ten years afterwards Antwerp was pillaged by the Spaniards, who burnt 500 houses, destroyed the town-hall, a master-piece of architecture, and killed 10,000 citizens.

SIEGES.—The siege which Antwerp withstood in 1485 against the Prince of Parma is one of the most celebrated in history. The bridge thrown by the prince over the Scheldt, and the machines he made use of, were astonishing. Antwerp yielded to the French in 1792; they left it the next year, but re-took it in 1794; it then became the chief town of the department of the Deux-Nèthes. In 1809 the English attempted to burn the dockyards and vessels, but were repulsed; in 1814 they endeavoured to take possession of the town, but General Carnot, who was the commandant, only gave it up to the allies after the treaty of Paris. It belonged to the kingdom of the Netherlands until the revolution of 1830, as the chief town of the department of the same name. It is known that in 1832 the French and Belgians attacked the citadel occupied by the Dutch, and that this memorable siege ended December 23, by

the capitulation of the besieged, after a siege of 24 days.

PRESENT STATE.—Antwerp has now a population of 78,000 inhabitants; the width of the greater part of its streets, the number of its public squares, the vastness of the basins of its port, the splendour of its churches, the beauty of its buildings, the elegance of its numerous mansions and private residences, render it one of the most remarkable towns in Europe. Among the principal squares worth notice are the Town Hall, the Place Verte, the Place Ste. Walburge, between the quays of Vandyke and of Jordaens, and the Place de Meir; the latter is formed by the sudden widening of a fine large street of the same name; it contains the king's palace, the interior of which is ornamented with fine paintings; Napoleon had it sumptuously furnished. The king lodges there when he comes to Antwerp.

The CATHEDRAL may certainly claim to rank third in Europe in scale of magnificence. The spire is variously estimated at 370 to 450 feet in height; and its true altitude is certainly 400 feet. In lightness and elegance it surpasses all its compeers; and as it decreases from story to story as it ascends, its beauty becomes more striking, whilst the graceful richness of its appearance calls to mind the graphic comparison of Buonaparte, that it looked like Mechlin lace. The construction of the spire was commenced in 1422, and it took nearly a century to complete it. It has a peal of the bells (*Carillons*) for which Belgium is remarkable. The principal one weighs 16,000 lbs.; and the report is, that the strength of sixteen men is required to ring it. The interior is as remarkable for its decoration, as the exterior for its magnificence: statues, pictures, carvings in wood, lamps, candelabra, and the other adjuncts of Romish worship, are there in profusion. The vast *dimensions* of the building are seen to best advantage from the organ-loft, from whence to the high altar the distance is 500 feet; the breadth is 240 feet, and the height of the roof is 360 feet. The chief aisle is one of the largest known, the side aisles are double, and two smaller aisles

terminate at the cross-aisle. Before the French revolution these smaller aisles were ornamented with 32 marble altars, pictures and ornaments of great value: there were 100 chandeliers of massive silver, four altar fronts of the same metal, and a remonstrance of massive gold, which several sovereigns had been pleased to enrich with diamonds. The church of Nôtre Dame was raised to the rank of a cathedral by Pope Paul IV. in 1569; Pius VII. suppressed the bishopric of Antwerp in 1802; Nôtre Dame, which then became a mere cure of the first class, dependent on the archbishopric of Mechlin, has nevertheless retained the title of a cathedral. The pictures of Rubens are the most admirable ornament of the edifice; the reputation of the Descent from the Cross is universal; it has often been engraved. Two anecdotes with respect to this picture are current. Rubens wished to alter the arrangement of his house, which was contiguous to that of the company of gunsmiths; the latter, perceiving that Rubens encroached upon their ground, made a demand upon him; Rubens maintained his right; a long lawsuit was about to take place, when the burgomaster Roekox, his friend, proposed an arrangement which was agreed to. The ground in question was ceded to Rubens on condition that he would paint an altar-piece for the company, with shutters, intended for the gunsmiths' chapel in the cathedral: the picture was to represent St. Christophe, their patron saint. As the name of Christophe signifies, according to the Greek etymology, "to bear Christ," Rubens singularly enough imagined a picture in which all the figures should concur in bearing Christ, and he painted his Descent from the Cross: upon the shutters, by a similar allegory, he represented the Visitation, in which the Holy Virgin, in her pregnancy, also bears Christ; and the Presentation at the Temple, with the high priest Simeon bearing the child Jesus in his arms. But the gunsmiths wanted a Saint Christophe, and not an allegorical picture; and a new lawsuit would have taken place, if Rubens had not consented to paint a colossal figure of

St. Christophe on the exterior of one of the shutters. It is also said, with respect to the same master-piece, that during the great master's usual walk, his pupils having obtained his servant's permission to enter his painting room, one of them, being pushed by another, fell on the picture, and effaced the arm of Mary Magdalene, and the cheek and chin of the Virgin that Rubens had just finished. It is easy to imagine their consternation; however, it was necessary to repair the misfortune; they prevailed upon the one whom they all considered as the most able; and the accident was so well repaired, that next day Rubens said, in the presence of his pupils, "Here are a head and arm which are not the worst part of my yesterday's work." That pupil was Vandyke.

After having admired the Descent from the Cross, on crossing the church, we find another picture by Rubens, every way worthy of the great artist; it represents the Elevation on the Cross; it was painted for the church of Ste. Walburge; the boldness of the composition is only to be equalled by the beauty of the drawing and the brilliancy of the colouring. These two pictures, which were taken away by the French during their dominion, were returned after the treaty of 1815. The Assumption of the Holy Virgin, by the same artist, next attracts our attention; it is over the grand altar; it is one of his most magnificent compositions; this great painting was executed in 16 days, and paid for at the rate of 100 florins per day, the usual rate at which Rubens valued his works. The ceiling of the elegant cupola over the arch at the entrance of the choir also represents a picture of the Assumption, by C. Schut, a pupil of Rubens. The cathedral is ornamented by other pictures; there are remarkable works by Herreins, Martyn-Pepyn, Diepenbeck, and Otto Venius, who was Rubens' master; by Martin Vos, &c., and magnificent sculptures from the chisel of du Quesnoy, Verbruggen, &c. Over the portico there is a tower to which nothing can be compared for lightness and elegance.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JACQUES is a grand and

imposing edifice, and contains a great number of monuments and valuable objects, which have by rare good fortune escaped the ravages of the civil wars. Few churches present the curiosity of the enlightened traveller with so great a number of pictures and sculptures; the former by the most celebrated Flemish masters, among whom are Vandyke, Martin de Vos, Hemling, Frans-Flore, Otto-Venius, Seghers, and the latter from the chisels of Verbruggen, Wervoort, Willemsens, A. Quellyn, &c. But what particularly excites interest is the chapel behind the grand altar, consecrated to the family of Rubens, and in which is seen his tomb. It is only marked by a large marble slab, upon which are engraved his arms and a long inscription; but the finest ornament of this chapel is a picture by the great artist, in which he has painted his father and his two wives under the name of St. Jerome, Martha, and Magdalene, his grandfather under the figure of Time, and his son under that of an angel. He has represented himself under the name of St. George; and in order that every thing about the chapel may remind us of the great man, the altar is surmounted by a Virgin in marble, a splendid work by du Quesnoy, brought from Italy by Rubens.

SAINT PAUL, formerly the church of the Dominicans, the name of whom it bore, was founded by Henry III., duke of Brabant, in 1246, destroyed by the lightning in 1679, and then rebuilt as it is at this day. A series of 15 pictures placed along the nave on the left is worthy of attention; these pictures, by celebrated masters, represent the different periods of the life of Christ and of the Holy Virgin, from the Annunciation up to the Resurrection and to the Crowning of Mary in Heaven. The Flagellation, the Adoration of the Shepherds, by Rubens, and the Bearing of the Cross, by Vandyke, are remarkable masterpieces. A monument shown in a sort of cloister annexed to the church, and which is called the Calvary, is a singular representation of the Passion of Christ, the bad taste of which is, perhaps, owing to the distant period at which it was executed. It has several precious carvings.

SAINT-CHARLES BORROMÉE is the old church of the Jesuits. It contains some fine wood-work, and a few pictures by Seghers, Schut, de Crayer, and Janssens.

SAINT-ANDRÉ.—This church contains, besides a few fine paintings, a mausoleum of marble, erected by two English ladies to the memory of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots; it is ornamented with a portrait of that princess, the colour and expression of which are good.

TOWN HALL (Hôtel de Ville).—This edifice, built in 1560 and burnt in 1576, was rebuilt in its present state in 1581: the front consists of several orders of architecture, raised above a rustic basement; a statue of the Virgin has replaced, on the top of the building, the giant to whom was attributed the origin of Antwerp. In the square, surrounded by houses built in the Spanish style, is that which Charles V. used to occupy when he came to Antwerp.—The Town Hall contains a public library.

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.—Few towns possess so many private collections: the inhabitants of Antwerp have always shown much taste for painting; and it is not rare to find at the houses of private persons Flemish and Dutch paintings of the first order; but some rich amateurs possess complete galleries, almost all of them open, with great politeness, to the curiosity of strangers.

PORT.—The port and docks of Antwerp were formed by Napoleon; in 1806 two magnificent docks of freestone, able to contain the one 12, and the other 40 vessels of the line, were terminated; a military arsenal and dock-yards, for the construction of ships of the line, were opened, and warehouses and barracks constructed.

CITADEL.—Built by the Spaniards in 1568; the fortifications of this town have undergone several alterations: but the different bastions still bear names which prove their origin; the citadel is divided from the Scheldt by a small dam, in which there is a sluice, which allows of the ditches being filled with water, at a mo-

ment's notice. On the left bank of the Scheldt, and almost opposite to the citadel, is the fort called the Tête de Flandre, which is in the commune of Zwyndrecht. A steam-boat crosses several times a-day from Antwerp.

CELEBRATED MEN. — A number of illustrious persons, almost all painters, were born at Antwerp : Calvaert (Denis), born 1565, died 1619. — Crayer (Gaspard de), died in 1669. — Rubens (Peter Paul), whose parents were both from Antwerp, but who was born at Cologne, June 29. 1577, and died May 30. 1640, at Antwerp, where he had always resided. — Jordaens (James), born 1593, died 1678. — Teniers (David), born 1610, died 1694. — Vandyke

(Antony), the most celebrated of Rubens's pupils, and often equal to his master ; born 1599, died 1641. — Gramaye (John Baptist), the historiographer of the Low-Countries, died 1635. — Engelgrave (Henry), a learned jesuit, born 1610. — Edelinck (Gerard), a celebrated engraver, born 1649, died 1707. — Matsys (Quentin), called the Farrier of Antwerp, on account of his first profession of a farrier or blacksmith, died at Antwerp in 1529, aged 79. — Sadeler (Giles), an engraver, born 1570, died 1629. — Snyder (Francis), a painter and engraver, celebrated for his pictures of fruits, and particularly of animals, born 1587, died 1657.





BRUSSELS

THE RAILROAD TRIP. BRUSSELS. A MORNING AT WATERLOO.

WHEN the Traveller turns his back upon the fortifications of Antwerp on his way to the train, he quickly discovers the peculiarities of the Belgian railroads. The low fares, the signals by trumpet instead of bell, the military look of the servants, the smallness and slightness of the carriages, remind him that he is not in England. He soon finds, too, how admirably adapted Belgium is for railroads, its level surface superseding all necessity for cuttings, tunnels or viaducts; whilst the works having been taken up by the government with a view to the general improvement of the country, instead of by a private company for the purposes of individual profit, the lines have all been laid down on a wise and uniform system, and the host of expenses which clog the first movements of a projected railroad in England have been saved.* No scheming attorneys, no voracious counsel, no

* The Acts of Parliament for the London and Birmingham Railway cost 72,000*l.*; the value of the land and compensations amounted to 706,152*l.*; and the law charges, engineering, and other preliminary expenses, were 67,893*l.*; so that the total charges, before commencing the works, were little short of one million sterling. On the Great Western line, the expenses, *before obtaining the Act*, were 89,000*l.*, and the parliamentary charges figure in the accounts at 29,104*l.*

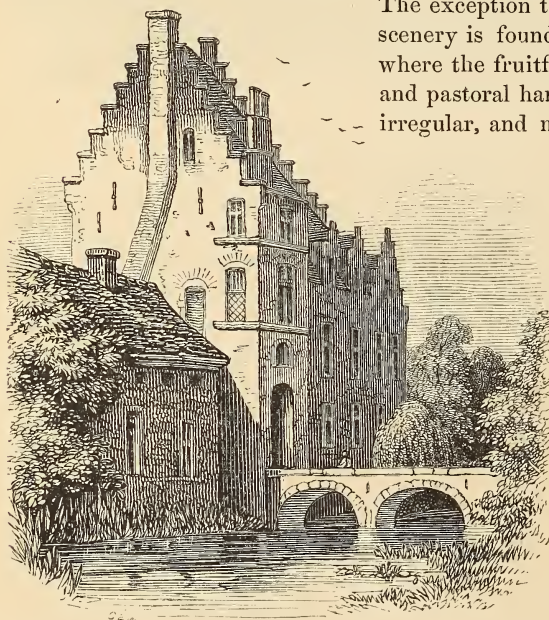
land-jobbers seeking to be bribed, in fact none of the enormous charges incurred in England before a single rail can be laid. The engineers had a *carte blanche* to do what was wisest; and accordingly Belgium is intersected with lines having no incubus of debt upon them, and consequently ready to carry the traveller on his way at less than half the price charged in England. The fares by the third-class carriages are indeed so low, that the labouring population of the country are able to pay for a journey to market without inconvenience, even from their small wages. The cost per mile of the Belgian lines, including the compensation for land and all other charges, was 16,206*l.* per mile; the cost of the London and Birmingham line was 48,000*l.* per mile! All the lines pass a common centre outside the town of Malines, to which every train runs; and consequently every passenger must pass this point.

The country from Antwerp to Brussels affords a good idea of Belgium in general. Its level surface presents, in rapid succession, rich meadows, luxuriant corn-fields, green hedge-rows, with occasional patches of woodland. The smallness of the fields tells amongst how many hands the land is divided, and prepares us for the fact, that East Flanders is the most thickly-peopled corner of Europe.

The exception to this general character of the scenery is found in the valley of the Meuse, where the fruitful serenity of fertile meadows and pastoral hamlets is varied by bolder, more irregular, and more striking natural features.

Hills and rocks, bluff headlands and winding valleys, with beautiful stretches of river scenery, give a charm to the landscape which Belgium in general does not display.

But let us turn from facts and figures to the moving panorama before us. In rapid succession we pass various points worthy of notice. First comes **BERCHEM** — the headquarters of the French when they besieged Antwerp in 1832, and the spot where the Count de Merode, whose monument we shall see in Brussels Cathedral, fell mortally



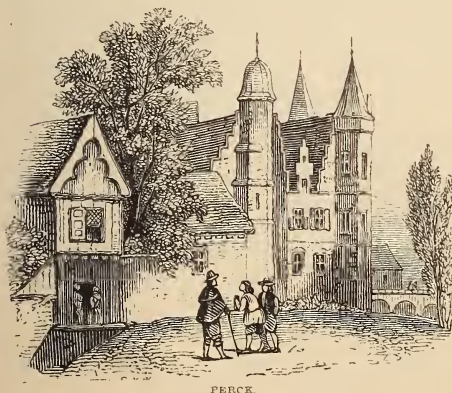
STEEN

wounded when pursuing the retreating Dutch in the revolution of 1830. On our right is VIEUX-DIEU, so named from its having been the resting-place of a pagan idol, which, before Christianity shed its light upon the land, was here worshipped by thousands of the ancient Belgæ. CANTICH station announces that we are half way to Malines; and the next point of importance is DUFFEL, on the river Nethe, which boasts the fine old Gothic castle of Ter-elst.

MALINES, where we soon find ourselves, has many associations for the Englishman. It reminds him of Sterne and his Maria; of the Duke of Marlborough, who was the first to take military possession of this town, which he did in 1704, and so deprived it of the name it bore before that time of *La Pucelle*; whilst to the lady-traveller it speaks of Mechlin lace.

The tower of the Cathedral of Malines is a fine object; and the lover of painting, if he makes time to visit the building, will find within it the finest of Vandyke's pictures—*Christ crucified between Two Thieves*. The Church of St. John, not far from the Cathedral, boasts the favourite, if not the most perfect, composition of *Rubens*. That Master set great value on the paintings in this church, which comprise the *Worship of the Magi*, with two painted shutters or wings, and three other small pictures. "To see my best works," Rubens used to say, "you must go to St. John of Mechlin." His autograph receipt is still in the vestry, with the date of March 12th, 1624: it is for 1800 florins for eight paintings, completed, it is said, in eighteen days, and valued at his usual rate.

The trumpet soon gives the signal, and Mechlin is behind us as we leave the province of Antwerp to enter that of Brabant. VILVORDE is the largest place we pass; but the most interesting points are indicated by the steeples of Elewytt and Perck—small rural places, made illustrious by the abode of *Rubens* and *Teniers*. Rubens lived in the old castle of Steen, near Elewytt, and painted

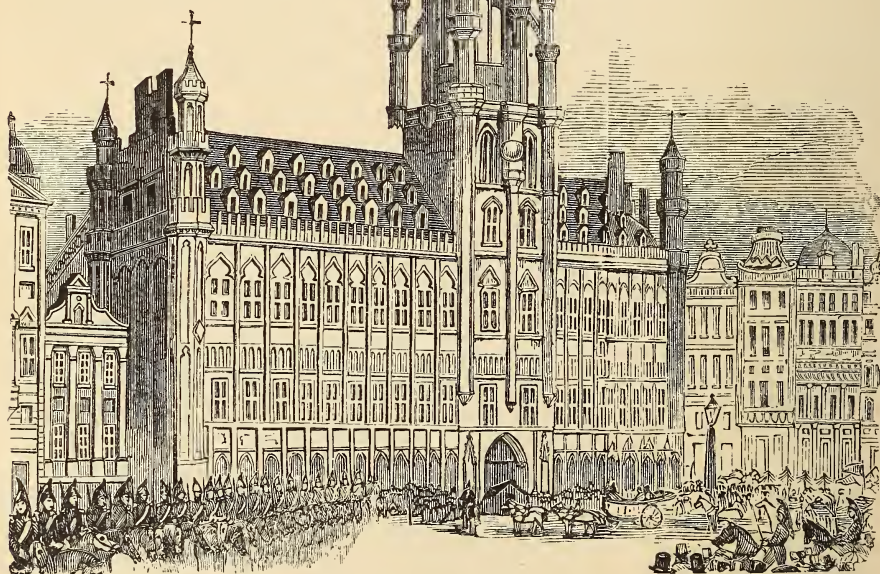


PERCK.

in its rural retreat many of his best landscapes. Teniers had a country house at Perck, called the "*Three Towers*"—*Dry Toren*. The train stops at Vilvorde, where, just three centuries ago, William Tyndale, a native of Gloucestershire, the translator of the first English version of the New Testament, was strangled at the stake as a heretic for rendering the Scriptures into "a vulgar tongue." A pious and learned divine, with great gentleness of heart, but greater firmness of purpose, he was driven

from his quiet home in the West of England by the impending storm of persecution, and finding that his personal liberty was in danger, he took ship, and visited Luther. His translation was completed and printed at Wittemberg, and, in spite of the dangers incurred, it circulated widely through England. This success aggravated the former anger of Henry the Eighth and Sir Thomas More, and the Chancellor denounced the absent divine in the most virulent terms. The ex-

isting epistles of the afterwards beheaded minister display a rancour of feeling but little creditable to his memory. Great pains were taken to lure Tyndale back to his native country, but he was too wary to trust specious promises, or hollow professions for his welfare. Not so his fellow exile John Frith, who, in simplicity of spirit, thought the word of a king when backed by that of a Chancellor



HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

might be relied on. He accepted More's invitation to England — and was burnt. Tyndale, however, with all his talent, his piety, his learning, and pure heartedness, was no match for his bigoted enemies. An agent from Henry entrapped him

at Antwerp: an accusation of heresy was easily believed when a king and his minister were witnesses, and the translator of the earliest English version of the New Testament, — a version largely used in the preparation of our authorized edition of the Bible, — died by the hands of the executioner at Vilvorde. His last words were, "The Lord open the eyes of the King of England." His body was afterwards burnt at a stake on the spot where the huge prison now stands — a building which the traveller can scarcely fail to notice, and which is conducted according to the latest theories of the art of ingeniously tormenting by solitary confinement and eternal silence. As we approach Brussels, we see on the right the palace LAEKEN, the out-of-town residence of the King, and memorable as the house in which Napoleon wrought his own ruin by planning his disastrous campaign of Russia. It was there he signed the declaration of war against the Czar, and there enjoyed the society of Maria Theresa, the successor of the amiable, the talented, but deserted Josephine.

Are not these scenes and these facts, and the reflections they call up, enough to amuse pleasantly the seventy-five minutes occupied by the railroad journey from Antwerp to Brussels? — where we now are.

BRUSSELS is a double city. The upper town, with its Park, its Palaces, its Grande Place, its trees, statues, fountains, broad, handsome promenades, gay, careless population, is, indeed, a "little Paris." Walk down the steep *Montagne de la Cour*, and, as you descend, you will find yourself step by step approaching another and a different city. A short way down the hill, three minutes' walk to the right, stands the Cathedral of Saint Gudule — a fine monument of the middle ages; still lower down, on the left, is the Hôtel de Ville, in its square of tall, gable-fronted, highly-decorated Spanish houses.

On the hill top, five minutes since, you fancied yourself in Paris — for language, costume, shops, manner, all were French; at the hill foot, it is quite certain we are in Flanders. The markets are all here; and the peasant women bring, with their fruit, the faces, forms, and costume of the country. In the high town, if you spoke Flemish, you would be answered in French; here, if you speak French, you are answered in Flemish. Standing on one of the bridges which cross the river of Brussels — the narrow, dirty, and unnavigable Senne — you may fancy yourself in a by-street in Ghent or Bruges. The same broad, coarse-featured women; the same full-bodied, slow-moving men; the same wooden shoes, and occasional long-eared caps; the same tall, quaint houses, lumbering carts, and almost the same air of antiquity and decay which now reigns in those once rich and all-powerful cities. With the permanent resident, *French Brussels* soon becomes the favourite; to the passing visitor, *Flemish Brussels* must ever be the most interesting. The square in which the HÔTEL DE VILLE stands is certainly the most perfect instance of a large mass of Gothic buildings existing in our time, in the precise aspect they

displayed when Charles the Fifth of Spain ruled the destinies of the people of this part of Europe. It was in the centre of this square that the blood of the Counts Egmont and Horn was shed by command of the cruel Duke Alva, who stood, it is said, at one of the neighbouring windows, to see the blood of his victims stain the scaffold. It was in this square also that the Ball was held at which the Duke of Wellington and his officers were dancing when the news came that Napoleon was ready for the affray at Waterloo. BYRON has pinned the incident upon the skirt of Fame.

“ There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium’s capital had gather’d then
Her beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o’er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its*voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look’d love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell:
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

“ Did ye not hear it?—No; ’twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o’er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfin’d;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat!
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon’s op’ning roar!

“ Within a window’d niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick’s fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone, with Death’s prophetic ear,
And when they smil’d, because he deem’d it near;
His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretch’d his father on a bloody bier;
And rous’d the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rush’d into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

“ Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro;
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush’d at the praise of their own loveliness:

And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise?

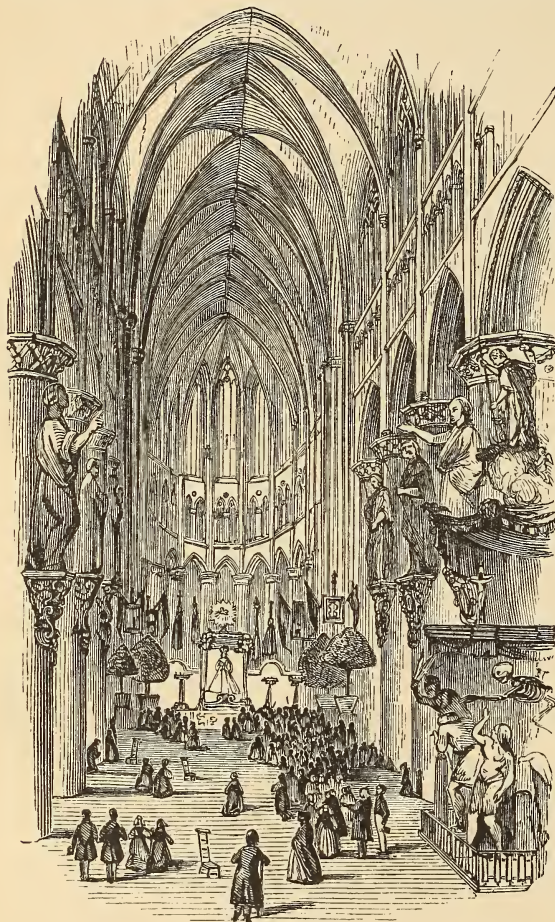
“ And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The must'ring squadron, and the clatt'ring car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
 Rous'd up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whisp'ring with white lips—“ The foe! They come! they come!”

More interesting still, in one of the chief chambers of the Hôtel de Ville, a tapestried room is still open to the traveller, in which Charles the Fifth abdicated his throne; willingly resigning, by one great mental effort, an amount of power often sought, but seldom gained by one man.

The inscription on the old building opposite the Town Hall, in large golden letters—“ *A peste, fame, et bello libera nos, Maria pacis!*”—is said to refer to a plague and famine which depopulated the city at the end of the fifteenth century.

The CATHEDRAL does not greatly interest the traveller who has just left Antwerp, its painted glass being the only feature it may boast of as superior to the attractions of the churches of that city. It is, however, a very fine building; and those who have the strength and the will to wind up the tortuous stairs leading to the top of the tower are rewarded for their pains by an extensive view of the country—a view, however, not equal to that presented to the eye from the summit of the Hôtel de Ville. Like all cathedrals, this one has a patron saint in St. Gudule; as the legend runs, a holy virgin daughter of a Flemish noble, born some twelve hundred years ago, at Vilvorde. Like all Saint Patronesses, the story of her life is filled with marvels too strong for the slender faith of this our later generation. Her holy life began as early as the age of twelve, when she subjected her youthful body, by nature delicate, to the penances and mortifications which form so prominent a part of the duty of all candidates for canonisation. Long nights were spent in prayer; and when, on her way to the chapel, her lamp was extinguished, it was re-lighted in answer to her supplications. Various were the miracles she wrought. A wild youth sought to ravish a kiss from her saintly lips, when a column of the church opened at her command, and received her within its stony protection until the abashed suitor departed. Her charity was unparalleled, and her *Ave Marias* unnumbered; and, at her death, prayers at her tomb worked miracles. When the Norman invaders sacked the place, her body

was stolen as the richest prize which the convent of Moselle could yield, and taken to Liege; but half a century afterwards it was restored to Brussels.



BRUSSELS CATHEDRAL.

A brother of King Lothair of France, some years afterwards, had the temerity to seek sight of the saint's face; but when his willing vassals sought to open St. Gudule's coffin, a thick black smoke came forth so rapidly that nothing could be seen; and the affrighted prince closed the sepulchre, shouting "another miracle." Such are the stories of the lives of the Romish saints, and such the tales which, in the nineteenth century, the Romish priesthood call on their flocks to believe — *and in many cases they do believe them.*

High mass is a fine sight at all times, but it has an unusual magnificence in this cathedral. Round about the choir, high up, are ranged the heraldic shields of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, in memory of chapters of the Order held here by Philip the Good and by Charles the Fifth; whilst the nave is distinguished by twelve colossal statues of the Apostles, ranged far above

the heads of the kneeling votaries below. The pulpit is a remarkable work, from the chisel of the great Flemish artist Verbruggen, the Canova of wood-carvers. Its subject is the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Paradise.

8 And they heard the voice of the LORD God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and

Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the LORD God amongst the trees of the garden.

9 And the LORD God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where *art* thou?

10 And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I *was* naked; and I hid myself.

11 And he said, Who told thee that thou *wast* naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?

12 And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to *be* with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

13 And the LORD God said unto the woman, What *is* this *that* thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

14 And the LORD God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou *art* cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.

* * * * *

17 And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed *is* the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat *of* it all the days of thy life;

18 Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field.

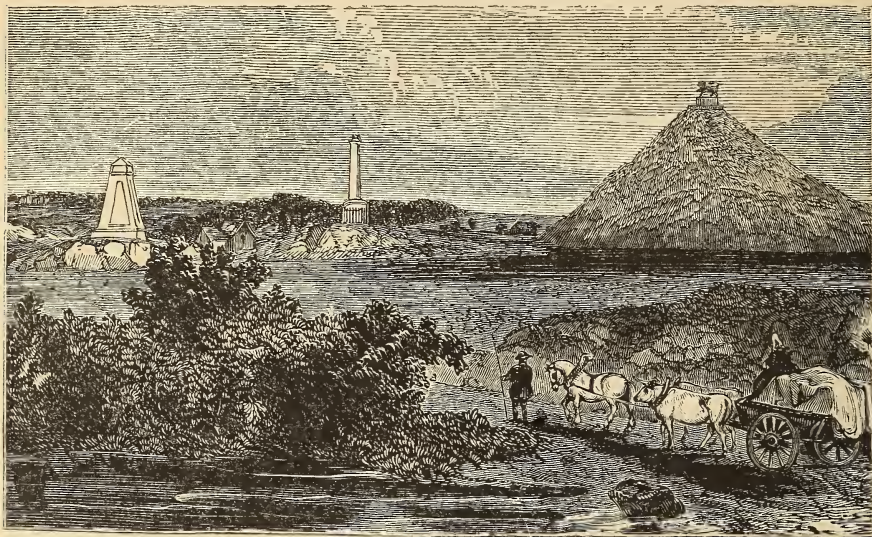
19 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it *wast* thou taken: for dust thou *art*, and unto dust shalt thou return.

* * * * *

23 Therefore the LORD God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.

GENESIS, Chap. III.

From Brussels itself, the attention of the Englishman is soon turned towards WATERLOO. The field on which the destinies of Napoleon and of Europe were decided will always have an historical interest of its own; but by the native of our "sea-girt isle," that interest must ever be felt with "thrice threefold" force. It flatters our national pride, to reflect that the troops of England gave the final and the fatal blow to the mightiest of modern conquerors,—to the self-created Emperor, whose power was grounded upon the ruins of the thrones of Europe: hence the tens of thousands of Englishmen who have visited the field, and hence the constant enquiry of the English at Brussels, "Have you been to Waterloo yet?" Not that there is anything to see beyond a few monuments and some fine corn fields: but is there more at Marathon, at Thermopylæ? On a fine day the drive through the forest of Soignies is agreeable, and the pleasure of the trip is enhanced by the recollection that the ground has been well trodden by all our best modern poets, novelists, statesmen, and soldiers. Byron, with allowable licence, converts Soignies into Ardennes, and the beauty of the stanza would compensate a thousand such liberties taken with the dry facts of the geographer. After recounting the hasty departure of troops from Brussels, Childe Harold says:



GENERAL VIEW OF WATERLOO.

“ Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature’s tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e’er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,— alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.”

WALTER SCOTT is said to have gone through the forest breathing great guns against Bonaparte, whilst SOUTHEY, who was at Waterloo before either Byron or Sir Walter, has left us in rhyme a good guide to the field. With the Laureate’s poetry, and Serjeant Cotton’s prose, the tourist will have all he requires. The Serjeant, it may be well to say, is an old English soldier now living upon the field where he once fought, and earning an honest penny by “fighting *the* battle o’er again” for the information and amusement of all who seek his services as Guide. Under his guidance the Traveller should see the place occupied by the Duke as his Head-quarters, and should note well the points where the fight was thickest. The poet gives his description in a very business-like manner, and his rhymes with a few illustrative sketches will give a faithful and lasting impression of Waterloo.



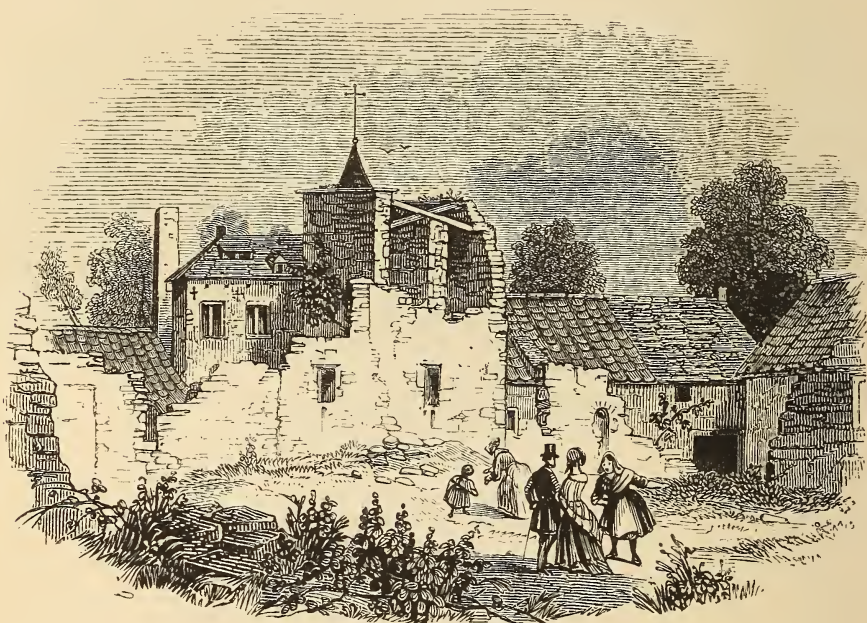
WELLINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT WATERLOO

“ Southward from Brussels lies the field of blood,
 Some three hours' journey for a well-girt man ;
 A horseman who in haste pursued his road
 Would reach it as the second hour began.
 The way is through a forest deep and wide,
 Extending many a mile on either side.

“ No cheerful woodland this of antique trees,
 With thickets varied and with sunny glade ;
 Look where he will, the weary traveller sees
 One gloomy, thick, impenetrable shade
 Of tall straight trunks, which move before his sight,
 With interchange of lines of long green light.

“ Here, where the woods receding from the road
 Have left on either hand an open space
 For fields and gardens, and for man's abode,
 Stands Waterloo ; a little lowly place,
 Obscure till now, when it hath risen to fame,
 And given the victory its English name.

“ Behold the scene where Slaughter had full sway !
 A mile before us lieth Mount St. John,
 The hamlet which the Highlanders that day
 Preserv’d from spoil ; yet as much farther on
 The single farm is plac’d, now known to fame,
 Which from the sacred hedge derives its name.



HOUGOUMONT.

“ Straight onward yet for one like distance more,
 And there the house of Belle Alliance stands,
 So nam’d, I guess, by some in days of yore,
 In friendship or in wedlock joining hands :
 Little did they who call’d it thus foresee
 The place that name should hold in history !

“ Beyond these points the fight extended not, —
 Small theatre for such a tragedy !
 Its breadth scarce more, from eastern Papelot
 To where the groves of Hougomont on high
 Rear in the west their venerable head,
 And cover with their shade the countless dead.



GARDEN WALL OF CHATEAU HOUGOMONT

“ But wouldst thou tread this celebrated ground,
 And trace with understanding eyes a scene
 Above all other fields of war renown'd,
 From western Hougoumont thy way begin ;
 There was our strength on that side, and there first,
 In all its force, the storm of battle burst.

“ Strike eastward then across towards La Haye,
 The single farm : with dead the fields between
 Are lin'd, and thou wilt see upon the way
 Long wave-like dips and swells which intervene,
 Such as would breathe the war-horse, and impede,
 When that deep soil was wet, his martial speed.

* * * *

“ When thou hast reach'd La Haye, survey it well,
 Here was the heat and centre of the strife ;
 This point must Britain hold whate'er befell,
 And here both armies were profuse of life :
 Once it was lost,—and then a stander by
 Belike had trembled for the victory.

* * * *

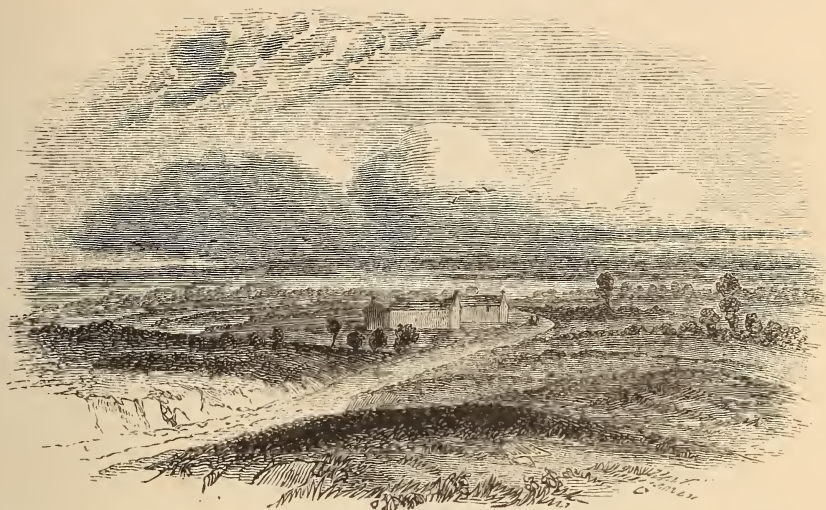


LA BELLE ALLIANCE.

“ La Haye, bear witness ! sacred is it hight,
 And sacred is it truly from that day ;
 For never braver blood was spent in fight
 Than Britain here hath mingled with the clay.
 Set where thou wilt thy foot, thou scarce canst tread
 Here on a spot unhallow'd by the dead.

“ Here was it that the Highlanders withstood
 The tide of hostile power, receiv'd its weight
 With resolute strength, and stemm'd and turn'd the flood ;
 And fitly here, as in that Grecian strait,
 The funeral stone might say, Go, traveller, tell
 Scotland, that in our duty here we fell.

“ Still eastward from this point thy way pursue.
 There grows a single hedge along the lane,—
 No other is there far or near in view :
 The raging enemy essay'd in vain
 To pass that line,— a braver foe withstood,
 And this whole ground was moisten'd with their blood.



VIEW OF LA HAYE SAINTE

“ Leading his gallant men as he was wont,
 The hot assailant's onset to repel,
 Advancing hat in hand, here in the front
 Of battle and of danger, Picton fell;
 Lamented Chief! than whom no braver name
 His country's annals shall consign to fame.

* * * *

“ Hence to the high-wall'd house of Papelot,
 The battle's boundary on the left, incline;
 Here thou seest Frischermont not far remote,
 From whence, like ministers of wrath divine,
 The Prussians issuing on the yielding foe,
 Consummated their great and total overthrow.”

The number of men engaged in the Battle of Waterloo is often a subject of discussion, and the accounts given on the spot are generally incorrect. The zealous patriot sees with a magnifying glass the force opposed to his countrymen, — feeling, if he does not confess, that to exaggerate the power of the enemy is to heighten the glory of a victory, or palliate the disgrace of a defeat. Both sides have played with figures until the question of the comparative forces on the 18th of June seems to many a riddle beyond solution. The truth stands thus:—total strength of the English and their allies in the field during the campaign—Infantry, 82,062; Cavalry, 14,482; Artillery, 8,166; Engineers and waggon train,

1,240: total, 105,950. This number being engaged in the operations of the war is



CHURCH AT WATERLOO

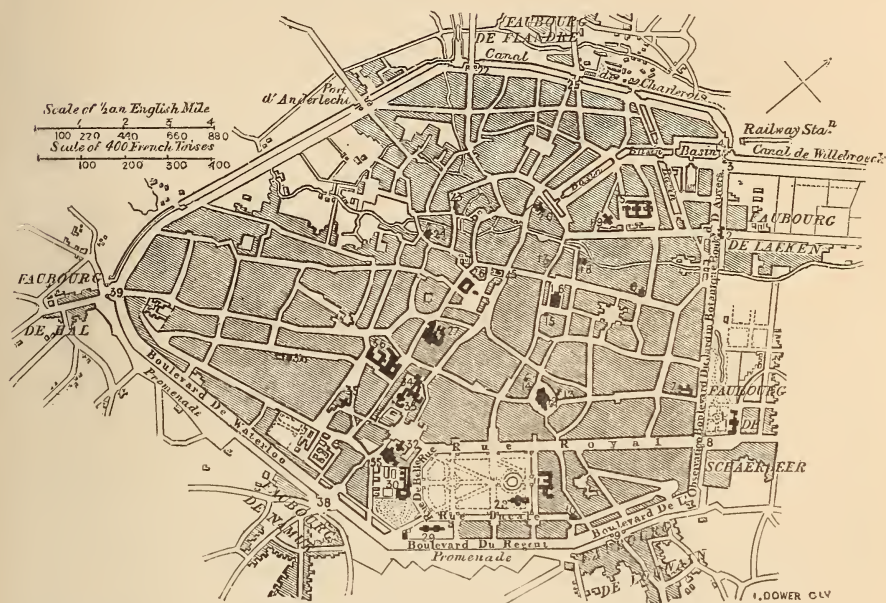
the number stated by the French to have been present when Napoleon was defeated. Not so. The total strength of the English and their allies on the 18th of June, was, — Infantry, 49,608; Cavalry, 12,402; Artillery, 5,645; Total, 67,655, with 156 pieces of artillery. The French troops opposed to this force were only a part of the army which Napoleon then had in the campaign, and amounted to 71,947 men, with 246 pieces of ordnance. The Infantry numbered 48,950; the cavalry 15,765; the artillery 7,232. Thus Napoleon had the best array of cavalry and guns; Wellington the best body of infantry. About ten

thousands of these were left to fatten the field of Waterloo. Our great mother received

“ ——— into her silent womb
Her slaughter'd creatures: horse and man they lay,
And friend and foe, within the general tomb.
Equal had been their lot; one fatal day
For all, — one labour, — and one place of rest
They found within their common parent's breast.”



INTERCHAPTER FOR THE TRAVELLER.



- 1 Botanical Garden.
- 2 Porte d'Anvers.
- 3 Porte d'Allée Verte.
- 4 Porte du Rivage.
- 5 Hospice des Vieillards.
- 6 Church of Notre Dame Finisterre.
- 7 Hospice du Pacheco.
- 8 Porte de Schaarbeck.
- 9 Porte de Louvain.
- 10 Salle des Concerts.
- 11 Palais de la Nation.
- 12 Cathedral.
- 13 Foundling Hospital.

- 14 Hospital.
- 15 Chamber of Commerce.
- 16 Theatre Royal.
- 17 Post Office.
- 18 Protestant Church.
- 19 Church of St. Jean du Béguinage.
- 20 Church of St. Catherine.
- 21 Porte de Flandre.
- 22 Porte de Ninove.
- 23 Church of St. Clair.
- 24 Church N. D. de Bon Secours.
- 25 Church of St. Nicholas.
- 26 Hôtel de Ville.

- 27 Hospital of St. Jean.
- 28 Theatre Royal du Parc.
- 29 Palace of the Prince of Orange.
- 30 King's Palace.
- 31 Athenæum.
- 32 Church of St. Jacques.
- 33 Palais des Arts et de l'Industrie.
- 34 Musée des Sciences et Belles Lettres.
- 35 Church N. D. des Victoires.
- 36 Palais de Justice.
- 37 Church Saints Jean et Etienne Minimes.
- 38 Porte de Namur.
- 39 Porte de Hal.

BRUSSELS.

TRAVELLERS arriving by the railroad will, on quitting the station, find omnibus and other coaches to convey them and their luggage to their destination. Fare $\frac{1}{2}$ franc.

HOTELS.

Hôtel de Bellevue, Place Royale.

Hôtel de l'Europe, Place Royale.

Hôtel de Flandre, Place Royale.

Hotel de la Régence, near the Park, the Palace, the Museum, and other Public Buildings.

Hôtel des Etrangers et Impérial réunis, rue des Fripiers.

Hôtel de Suède, rue de l'Evêque.

Hôtel Royal, Rue des Fripiers, 17., situated in centre of town, near the Theatre, Exchange, and Post Office.

Hôtel de l'Univers, by Pieron de Mayer, Longue Rue Neuve. The servants here speak English, French, German, and Dutch.

Barnard's English Hotel, (the only one in Brussels,) 17. Rue de la Puttérie.

CHIEF THINGS TO BE SEEN AT BRUSSELS.

The Town Hall daily, from 10 till 5, (gratis). The Cathedral and other Catholic Churches daily (gratis), from 5 A. M. till noon. The Foundling is near the Cathedral.

The Museum (gratis), every Sunday, Monday, and Thursday, from 10 till 3.

Public Library, for admission apply to the librarian.

The Duc d'Arenberg's Palace daily, by applying to the porter, and producing a passport.

Place des Martyrs.

The Botanical Gardens (gratis), every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, from 10 till 3.

The two Houses of Parliament daily, from 10 till 3.

The King's Palace may be viewed during his Majesty's absence.

Waterloo.

PRINCIPAL COFFEE-HOUSES.—Mille Colonnes; Suisse, Place de la Monnaie; Trois Suisses, Rue des Princes.

PUBLIC BATHS.—Bains Léopold, Rue des Trois Têtes; bains Sainte Elizabeth, petite Rue de l'Ecuyer; bains Saint Sauveur, Montagne aux Herbes Potagères; bains Saint Georges, Rue des Alexiens.

POST OFFICE.—General direction and principal letter box, Rue de l'Evêque. The latest delivery at a quarter past five in the evening.

Branch Offices.—At the King's palace; Montagne de la Cour, 44.; Rue de l'Etuve, 20.; Rue Haute, 155.; Rue Trenenberg, 13.; Rue de Schaerbeck, 117.; Rue de Flandres, 24.; Rue des Sables, 19. The letters are taken up at those offices at 5 A.M. and 2 P.M.

HACKNEY COACHES.—*Principal stands.* Place Royale; Grande Place; Place de la Monnaie; Place du Sablon; Place de la Chancellerie; Place de St. Géry; Place de Bavière; Place d'Anvers; Porte de Laeken; Place du Samedi; Place du Marché aux Grains: outside the gates of Schaerbeck, Namur, and Louvain.

Price of coach fares.—Hackney coaches, per course, 1 franc 50 cents; by the hour, first,

2 francs 50 cents, each ensuing hour, 1 franc 60 cents: vigilantes, per course, 1 franc; by the hour, first, 2 francs, each ensuing hour, 1 franc 50 cents. A subscription of 15 francs for 20 tickets may be taken to the Vigilantes, which tickets are each considered as equivalent to 1 franc, and taken as such in payment either of the hour or the ride.

THEATRES.—Royal Theatre, Place de la Monnaie; it is open during the whole theatrical year, every day except Saturday, for the performance of comedies, dramas, comic operas, grand operas, and ballets. Price of admittance, 1st boxes, balcon and orchestra stalls, 5 francs; galleries, 2d boxes, parquet and boxes on the ground floor, 3 francs 50 cents; 3d boxes, 2 francs 15 cents; 4th boxes and pit, 1 franc 60 cents. Park Theatre (Théâtre du Parc), is open on Saturdays and Sundays for the performance of vaudevilles and varied pieces. Price of admittance: 1st boxes and parquet, 3 francs 50 cents; 2d boxes, 3 francs; 3d boxes, 2 francs 15 cents; pit, 1 franc 10 cents.

PRINCIPAL JOURNALS OF BRUSSELS. Morning papers, Emancipation, Moniteur Belge; Indépendent (Morning and Evening), Belge, Courrier Belge, Journal de la Belgique, Journal du Commerce Belge. Evening papers, Observateur, Eclair. English Paper, Brussels Gazette. Periodical Magazines: National Review, monthly; Universal Review, every fortnight.

Church of England service is performed in the Chapel Royal, Rue de Musée, every Sunday at 9 A. M. and half-past 2 afternoon, and in the chapel on the Boulevard de l'Observatoire on Sunday at a quarter to 1 and half-past 3.

The Park is open daily from 7 in the morning till 9 at night; on Sundays a military band performs from 1 till 2 o'clock.

The Royal Observatory is situated near the Schaerbeck Gate.

The English Reading Room and Circulating Library, 73. Montagne de la Cour, is open from 8 in the morning till 8 in the evening.

Other public Establishments, &c.—St. John's Hospital, Boulevard Botanique; St. Peter's, rue Haute; Prison of the Petits Carnes;

the Beguinage, near the Rue de Laeken; King's Palace at Laeken, the old church and churchyard; the Abattoir, near the Port de Ninove; the Allée Verte; and the three Theatres.

PRIVATE CLUBS. — Great Harmonic Society, outside the gate of Laeken; Loyal Club, Grande Place; Club, Rue Léopold; Reading Club, Hôtel de la Paix; Commercial Club, Rue de l'Evêque; Philharmonic Society, at the Café Suisse, Place de la Monnaie; Club de l'Ancien Cercle, at the Domino, Place de la Monnaie. Strangers are admitted on being presented by a member.

READING ROOMS. — For French books, Rue d'Assaut, 14.; for English books and journals, Brown's Library, Montagne de la Cour; Place Royale, 14: for journals only, Rue des Carrières, on the first floor.

PASSPORTS. — Travellers are to go to the Minister of the Interior, Rue de la Loi, 4., for everything concerning their passports. The office is opened every day from 10 to 3 o'clock, and on Sundays and holidays from 10 to 12 o'clock. The English Legation will be found 31. Rue Ducale.

FAIRS. — There are three fairs at Brussels. May 1, coach and horse fair; prizes are given; May 22, a small fair, which terminates June 2; October 18, a great fair, ends November 2.

EXCHANGE (Bourse). Rue de l'Evêque and Place de la Monnaie. Open every day at 12 o'clock.

PAPER MONEY. — Brussels has two banks, the Banque de Belgique, and the General Society for the Assistance of the National Trade. Both these issue notes, payable at sight, which are everywhere taken in payment. The value of each of these is 1000 francs, 500 francs, 100 francs, and 50 francs.

EXCHANGE OFFICE. — Rue des Fripières, 31. and 45.; Rue de la Madeleine, 70.; Montagne de la Cour, 34. 71. and 94.

HORSE-RACES. — There are two races every year, which attract a great number of strangers. They take place in the plain of Monplaisir during the Kermesse, and during the September festivals.

PUBLIC FESTIVALS (Fêtes). — The Fêtes of Brussels, which are attended by a great number of persons, are those of the Kermesse, which are celebrated in July, and the anniversary of the revolution of 1830, September 25, 26, and 27.

HISTORY. — Brussels stands in the province of S. Brabant, in 50° 50' N. Lat. and 4° 22' E. Long. stands on the Senne, a trifling stream. Brussels is but a small city, measuring about one mile and a quarter in length by one mile in breadth; stands on one side of a hill, which gives it a fine appearance when seen from the west. Its origin is dated as far back as the seventh century. It has been subject at various times to the destructive consequences of war, fire, and the plague. In 1213 taken by the English; in 1326 and in 1405 it was nearly destroyed by fire; in 1314 it was visited by plague, when the inhabitants died so fast that sixty people were sometimes buried in one grave; in 1488 it was surprised and taken by Philip of Cleves, and in the next year was visited by a contagious disease, which mowed down the inhabitants, hundreds of whom are said to have died in the streets; in 1578 the plague again came, and 27,000 people perished. This last visitation was hastened by the misery induced in the city through the tyranny of the Duke of Alva, who had previously by his cruelty driven out of Belgium her most skilful artisans to carry their valuable manufactures to other countries. In 1695 Marshal Villeroi bombarded Brussels, destroying more than 4000 buildings. The Elector of Bavaria besieged it in 1708; but this time it escaped by the help of our Duke of Marlborough. In 1746 Marshal Saxe laid the city under heavy contributions. The last great fight in its neighbourhood was that of Waterloo, June, 1815, unless we take into account the contest during the Revolution in 1830, when Belgium was severed from Holland, and became a separate kingdom.

TOWN-HALL (Hôtel de Ville). — This is a large and majestic edifice, situated in one of the finest squares of Brussels. This building

was finished in 1441 ; in the front rises a tower 364 feet high ; it is tapering and fluted along its whole length ; it is surmounted by a colossal brass-gilt statue of St. Michael, the patron of the town, turning with the least wind, and 17 feet high. It was in the great room of the Town Hall, called the Gothic room, that Charles V. signed, September 7, 1556, a deed of abdication in favour of his son Philip. The other rooms are remarkable for the tapestry with which they are hung, for their numerous pictures, and the richness of the ceilings.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. GUDULE. This is a Gothic edifice, built on the slope of a hill formerly called Molenberg. The foundation of this church was laid in 1010. It was first consecrated to St. Michael, and afterwards to St. Gudule, when the body of the latter saint was transferred to it from the chapel of St. Gery, in 1047. Since that period it has always been named the Church of Sts. Michael and Gudule. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, held the first chapter of the Golden Fleece in this church, in the year 1226, when it was rebuilt. St. Gudule has no remarkable pictures. Its lions are the fine painted glass of its chapels ; the tombs which ornament the two sides of the sanctuary ; the mausoleum of Count Frederick de Merode, killed in 1830 among the Belgian combatants ; the colossal statues, supported against the pillars which sustain the vault, and the pulpit, representing Adam and Eve driven from Paradise, by Verbruggen.

CHURCH OF THE SABLON, or Notre Dame des Victoires, built by Duke John I., in 1288, in commemoration of the Battle of Wœringen. The monument of the Princes de la Tour and Taxis, in the Chapel of St. Ursula, is remarkable. There are three pictures worth seeing if time permits : the Martyrdom of St. Barbe, by Quellyn ; Christ on the Cross, by De Declereck, and the Last Judgment, by Frans Flore. The French poet, Jean Baptiste Rousseau, is interred in this church. He died at Genette, near Brussels, March 17, 1741.

The traveller who stays long enough in Brussels may visit its other churches. The

Church of N.D. de la Chapelle contains, besides several statues by the celebrated chisel of Du Quesnoy and of Fayd'Herbe, a picture which is a masterpiece by G. de Crayer, Jesus appearing to Mary Magdalene. The church of St. Nicholas, Rue au Beurre ; Ste. Catherine, in the street of that name ; N.D. du Finistère, Longue Rue Neuve, (this latter church is named from the inscription over the portico, "*Laus tua in fines terræ*,") ; Saint John the Baptist, have each some good pictures. At Saint Catherine, besides a fine painting by G. de Crayer, placed on the grand altar, there is a Christ at the Tomb, by Otto Venius, Rubens's master. The church of St. Jacques du Caudenberg, Place Royale, is a modern monument, which, during the revolutionary period, had become the Temple of Reason. This church has replaced the abbey of the same name, where the jesuit Bollandus, and his successors under the name of Bollandists, had devoted their vigils to the immense work known under the name of *Acta Sanctorum*.

PALACE OF THE FINE ARTS.—The oldest part of this building was formerly the residence of the governors-general. It was commenced in 1346, and only finished in 1502 ; Prince Charles of Lorraine beautified it in 1744. Near the old building rises the Palace of Industry (*Palais de l'Industrie*), constructed on the site of the old botanical garden. This is used every four years for the exhibition of the products of industry. Several rooms are occupied by the conservatory of arts and trades. The old palace contains the Public Library, the Gallery of Paintings, the Gallery of Natural History, and a Cabinet of Natural Philosophy.

The Library (*Bibliothèque*) is open every day to the public, from 10 to 2 o'clock, except on Wednesdays and holidays. It contains 150,000 printed volumes, and 16,000 manuscripts, some of which are adorned with valuable miniatures. This library belongs to the town. Since some years a Royal Library has been founded in one of the wings of the Palace of Industry, which is open to readers every day

except Sundays and holidays, from 10 to 3 o'clock.

The Gallery of Paintings (*Musée*) contains about 350 paintings, many of which are very inferior; but the collection of Gothic paintings contains several very valuable ones. The academy of Brussels holds its sittings at the *Musée*.

The Cabinet of Natural History, a new establishment, which has had but a few years' existence, is already one of the richest in Europe.

The Cabinet of Natural Philosophy, consisting of the instruments belonging to the old University of Louvain, and since enriched with new and numerous acquisitions, is now sufficient for any experiments.

The Gallery of Paintings, the Galleries, and the Cabinet are open (as before stated) to the public every Sunday, Monday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4 o'clock, and to foreigners every day, by applying to the porter.

Brussels is embellished by numerous SQUARES: the principal are,—the Place Royale, in the highest part of the town; it is one of the finest in Europe: the Grande Place, on which stands the Town Hall (*Hôtel de Ville*). When Count d'Egmont and Count Horn were executed here, June 5. 1568, the whole of this square was hung with black. The Place de la Monnaie, which is adorned by the Royal Theatre, and that of the Martyrs, formerly called Place St. Michael.

THE PLACE DES MARTYRS must be visited, and its novel mode of paying a compliment to those slain during the revolution will strike the Englishman as being something peculiarly French. The statue of Liberty rises up from the centre of a huge vault into which the visitor descends, to find inscribed upon the marble walls, in letters of gold, the names and places of birth of those who fell in the struggle of September, 1830.

THE BOULEVARDS which surround Brussels, and are adorned with rich mansions and hotels, are not among the least embellishments of the town, which has besides that two other promenades truly worthy of a capital, the Park, and the Allée Verte.

THE PARK* is a large and beautiful garden ornamented with clumps of trees and statues, and is situated opposite to the King's palace, in the midst of fine streets: it is to Brussels what the garden of the Tuileries is to Paris. In the Park, on Sundays, during the fine season, a military band plays, with superior execution, pieces of music which attract a great concourse of promenaders.

THE ALLÉE VERTE, planted with several rows of trees, runs along the canal of Willebroek to the length of more than a quarter of a league in a straight line. Though a little out of fashion, it is still, in fine weather, numerously attended by persons in carriages, on horseback, and on foot. It is the Champs Elysées of Brussels.

THE BOTANICAL GARDEN, the entrance to which is in the Rue Royale extérieure, outside the Porte de Schaerbeck, is on the Boulevard Botanique. This recent establishment already rivals every other of the sort by the beauty of the buildings and hot-houses, and the richness of its plantations. In summer the public is admitted into the Gardens on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from 10 to 3 o'clock, and into the hot-houses every day on payment of 30 centimes for each person.

"The origin of this establishment was owing to a sarcasm. At a sale of flowers in 1826, a shrub of so great price was produced, that no single amateur was willing or able to become the purchaser; and a person in the crowd suggested the propriety of obtaining it for the Botanic Gardens of Brussels. The hit told; a subscription was opened on the spot, and the garden was laid out. An annual sum of 6000 florins is granted by government to its support; and a like sum by the city. The Royal Society of Horticulture, who are the proprietors, have themselves a capital of 200,000 florins, in 400 shares of 500 florins each. In the care and disposition of the garden a scrupulous attention is

* In the Rue Royale, opposite one of the side entrances to the park, is the statue of General Belliard, the French ambassador to Belgium, who died at Brussels, Jan. 28. 1832.

paid to scientific arrangement; and students have ready access at all times to the examination of its contents. Both the scientific and vulgar names are attached to every plant, and generally that of the country of which it is a native. A circular piece of ground is divided into small parterres, in which the Linnæan classification is fully exemplified; and several small ponds are appropriated to the nurture of aquatic productions. The conservatory, which is heated by steam, is 400 feet long, with a rotunda in the centre, for the exposition of flowers; and at each end is an elegant portico, from which there is a good view of the town."— [*Trollope's Belgium since the Revolution.*]

Brussels has no remarkable fountains; but that of the Maneken Pis cannot be passed without notice on account of its singularity. It is placed at the corner of the Rue de l'Étuve and Rue du Chêne, and consists of a small bronze figure.

THE MANNEKIN is one of the lions of Brussels. It is a small statue adapted to the purposes of a fountain. Legacies have been left to Mannekin, and on festival days the little figure is dressed up as a beau of the first water. Charles the Fifth made him presents, Louis the Fourteenth knighted him, and Peter the Great paid him a visit, and gave him a pension.

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS. — The inhabitants having in general a taste for painting and for the arts, few towns can offer to amateurs such rich private collections, which the possessors are extremely kind in showing to strangers. We mention the principal :

1. The Gallery of the Duke of Aremberg, consisting nearly all of Flemish pictures, and which is now increased by the addition of the fine collection belonging to the late Prince Augustus of Aremberg.

2. The Gallery of His Highness the Prince de Ligne, consisting of modern paintings. There is an admirable collection of ancient pictures at his mansion of Belœil.

3. The collection of M. Malek de Wertenfeld, Rue de la Reine, 40. Faubourg d'Ixelles,

formed of choice pieces, and to which is joined a fine collection of curiosities.

4. The Collection belonging to Colonel Biré, Rue Ducale, which consists of Dutch paintings.

5. The Gallery of M. Van Becelaere, the proprietor of the Café des Milles Colonnes, Place de la Monnaie.

6. M. Robyns, Rue Neuve, has a collection of insects, and especially some of the rarest butterflies in the world.

THE KING'S PALACE is a large building, the exterior of which is only remarkable for its simplicity. The interior is richly decorated. Under the French dominion, this palace, the extent of which was less than it is now, was the Hôtel of the Prefecture. Napoleon and the Empress Josephine lodged there in 1807, and Maria Louisa in 1811.

PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE. This is the prince's private property, and one of the buildings which strangers usually visit. The valuable pictures, and other rare and precious articles which ornamented it, have been removed.

NATIONAL PALACE (Palais de la Nation), Rue de la Loi. — Maria Theresa had it constructed for the sittings of the old council of Brabant. It is now occupied by the senate, and by the Chamber of Representatives. Its front, which is surmounted by a basso-relievo from the chisel of Godecharles, is not deficient in elegance. Spectators are admitted without a ticket into the public galleries of both chambers.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS are numerous at Brussels. We shall mention, among the most important, the Great Asylum for Old People, on the square of the old Beguinage; the General Civil Hospital, near the gate of Hal, formerly founded for the Crusaders who returned wounded from the Holy Land, and for lepers; it is now used for the treatment of dangerous diseases; and the Hospital of St. John, Rue de l'Hôpital, which will be transferred to a magnificent building which is in progress of erection upon the Boulevard Botanique.

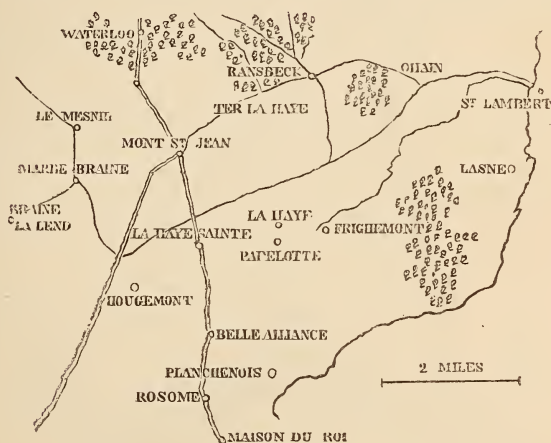
CELEBRATED MEN. — Brussels is the country

of several distinguished characters, among whom we find:—Champagne (Philippe), a painter, born in 1602, died in 1674. — Ligne (Charles Joseph Prince de), as illustrious for his birth as for his chivalric grace, his intrepid courage, the sharpness of his wit, and the gaiety of his temper; born, 1735, died, 1814. — Vesalius, one of the greatest anatomists, born in 1514, died of hunger after a tempest which threw him on the coast of Zante, in 1564. — Vandermeulen (Antoine François), the celebrated painter of battle pieces, born in 1634. — Quesnoy (François du) an illustrious sculptor, born at Brussels in 1592, died at Leghorn in 1644; his works adorn the greater part of the churches of Belgium. — Camargo (Marie Anne Cupis

de), a celebrated dancer, born in 1710, died in 1770.

The MANUFACTURES of Brussels are not very extensive: carpets and tapestries are no longer staple commodities. Lace is, however, manufactured in considerable quantities, and there are several large printing establishments, some of which, before the passing of the English Copyright Act, were kept very busy by the publication of pirated editions of new English books.

The POPULATION of Brussels is calculated to be upwards of 180,000; but is liable to fluctuation according to the season; the English residents are very numerous, and occupy most of the best houses.



THE EXCURSION TO WATERLOO.

A diligence starts for La Haye Sainte every morning at 7 o'clock and every afternoon at 5 o'clock, from the Couronne d'Espagne, in the Vieille Halle au Blé; at 3 o'clock in the afternoon from the Hôtel de la Cloche, in the Marché-aux-Herbes; and at 4 o'clock from the Cour de France, in the Rue des Pierres, at the back of the Town Hall. In starting by the first you may return in time for the Theatre; price of each person going one franc and a half, and

returning the same; a party of four persons pay something less in proportion.

A horse and gig for 10 francs, or a saddle horse for 8 francs, may be hired of Mr. Copper, an Englishman; adjoining the Prince of Orange's Palace.

A carriage may be had from the stand for 20 francs, including every expense of turnpikes, coachman, &c., holding six persons; but you must agree to be taken to La Belle Alliance, the farthest point, or the driver will stop at Mont

St. Jean, and give you a very long walk to arrive at the field.

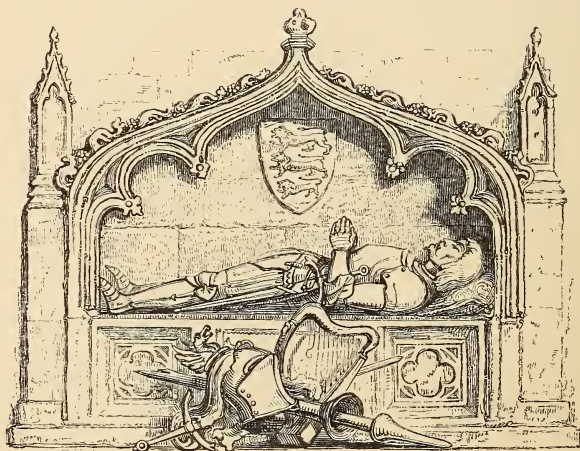
The original features of the ground, where the centre of the English line had its position, at the last desperate effort by the enemy, are entirely obliterated; and the ridge which formed a part of Mont St. Jean is now levelled down with the rest of the plain. This was done for the purpose of obtaining a sufficient quantity of earth to form the great mound, on which the colossal bronze lion, which may serve either as the British or Belgic Lion, is supported, the pedestal of which bears the simple inscription, "June 18. 1815." The mound and the lion have equally been the subjects of ill-natured censure; but the one containing the bones of friends and foes, who fell in that dreadful day, and the other composed of cannon taken from the enemy, would appear to be strictly appropriate, "as being at once a memorial, a trophy, and a tomb." The mound is placed on the spot where the Prince of Orange received his wound. As a guide employ Serjeant Major Cotton, who lives on the field. He (as we have before said) was at the battle.

The village of Waterloo is in the rear of the field, and close to the forest of Soignies. The trees are principally of beech, and some of them very fine; but the wood is fit for nothing but fuel, and is used solely for that purpose.

If you intend to return to dinner, take some refreshments with you, as at La Belle Alliance it is difficult to procure them good, notwithstanding the immense number of English who have visited this place, and inserted their names in a book that they present.

At Mont St. Jean the people are beginning to understand the English character; a table-d'hôte is prepared, and wine provided for sale.

On returning, stop at the village of Waterloo, and see the monuments in the Church, and the tomb of the Marquis of Anglesea's leg; returning through the sombre forest of Soignies, part of which is the property of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, conferred on him by the King of Holland, in remuneration of his services on the occasion which has this day particularly engrossed our attention — [*A Week at Brussels.*]

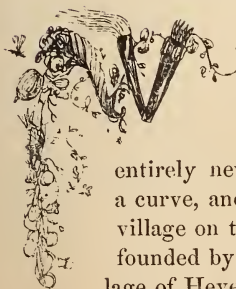




VALLEY OF THE MEUSE

"What lovelier home could gentle fancy choose?
 Is this the stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
 War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains
 Familiar, as the morn with pearly dews?
 The morn, that now, along the silver Meuse,
 Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
 To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
 Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrewn
 The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
 Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
 How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
 With its grey locks clustering in pensive shade,
 That, shap'd like old monastic turrets, rise
 From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still." — WORDSWORTH.

BRUSSELS TO THE RHINE, BY LIEGE AND AIX LA CHAPELLE.



WHEN the Traveller leaves Brussels to make his way on-
 wards to the Rhine, he finds himself retracing as far as
 Malines his previous Railway Route, and not until he has
 passed the Station at Mechlin does he find himself in an
 entirely new scene. On quitting that station, the railway describes
 a curve, and crosses the paved road leading to Louvaine. The first
 village on the left hand is that of Meusen, on the Dyle, with a church
 founded by St. Lambert. Soon afterwards on the same side the vil-
 lage of Hever is seen, and in the distance the steeple of Rymenam, a

commune of the province of Antwerp. A small stream is crossed, which falls into the Dyle, and waters the commune of Doort-Meerbeek on the right, the church of which, close to the railway, contains the tombs of the lords of Launoy and Santa Cruz. After a short stoppage at Haegt, an uninteresting place, the train speedily arrives at Wespelaer, a famous place of summer recreation for the Belgians, who throng its fine park, and laud as inimitable its jumble of statues, Chinese bridges, Grecian temples and monastic grottoes, where busts of Voltaire and Rousseau hob-nob with Homer and the Prince of Orange. Next, on the right, is the pointed spire of the rural village of Thildonck, and in the distance, on the left, the baronial tower of Rotzelaer, once the stronghold of the rulers of this part of Brabant. As we near Louvaine the rail runs along the side of the Canal, with its triple row of poplars, whilst rising above the trees on the right is seen the steeple of St. Gertrude, notched like a double-edged saw. The train stops at Louvaine, outside the gate of Diest,—a word that calls to mind the beer the Belgian thinks so good and the Englishman declares to be execrable.

LOUVAINE possesses two admirable old buildings in its TOWN HALL and COLLEGIATE CHURCH, both of which secure the admiration of all who look upon them. The lightness of the turrets, and the rich and graceful ornaments of the Hôtel de Ville, give it a claim to be the most beautiful Gothic edifice in the north of Europe; placing it in the scale of beauty far above many buildings of much larger dimensions. The collegiate Church of St. Peter* is also a noble

* This is the oldest parish church in Louvaine; it would even seem that it had been built on the ruins of a temple of Mars, if we are to believe the Latin verse inscribed over its portico:—

Mars Petro cessit, pro clavibus hasta recessit.

In 1130, the fire which destroyed the town did not spare this church, which was afterwards rebuilt more magnificently. According to the plan kept at the Town-Hall, there were three gigantic towers over the portico; the middle was 536 feet high without counting height of the cross, and each of the side towers was 430 feet high. Jan. 31, 1606, a terrible whirlwind threw down the great tower, which, drawing along with it the two others, crushed all the houses in the neighbourhood; the force of the wind was so great, that the cross was found in the Dyle at some distance.

The great aisle is as astonishing by the boldness as by the elegance of its architecture; a lobby which is wonderfully carved, enriched with gilding, and surmounted by an immense crucifix which rises up to the roof, closes in the choir. In the second chapel on the right, on entering by the great one, is a Christ, as black as ebony, and clothed in a long red robe. According to a pious legend, three thieves had entered the church and were preparing to strip the altar, when this figure of Christ, loosening its arm from the cross, seized the brigands by the hair, and kept them in that position until day.

There are at Louvaine a few establishments worthy of a large town: a botanical garden, and cabinet of natural history and philosophy.

structure, and has of course good store of carvings, tombs, pictures, and legends. The most noticeable of the latter is always told when the visitor looks upon the chapel of *Magriete*—the holy spot dedicated to Margaret of Louvaine, the patron saint of servant-girls:—

“Being servant at an inn where pilgrims were received, her master and his wife having resolved to leave their business and embrace the monastic state, she had also formed the same project; the three were to enter the monastery next day; some pilgrims came to beg for hospitality for that night only: they were received, and Margaret went to fetch some wine. She had scarcely stepped out, when the pilgrims (who were thieves) murdered the inn-keeper and his wife. Margaret at her return underwent the same fate after a long struggle, and her body was thrown into the Dyle. This was September 2. 1225. The young woman’s body, instead of following the current, ascended the river up to the middle of the town, surrounded by a golden glory, and, it is said, uttering harmonious sounds. Henry the First, Duke of Lorraine, who was at his castle, was a witness of this miracle. The report of it was immediately spread: the chapter of St. Peter, the duke and duchess, followed by their court and the magistrates, went in procession to fetch the remains of the saint and carried them to the church, where, after having embalmed and placed them in a coffin closed by a grating, they were placed behind the choir, a chapel which then opened into the street.”

After passing Louvaine the railroad begins to lose the “even tenour of its way,” and as we near the Meuse the surface of the country becomes more and more irregular: tunnels, cuttings, and viaducts are now for the first time met with; but what the country loses in level, it gains in beauty.

Steam is bearing us towards the valley that called forth WORDSWORTH’S sonnet. The train whirls along by the old Abbey of Parc, standing on the right, where a few monks still vegetate; by Corbeck-Loo, Luvenjoul, the square tower of which is visible from the carriages, and Boutersem. At Vertryck the engine stops for a moment; then off again by Roosbeck, a small commune on the left, and then through the tunnel of Comtich (which, say the Belgians, “the train enters as a sword into a scabbard,”) to Tirlemont*, where the steam steeds are watered and get their black feed of coke.

In one of the rooms of the Town-Hall there are about a hundred pictures, the greater part by the first masters of the Flemish school, as Quentyn Matsys, Coxie, de Crayer, E. Quellyn, Otto Venius, Vandyke, and Jordaens.

There are at Louvaine woollen, lace and oil factories; but its principal article of trade is the beer made there, of which it annually sends out more than 200,000 barrels.

* Tirlemont possesses a building which is of importance to the history of the first period of Christian architecture, in the church of Saint Germain, built upon the summit of an eminence

Going still towards Liege, the country becomes more and more uneven, and contains traces of the passage of the Romans, in shape of remnants of massive tombs built by them. After the small villages of Haekendover on the left, and Wulverson on the right, the line enters the province of Liege, and crosses the battle-plain of Neervinden, where the Marshal of Luxembourg beat the English allies in 1693, and General Dumouriez was defeated by the Austrians in 1793. The last victory released Belgium for the time from the French yoke. The halt

is at Landen, the town of the founder of the family of Charlemagne. The journey from this place to Liege occupies nearly another hour, and bears the Traveller through a portion of the province of Limburg, and by Rosoux Corswaren, Berloz, Warremme, — where there is a church founded by the Templar Gauthier, — Longchamp, marked by a handsome mansion, and Fexhe - le - haute-clocher. These places are passed in the order in which they are here named.

LIEGE is a small Birmingham placed in a beautiful valley. Tall chimneys, smoke, noise, dirt, and money, are mingled in the centre of one of the loveliest corners of Northern Europe. The Meuse winds its way



LIEGE.

which overlooks the town. The tower is Roman, and must be mentioned as a model of that style. Its date is probably the ninth century.

There are stocking, flannel, and woollen stuff manufactories in the town; soap boilers, and sugar refiners: there are also breweries which do extensive business. Its trade in corn and wool is likewise considerable.

between green banks and fruitful hills, as freshly and placidly as if no such serviceable abominations as factories were known; whilst the busy hum of commerce, and the laborious and skilful occupations of the artizan, are not less active or less useful for having such a scene all round about to solace and refresh the toil-worn. The Liegois of our day, if less turbulent, are not less spirited or industrious than their forefathers, who figure so strikingly in Walter Scott's "Quentyn Durward;" but the Traveller who looks about the town for the localities described by the novelist will be disappointed in his search. He will find the people of the romance, but not the places.

The streets, chimneys, and, indeed, the faces of the population, tell the secret whence Liege derives her riches. Time was when the place boasted but a single forge; and though bucklers were heaped beside the anvil, and swords and spears lay waiting for repair, the blacksmith leant idly against his door-post, gazing idly up the hill-side. Gradually he was aware of a figure, which seemed to have grown into shape from a furze bush, or to have risen from behind a stone; and as it descended the slope he eyed curiously the grimy face, long beard, and squat form of what he was half unwilling to recognise as a human being. Hobbling awkwardly, and shrugging his shoulders as though cold, the man came in time to the smithy door.

"What! Jacques Perron—idle when work is to be done? Idle smith! idle smith! The horse lacks the bit, and the rider the spur.

' Ill fares the hide when the buckler waits mending,
Ill fares the plough whilst the coulter lacks tending.'

Idle smith, idle smith!"

"Idle enough," quoth Jacques: "I'm as idle as you are ugly; but I can't get charcoal any more than you can get beauty, so I must stand still, and you be content with your face, though I'd fain earn a loaf and a cup full enough for both of us this winter morning."

Though the strange man must have known he was horribly ugly,—that is if he ever went to drink of the clear bright waters of the lovely Meuse, which reflected in those days every lily-bell and every grass-blade which grew upon its banks, and gave a faithful portraiture in its cool waters of every creature that leant over them,—though he was certainly the most frightful creature that had ever met the blacksmith's sight,—it was evident enough he did not like being called Ugly-face. But when the honest good-natured smith spoke of earning a full draught for his new acquaintance as well as himself, he smacked his ugly lips, and twisted out a sort of smile which made him still more hideous.

"Ah, ah!" said he, "wine's good in winter weather, wine's good in winter weather. Listen, listen, Jacques Perron! listen! listen! Go you up the hill-

side,—yonder, yonder!” and he pointed with a yellow finger, which seemed to stretch out longer and longer as the smith strained his eyes up the slope, until the digit looked quite as long as the tallest chimney that now smokes over Liege. “Listen, listen!” and he sang in a voice like the breath of a huge bellows —

“Wine’s good in winter weather;
Up the hill-side near the heather
Go and gather the black earth,
It shall give your fire birth;
 I’ll fares the hide when the buckler wants mending,
 I’ll fares the plough when the coulter wants tending.
Go! Go!”

“Mind my cup of wine—mind my cup of wine!” As he ended this rude chaunt Jacques saw the long finger run back into the shrivelled hand, as a telescope slips back into its case, and then the hand was wrapped up in the dingy garment, and with a dreadful shiver, and a chattering of teeth as loud as the noise of the anvils now heard on the same spot, the ugly man seemed to waft away round the corner of the building like a thick gust of smoke from a newly fed furnace.

“Mind my cup of wine—mind my cup of wine!” rang again in the ears of the startled Jacques, and after running several times round his house in vain pursuit of the voice, he sat down on the cold anvil to scratch his head and think. It was quite certain he had work to do, and it was as certain as half a score searches could make it, that he had not a single coin in his pouch to buy charcoal to do it with. It was clear to him that the old man was a very strange creature—he was more than half afraid to think who he might be—when in the midst of his cogitation he heard his three children calling out for their morning meal. Not a loaf had Jacques in store, and twisting his hide apron round his loins, he muttered, “Demon or no demon, I’ll go,” and strode out of the smithy and up the hill-side, as fast as though he feared that if he went slowly his courage would not carry him as far up as the heather bush which the long yellow finger had pointed out.

When the young wife of Jacques came to look for her husband, she saw him returning with an apron full of black morsels of shining stone; she smiled at him; but when he threw them on the furnace and went to get a brand to set them a-light, she looked solemn enough, for she thought he had left his wits on the hill-top. Great was her marvel when *she saw the stone burn!* But her joy was greater than her surprise when she heard her husband’s hammer ring merrily, and found the wage of the smith all spared for home use, instead of being set aside for the charcoal-burner. That night Jacques had two full wine-cups, and setting them on the anvil, had scarcely said to himself—“I wonder whether HE’LL

come!" when in walked the Old Man, and nodding familiarly seated himself on the head of the big hammer. Jacques was a bold and grateful, as well as a good-natured fellow, and in a few minutes he and his visitor were on excellent terms. No more shivering or chattering of teeth was seen or heard in the smithy that night. The black stones burned away merrily on the hearth, and the bright flames shone on the honest face of the smith, as he hob-nobbed with his companion, and looked as though he really thought the stranger as handsome as he certainly had been useful. He sang his best songs, and told his best stories, and when the wine had melted his soul, he told his new friend how dearly he loved his wife, and what charming dear creatures his children were. "Demon, or no demon," he swore the stranger was a good fellow, and though the visitor spoke but little, he seemed to enjoy his company very much. He laughed at the jokes, smiled at the songs, and once rather startled Jacques by letting out again his long telescope arm to pat him on his shoulder, when, with a mouth full of praises of his wife, a tear sparkled in his eye as he told over again how dearly he loved his little ones.

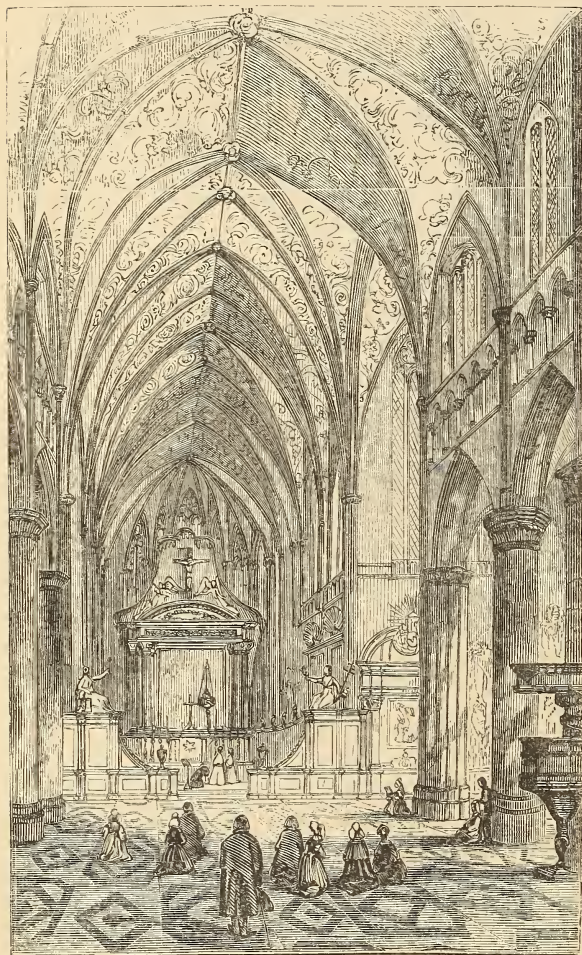
Day broke before the wine was exhausted or their hearts flagged, and when the voice of the early cock woke the swan that tended her callow brood amongst the sedges of the Meuse, the Old Man departed. Jacques never saw him again although he often looked in all directions when he went to the hill for a supply of fuel; but from that day LIEGE grew up in industry, riches, and power. JACQUES HAD FOUND COAL, and thus became the benefactor of his native country, and the hero of the favourite LEGEND OF THE LIEGOIS.

For ages after the time of the first man who used coal in Liege, the history of the city was one long chronicle of exertion, struggle, oppression, cruelty, and strife. The people grew wealthy by their skill and industry, and as wealth gives leisure and independent feelings, the people groaned and grumbled under the yoke of their old feudal masters. When the town grew into importance it was assigned to a priestly proprietor—a bishop in name, a noble by birth, and an absolute ruler in reality, whose only care was, to make the people as valuable to himself as possible. These Prince-Bishops were often boys of eighteen or twenty, who only assumed the titles of the church for what those titles gave them. Every worldly desire was gratified, and in many cases every manner of profligacy was openly indulged by these dignitaries. The artizans during successive generations bought various privileges of their bishops, as the burgesses of other cities had obtained them of their feudal lords, until at length the wealth and intelligence of *the people* forced upon the oligarchy a recognition of their power, if it failed to obtain any willing concession for their benefit. Then came the struggles which all European countries can parallel, but which showed themselves more distinctly in Flanders than any where else. The rising many fought against the elevated

and privileged few, and fire, bloodshed, and cruelties of all kinds, and on both sides, were the result. Then too came forth the burgher heroes of Liege, who, like their confreres of Ghent and Bruges, displayed in many noble instances the true martyr-spirit of the patriot. But enough of this — "Tis an old tale, and often told."

The present CATHEDRAL of St. Paul of Liege is but the substitute for a much

more magnificent structure dedicated to St. Lambert, and destroyed during the revolutionary disorders of 1793. St. Paul is remarkable for its size, but the church of St. James is the architectural glory of the place, and a gem it is. Dating its origin as far back as 1014, it has enjoyed various fortunes, and witnessed many changes. Originally a convent, it subsequently became an abbey, and narrowly escaped the blind destructive fury of the revolutionary mob that destroyed the Cathedral. The palaces of the Prince-Bishops can only rival it in interest. These two buildings will amuse the Traveller by their appearance and associations, and give him food for thought in the changes which have come over them. The summer palace of Seraing has been converted into a huge factory by the enterprise of an English engineer, Mr. Cockerell: the sanctity of the other



LIEGE CATHEDRAL.

abode of the old rulers of Liege has been invaded by the chafferings of the huckster, the quibbles of the law, and the groans and forced labour of the criminal.

The Englishman who has leisure may make a pilgrimage beyond the walls of the town to the Convent of Saint William, where he will discover the tomb of Sir John Mandeville, the earliest of our travellers, and the first English prose writer. Born at St. Alban's, in 1300, and educated in medicine, he started upon his travels about the time when Chaucer was in leading strings, and returned to England to issue his first book in prose, when the father of English poetry was busily tagging his earliest rhymes. Sir John travelled altogether for thirty-four years, chiefly in the East; and his credulity has given rise to many a laugh at his expense. Side by side with truthful descriptions of what he himself saw, we find him recounting with equal gravity stories of what he heard, and asking for belief in fiery dragons, flying horses, and other such absurdities. Sir John, however, was learned, brave, enterprising, with a thirst of travel which no dangers or difficulties could overcome; and, in all these respects, the worthy father of the long list of adventurers whom England has since sent forth—travelling and to travel.

The ENVIRONS of LIEGE are eminently picturesque and interesting. The forest of the Ardennes, with its people speaking their peculiar language neither French nor Flemish; the windings of the Meuse; the many feudal remains, and the numerous romantic legends of the place, would afford amusement for a fortnight's ramble. SPA and CHAUDFONTAINE are two popular points of attraction, and afford, in addition to the charms of fine scenery, the ordinary excitement of continental watering-places. The chalybeate waters, and the gaming tables of Spa, have an European celebrity. Peter the Great spent six weeks there, as an inscription at the Pouhon spring bears testimony. In 1654, Charles the Second of England drank its waters and patronised its gaming tables, whilst waiting for the death of Cromwell. Kings and princes without number have since then visited its pleasant promenades, and hunted in the neighbouring forest, the last and most celebrated of them being Louis Philippe, King of the French, who, when Duke of Orleans, with his children, Mademoiselle Adelaide and her younger brother, formed a walk in the wood, near the *Sauvenière*, which is still pointed out with pride to all visitors. It will be remembered that Madame de Genlis celebrated the abode of these princes in the forest of the Ardennes, in her drama entitled *The Blind Man of Spa*.

The Springs are of course the avowed reasons for a resort to Spa; but the beauty of its situation, and the charms of the surrounding scenery, are, in reality, more powerful attractions than its waters. These, however, are valuable.

“The *Pouhon*, which was also formerly written the *Pouxhon*, is the most celebrated and most frequented of all the springs, and its waters are the most

active. It is this water which is sent all over Europe, in bottles, under the name of *Spa water*. It keeps many years without losing its qualities. This fountain is in the middle of the town, and 340 metres above the level of the sea. The quadrangular well containing the spring is under a portico of the Tuscan order, built in 1820, and bearing the inscription : *To the Memory of Peter the Great*. Its general temperature is 8 degrees ; its flavour, acidulated, sharp, and chalybeate.

"The *Geronstere* scarcely yields to the *Pouhon* in celebrity. It is situated on the South, and 160 metres above the level of the *Pouhon*, three quarters of a league from Spa. An excellent road, bordered with shady trees, leads to it. The fountain is in the middle of a wood, surrounded by pleasant walks, and almost in the centre of a sort of English pleasure ground. It is a charming spot ; the water gushes forth from a circular well cut in the rock and covered by a small marble dome. The water of the *Geronstere* is chalybeate and less acidulated and sharp than that of the other springs. Its temperature is $7^{\circ} 55''$.

"The *Sauvenière* and the *Groosbeck* are about the same height as the *Geronstere*, and are only at the distance of three quarters of a league. A double row of trees overshadows the road leading from Spa to the *Sauvenière*, which communicates with the *Geronstere* by a road from which there are several pretty views. The *Sauvenière* was formerly so much frequented by churchmen, that even now it is called the ecclesiastical fountain. A mass used to be said close by in a chapel called *Salamanque*.

"The *Sauvenière* and the *Groosbeck* are in the midst of a wood containing the most delightful walks. The walk made by the hands of Louis Philippe, in memory of his wife's restoration to health, is here.

"Near the spring of the *Sauvenière* there is a hole in the shape of a foot : it is called the foot of *St. Remacle*. Some wonderful virtues are attributed to this sacred vestige, if one takes care to place one's right foot into it on drinking the water of the spring. The water is acidulated and sharp : its flavour is more agreeable, and it contains less iron than that of the *Pouhon*. Their temperature is $7^{\circ} 77''$.

"The *Tonnelet* is situated half a league from Spa to the N.E. of the *Sauvenière* and 70 metres above the *Pouhon*. The water of the *Tonnelet* is remarkable for the quantity of carbonic acid it contains. This spring takes its name from a cask which was originally driven into the earth, and from the bottom of which the water rose.

"The Place Royale, surrounded with trees and situated near the hill of Annette and Lubin*, is the place of meeting of the most fashionable company. This place

* Those who have read Marmontel's *Moral Tales* will perhaps remember that of *Annette and Lubin*. They were two poor lovers of Spa ; an Englishman built them a hut to shelter them until better times ; its remains were still to be seen in 1779. A Frenchman took the couple to Paris ;

is near the walk called that of the Seven Hours (*des sept Heures*), the ancient trees of which entwine their leafy branches and form delightful arbours."

A ramble in the Ardennes calls up in the mind of the Englishman the scenes in Shakspeare's play, where the soliloquizing Jacques talks poetry in the same forest, and as the traveller looks around him he finds how truly the poet's description still applies to the place,

Under the oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.

Has not the very spot been painted again and again by Snyders? The deerstealer of Stratford knew what a forest was, and though he never set foot out of England, he caught with a poet's eye the features of a woodland solitude, and with a poet's power told so truly what they were, that his lines apply to all such scenes in all countries, and will do so through all time.

But this neighbourhood has other attractions beyond the forest glades, the ruins, the legends, and the springs. There is a cascade at Coo, a grotto at Remouchamps, and a large and curious cave at Tilf.*

they were introduced into society, taken to the theatres and public walks, and saw the history of their simple love played upon the stage of the Comic Opera.

* The Cascade of Coo is situated three leagues to the south of Spa. The road which leads to it passes by the Geronstere, the villages of Ru and Roanne, and it rises at a height of more than 700 metres above the level of the sea. The way to the fall is by a narrow path winding round the foot of steep rocks which remind us of those of Switzerland. The traveller soon reaches one of the finest spots which the eye can imagine. The Ambleve pours its foaming waters from a considerable height; their whiteness forming a dazzling contrast with the dark green rocks upon which they fall. A wooden bridge of great boldness of execution is thrown across the torrent, and those who dare to place themselves upon it enjoy one of the most extensive and varied prospects.

The Grotto of Remouchamps is situated three leagues S. W. of Spa, in a wild spot, and in a narrow valley watered by the Ambleve. The entrance to the grotto is closed by a grating. The keeper furnishes the visitor with clothes and lights, and enters with him into its depths. A splendid sight now strikes the eye; the size of the caves, the height of the vaults, the singular shape of the petrifications, the greater part of which have been named from the animals or objects which they resemble; the shining substance which covers them on every side, and the astonishing whiteness of the stalactites, surprise and delight the spectator.

The cave called that of the *Ruins*, which is the largest of all, is formed by immense rocks laid over each other; one of the vaults is 350 feet long.

A new grotto was discovered under the first, in 1834, by an English traveller. It is said to be extremely curious, but it is difficult of access, for it can only be entered by means of a rope to which the traveller must be fastened.

The grotto of Remouchamps is not the only one in the country of Liege which deserves to be seen; that of Tilf is not less worthy the curiosity of the lovers of natural history.

Tilf, a small commune of 1000 inhabitants, two leagues from Liege, on the right bank of the Ourte, was known and frequented since a long time on account of its picturesque situation and the

Walter Scott's name is identified with the Ardennes, not only by his *Wild Boar*, painted so fearfully in Quentyn Durward, but through a ballad telling one of the many legends of the neighbourhood.

The Towers of Franchimont.

The Towers of Franchimont,
Which, like an eagle's nest in air,
Hang o'er the stream and hamlet fair.
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
A mighty treasure buried lay,
Amass'd through rapine and through wrong
By the last lord of Franchimont.
The iron chest is bolted hard,
A huntsman sits, its constant guard ;
Around his neck his horn is hung,
His anger in his belt is slung ;
Before his feet his bloodhounds lie,
An' 'twere not for his gloomy eye,
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
As true a huntsman doth he look,
As bugle e'er in brake did sound,
Or ever hallooted to a hound.

To chase the fiend and win the prize,
In that same dungeon ever tries
An aged necromantic priest ;
It is an hundred years at least
Since 'twixt them first the strife begun,
And neither yet has lost or won.
And oft the conjurer's words will make
The stubborn demon groan and quake ;
And oft the bands of iron break,

delightful views by which it is surrounded, when, in 1837, the discovery of a large grotto, by some workmen who had sprung a mine, increased the attraction of this charming village.

There are boats for those travellers who wish to make excursions above the village up the river.

The Grotto is half the way up the bank, and its access is rather difficult. Before entering it the traveller must put on an especial costume which is to be had on the spot. Some tourists think this cave larger and more curious than that of Remouchamps ; it will be sufficient to mention that it is more than 600 metres in extent, that it takes three or four hours to go over it, by passages which must be crawled through, and among frightful precipices.

On the rock, over the grotto, rises the castle of Brialmont, and, farther on, a hill celebrated in the country by a battle between the Austrians and the French, and in which the latter overthrew their opponents at the point of the bayonet.

Or bursts one lock, that still amain
 Fast as 'tis open'd shuts again.
 Thus magic strife within the tomb
 May last until the day of doom,
 Unless th' adept shall learn to tell
 The very word that clenched the spell,
 When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure cell.
 An hundred years are past and gone.
 And scarce three letters has he won.

Franchimont is not very far from Spa*, and is enshrined in history as the place from whence issued six hundred men, who, animated by the same pure patriotism

* SPA is a small town of the province of Liege, and of the district of Verviers, four leagues from the latter town and nine leagues from Liege, situated in a fine valley surrounded by green hills, and watered by the Wayai, which crosses it. Population 3500 inhabitants. Post Office and post-horses. The origin of Spa is unknown, but it is thought that the present town was founded in 1327, by a farrier, who had bought some lands of Adolphe de la Mark, bishop of Liege.

Augustino of Venice, physician to Henry VII., was the first foreigner who came here to take the waters. But it was only about the end of the 16th century that they considerably increased in renown. However, they still attracted but few persons; and Montaigne says in his quaint manner, "Those of Liege wonder at the waters of Lucca, and the Tuscans do the same of those of Spa." However, a few illustrious foreigners came here at last; the Duke de Nevers in 1575, Margaret, the first wife of Henry IV., king of France, in 1577, and the celebrated Alexander Farnese in 1590. At the commencement of the 17th century the waters of Spa were already sent into France, England, and Italy. But the brilliant period of the history of Spa commenced in the 18th century. Peter the Great came here in 1717; he drank some of the water of Geronstere and of the Pouhon, and found such benefit from it that, on returning into his dominions, he expressed his gratitude in the Latin inscription engraved on a tablet of marble, which may still be seen at the entrance of the Pouhon. However, the fame of Spa was beginning to spread, and its inhabitants did nothing towards rendering its abode agreeable to strangers; it was only in 1750 that hotels and assembly-rooms were built, and strangers soon arrived in great numbers. Such is the history of the town.

Nothing can be more graceful and picturesque than the road from Liege to Chaufontaine, (conveyances to Chaufontaine start at every hour from Liege, particularly from M. Henrard's, who keeps the Hôtel de l'Europe, Place de la Comédie,) and thence to Verviers by Pepinster, where it turns off to Spa. It is situated in the cool valley in which the Vesdre rolls its limpid waters in such multiplied sinuosities that at each moment the river flows from right to left and from left to right. The road to Chaufontaine, which is among green hills, interspersed with hamlets and country-houses, presents at every turn the most varied and interesting views. The railroad now being constructed from Liege to the Prussian frontiers by Verviers is in the same valley of the Vesdre through which the road to Chaufontaine passes.

Chaufontaine is a commune of the province and district of Liege, two leagues from that town; population 1000 inhabitants. It is a pretty village, surrounded by charming landscapes.

The picturesque charms of the place, the delightful walks with which it is surrounded, and the efficaciousness of its waters, bring many strangers every year to Chaufontaine; and many come

that led the three hundred to Thermopylæ, surrendered their lives for their country. Liege was invested by an army forty thousand strong, led on by the most daring captain of the time, Charles the Bold of Burgundy. The destruction of the city seemed inevitable, when the men of Franchimont enlisted together to slay the invader or perish in the attempt. In the dead of night on the 29th of October, 1467 (the day, aye the hour, deserves to be remembered) the devoted band set out, and falling unexpectedly upon the enemy had well nigh succeeded in their attempt to reach the tent of Charles. But numbers won the fight: might triumphed over patriotism; and the six hundred men of Franchimont died sword in hand doing manful battle for liberty.

also from Liege for the mere purpose of an agreeable excursion. There are some good hotels at Chaudfontaine, amongst which we may mention the Hôtel de Liege, which is in the midst of the narrow valley in which Chaudfontaine is situated.



INTERCHAPTER FOR THE TRAVELLER.



A St. Paul's Cathedral.
B St. Jean.
C St. Denis.
D St. Christophe.
E St. Jacques.
F St. Croix.
G St. Martin.

H St. Servais.
I St. Antoine.
J Ci-devant St. Andre.
K St. Barthelemy.
L University.
M Theatre.
N Palace.

O Town-house.
P Royal College.
Q St. Remacle.
R Philip's Bath.
S Bishop's Palace.
T Seminary.
U St. Nicholas.

V St. Pholien.
X Sourd's-Muets.
Y Musical School.
Z Draper's Hall.
a a Hospital of Bavaria.
b b Slaughter House.
c c Market.

LIEGE.

HOTELS. — Hôtel du Pavillon Anglais, Place St. Lambert; Hôtel de l'Europe, Place de la Comédie; Hôtel de Londres, Place de la Comédie; Hôtel de l'Aigle Noir, Rue Feronstree; Hôtel de France, Rue du Dragon d'Or; Hôtel de Suède, Place de la Comédie.

CHIEF THINGS TO BE SEEN IN LIEGE.

1. The Cathedral.
2. The Bishop's Palace.
3. Church of St. Jacques.
4. The Citadel, for the view from its summit.

POST OFFICE. — Principal office, Place St. Jean; open from 7 o'clock in the morning, to 9 at night.

EXCHANGE OFFICE. — Passage Lemonnier.

THEATRES. — Theatre Royal, Place de la Comédie: comedies, dramas, great operas, and comic operas are performed here on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. Price of admittance: parquet and 1st boxes, 3 fr.; 2d boxes, 1 fr. 50 c.; pit, 1 fr. 25 c. Gymnase, near St. Jacques: light pieces and

dramas; performs on the same days as the Theatre Royal. Price of admittance, 1st boxes, 2 fr. 50 c.; parquet and 2d boxes, 1 fr. 50 c.; pit, 75 c.

HACKNEY COACHES. — Vigilantes, Rénaissantes, Léopoldines, Dames Blanches; stations at every public square. Price, per course: 1 horse, 50 c.; 2 horses, 1 fr.: by the hour, the 1st, 1 fr. 50 c.; the ensuing hours, each, 1 fr.

LIEGE, in Flemish *Luyck*, and in Latin *Legia*, a large and ancient town, formerly the capital of the principality of that name, now the chief town of the province, having a population of 65,967 inhabitants according to a recent census, is situated 50° 39' 22" N. lat., and 3° 11' 27" E. longitude, in a fertile and pleasant valley on the Maese, which crosses it, and at the confluence of the Ourte with that river. Two hills at the distance of 1332 mètres from each other, St. Walburge and the Cornillon, overhang the town, part of which rises as an amphitheatre on the side of a hill commanded by the citadel, which is 158 mètres above the level of the sea. The Maese, which flows between Huy and Liege, widens as it approaches the latter town, where it divides into two arms, one of which, crossing part of the quarter called Outre-Meuse, receives the Ourte at the bridge of St. Nicolas. Liege appears to take its name from a small stream called Legia, which flows down the village of Ans, crosses the town by a subterranean passage, and falls into the Maese above the Pont des Arches: the common name of that stream is now that of Ri de Coq Fontaine.

HISTORY. — The origin of Liege is ancient. In 565, St. Monulph, bishop of Tongres, going to the castle of Chievremont, being struck with the beauty of the situation, where, the legend says, a flaming cross had been perceived, resolved to build a church there under the invocation of St. Comus and St. Damian. In the seventh century, St. Servais had transferred the see of Tongres to Maestricht; in 712 St. Hubert transferred it to Liege, and commenced the construction of a church in honour of St. Peter.

Liege, which was already an important town, was ravaged by the Normans in 882; its disasters were to be repaired by Bishop Notger in the tenth century. His government was signalised by immense works: thinking the cathedral unworthy of so important a bishopric as that of Liege, he had it demolished; and that rebuilt under his orders, upon the same site, showed all the grandeur of his conceptions. The memory of this great bishop is still justly revered, and he is considered as the real founder of the town. From the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries, the history of Liege was a tissue of disputes, disturbances, and wars between the inhabitants of Liege and their bishops, who were at the same time spiritual and temporal sovereigns. The reigns of Albert de Cuick, of John, Ferdinand, and Maximilian of Bavaria, were marked by long and terrible dissensions. The Emperor Otho IV., the Dukes of Burgundy, Philip the Good, and Charles the Rash, also had to punish the rebellious and turbulent inhabitants of Liege: we have not room to enter into the details of this period of civil war. The temporal dominion of the bishops ended at that of the French; it had lasted about fourteen centuries, and seen ninety bishops. The Prince of Mean, who died archbishop of Mechlin, was the last bishop-prince of Liege, which is at present only the seat of a suffragan bishopric to Mechlin.

THE TOWN is divided into upper and lower: the houses of the upper part, adorned with gardens, placed as it were one above the other, have a delightful appearance when seen from below. There are eleven public squares, among which the Place St. Lambert, Place Verte, Place de la Comédie and its neighbourhood, are the most remarkable. The streets of Liege are in general so narrow, that the authorities have fixed the end at which several of them are to be entered and quitted by carriages: the high houses, by which they are formed, allow but little air and light to penetrate; but in the new part there are a few spacious streets and well-built houses. The Ourte and the Maese, which flow through the town, have rendered it necessary to have

several bridges: there are thirteen, the most important of which is the Pont des Arches, which crosses the Maese at its greatest width.

THE PALACE.—It was the former residence of the bishop-princes. Its first foundations were laid in 973 by Bishop Notger: it was burnt in 1185 with part of the town, rebuilt a short time after, burnt anew in 1505, and rebuilt in 1508 by Evrard de la Marck, such as it is now. The principal front, which looks upon the Place St. Lambert, has an imposing appearance; but the interior court and the back elevation are more curious. It is now used as a palace of justice; it also contains the archives: the galleries which surround the court are occupied by numerous shops.

TOWN HALL (Hôtel de Ville).—The first stone was laid in 1714; the former town hall, built at the end of the fifteenth century, had been destroyed in the bombardment of 1601 by Marshal de Boufflers: the present building is regular, and has a handsome front, adorned with a flight of steps.

CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. PAUL.—Formerly the cathedral, under the invocation of St. Lambert, rose upon the fine square of that name: gold and silver statues decorated its numerous chapels; round the choir, closed by a fine gilt balustrade, were ranged the tombs of the ecclesiastical princes of Liege. St. Paul, made into a cathedral in 1793, was built in 968. The church was rebuilt in the thirteenth century; the only part left of that period is the back of the choir; each following century has added something to its architecture. A fine figure of Christ, in bronze, by Delcourt, an artist of Liege, attracts the eyes of the visitor as he enters the church. Several pictures are worthy of attention. A bust of St. Lambert, of silver gilt, is preserved in the treasury of this church; the bones of the holy patron of Liege are said to be contained in it: it is a remarkable work of jewellery for the period, for it was in 1513 that Bishop Evrard de la Marck ordered it to be executed. It cost seven years' labour, and 100,000 crowns.

St. JACQUES.—This is the wonder of Liege;

in fact nothing can be imagined so majestic, elegant, and light as this immense church. This master-piece was built in the year 1014.

St. MARTIN.—This church was founded in 962 by the Bishop Eracle, upon an eminence which overlooks the town; it was destroyed in 1302 in a bloody struggle between the nobility and the citizens, and was only rebuilt in 1542. The festival of the Holy Sacrament, or the *Fête Dieu*, which all the Catholic world now celebrates, was celebrated for the first time in the church of St. Martin.

THE UNIVERSITY, established by a royal decree of Sept. 25. 1816, is a building on the banks of the Maese, on the ruins of the church of the Jesuits. It contains a library consisting of 75,000 volumes, a collection of medals, a cabinet of natural philosophy and astronomy, a chemical laboratory, a mineralogical collection, and a cabinet of zoology, &c. &c.

THE BOTANICAL GARDEN, in which the classification is made according to the method of Jussieu, contains more than 3500 sorts, and the hothouses and orangery more than 2000. Liege possesses a school of arts and manufactures, an artillery school, a veterinary establishment, a royal institution for deaf and dumb persons, a royal conservatory of music, an academy of drawing, painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, and carving.

CITADEL.—The foundation was laid in 1255 by Bishop Henri de Gueldre, upon the heights of St. Walburge: it was afterwards demolished and then rebuilt; taken and retaken by the French; and its fortifications were only rebuilt in 1820. The traveller should ascend to its summit, if it were only to enjoy the magnificent panorama presented by Liege, the Maese, and its tributaries. On the right bank of the river is the Chartreuse, another fortress, a quarter of a league from the town.

COMMERCE.—Trade is very flourishing at Liege: the railway which, on its way from Ostend and Antwerp, goes by Liege to the frontiers of Prussia, cannot but increase the prosperity of this town. It has several manufactories and founderies for working metals and for the

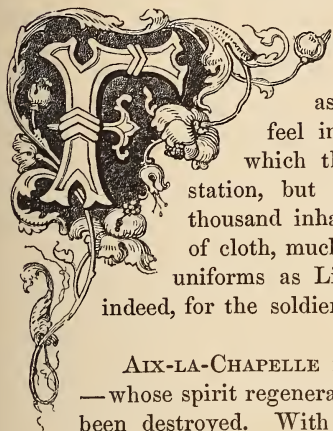
building of steam-engines; it has also a cannon and zinc foundry. The manufacture of weapons is very considerable, and they are exported to the amount of several millions of francs yearly. The numerous coal mines of the province also form one of the most considerable branches of trade of the country.

CELEBRATED MEN. — Demarteau (Gilles), the inventor of engraving after the manner of crayons, born in 1729, died in 1776; Gretry (André Ernest Modeste), a celebrated composer, whose reputation has become European, born in 1741, died in 1812; Laicelle (Gerard de), a painter, born in 1640, died in 1711.



LIEGE AND THE MEUSE

THE CITY OF CHARLEMAGNE.—THE LEGENDS OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.



FROM Liege to Aix-la-Chapelle the distance, which is not great, is soon traversed by railway, and as the RHINE awaits him, the traveller will scarcely feel interested in the names of the unimportant places which the train hurries by. VERVIERS is the principal station, but all that need be said of it is, that its twenty thousand inhabitants are chiefly employed in the manufacture of cloth, much of which is used for the army. Verviers finds uniforms as Liege finds muskets for the Belgian troops, and, indeed, for the soldiers of a considerable portion of Northern Germany.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE is the city of Charlemagne—the man of his age — whose spirit regenerated Western Europe after the Roman empire had been destroyed. With almost boundless ambition, he was not a *mere* conqueror, but a statesman and legislator also, and hence his ambition was elevated and enlarged, and wrought out great and noble results. His was the task to curb within the bounds of discipline the turbulent Franks ; his the power to subdue for the general welfare the insubordinate vassals of an extensive kingdom. The founder of the German Empire, he changed tribes of lawless barbarians into a federation of civilised people, driving the Saracens beyond the Ebro, overthrowing the Longobards in Italy, and including under his rule Germany, the Netherlands, the Gauls, the greater part of Italy and Spain, with the Balearic Islands, Corsica and Sardinia. From the Ebro to the mouth of the Elbe, from the Atlantic to the mountains of Bohemia and the Raab, and from the British Channel to the Volturno, all were ruled by the head and hand that made its home in Aix. There did Charlemagne rest himself between his campaigns ; there he deliberated in council, and amidst its green shades thought out the plans for extending and cementing his empire. At AIX-LA-CHAPELLE he received embassies from the Caliph of Bagdad ; there he entertained envoys from the Saxon kings of England, with whom he was on terms of friendship ; and there he endeavoured to advance literature and general enlightenment by the only means then known, — by the foundation of monasteries and the encouragement of the only learned men of those days, the priests. In fine, Aix was the scene of the most interesting personal and domestic episodes in the brilliant career of Charlemagne.

At the close of a winter's evening an old and venerable-looking man was seen

busily engaged digging a grave in a small churchyard on the banks of the Maine outside Frankfurt. His grizzled locks told the number of years that had passed over his brow ; but his frame was yet hale and vigorous, and as he cast up the earth from the deepening pit, two or three curious idlers stood watching his toils and listening to the ditty, half sung half chaunted, with which he lightened his labours.

The Song of the Grave-Digger.

I delve—I delve—in the earth full deep,
A bed for the troubled mourner's sleep ;
And dark and lonesome, dank and dread,
The clayey couch I smooth for the dead ;
Yet though noisome, dark, and drear,
No voice of complaint from The Dead I hear ;
Each is content with his narrow room,
The Grave gives calm till the DAY OF DOOM.

I've lived—long years—three score and ten,
And I've dug the graves of a hundred men :
A grave for the maiden, young and fair,
A grave for the child with its flowing hair ;
The widow'd mother in accents wild,
Calls on me for her only child,
But no silken sleeper so still as they
Who seek their rest in the churchyard clay.

I delve—I delve—and the selfsame spade
With which the miser's grave was made
Ere two summers their course had run,
Shap'd a place for his spendthrift son ;
The High and the Lowly—my spade so old
For each has fashion'd the grave-yard mould ;
No couch of down is from care so free
As the bed that is made by my spade and me.

The lookers-on still lingered about the newly-made grave, although night drew on apace and a chilling wind came gustily across the Maine. The city was full of anxiety ; flying rumours of all sorts were current, and such was the temper of the times, that those most improbable were the most greedily listened to, and the most implicitly believed. Their almost worshipped Emperor Charlemagne was amongst them, but not of them. He mourned for the loss of his beautiful consort Frastrade, and no man could comfort him. For three long weeks had she been dead, but still the monarch would not hear death spoken of. She did but sleep, he said, and although her body had long given forth sufficient

proof that even an Empress must obey the universal destiny, "unto dust thou shalt return;" although the once lovely form, full of life and blooming like an early rose, had been stricken with the cold, heavy, waxen hue of death; although the face long famed for beauty showed the unmistakeable traces of the Destroyer, and was blackening to the hue of the earth, the final destiny of all flesh; although the freshest flowers of the garden, and the strongest frankincense of the Eastern merchant were too weak to drown the most disgusting of the proofs that death had been there;—still the Emperor clung to the chamber of his beloved, and would not abate his watchfulness "till Frastrade woke."

Meantime the affairs of the empire were falling into confusion for want of the iron hand of Charlemagne. Provinces were on the eve of revolt, and foreign foes were mustering their forces to take advantage of the sudden madness of the Emperor, and the confusion of his ministers. Things were in this state when, worn by anxiety and thought, the chief councillor, the Archbishop of Rheims, walked forth for refreshment on the banks of the Maine. It was a moonlight night, but gusty withal, dark clouds driving across the heavens as though one grotesque form chased another to see which should most quickly obscure the face of the luminary, and then drive onward towards the horizon. The Archbishop gazed on all this, and was within himself comparing the shadows to the Evil Spirit that was clouding the destiny of the Emperor, when, as he neared the grave-yard, the largest cloud in the heavens shut out the moon. For a moment all was darkness, when the huge vapour seemed to open in the midst for a short space, and then through the rift shot down one bright gleam of light, the more brilliant for the surrounding gloom. "A good omen," murmured the old man; and as he gazed upon the spot where the light fell, he was gradually aware of a form of surpassing majesty built up of the glittering moonbeam; transparent, yet real. "I am the good genius of Charlemagne," said the vision, in tones like the dying echoes of music over a frozen lake, cold, clear, yet beautiful: "I come to teach you how to remove the shadow from his spirit. He sleeps; dig where I stand a grave, and let the festering body of Frastrade lie in it. But mark! ere you touch her corpse, search beneath her tongue, and take what you will find there." As IT spoke, the cloud passed from the moon, and the outlines of the Apparition expanded on every side until it seemed to wrap all things in a robe of glorious moonlight.

The Archbishop of Rheims was the boldest as well as most trusty of the councillors, and, after a moment's thought, he hurried towards the grotesquely carved door which marked the abode of the gravedigger.

"No silken sleeper so calm as they
Who seek a couch in the churchyard clay,"

sang a voice from the low-roofed hovel, as though finishing a song. "Ay, ay,"

said the churchman, "the sexton is still a-foot, and this night will I fulfil the injunction so marvellously laid upon me."

In half an hour the grave was begun, and the song of the old sexton seemed to help him on with his work, and in half an hour the Archbishop stood in the chamber of Frastrade. The corpse lay on a couch as though asleep, and the Emperor, exhausted by watching, slept, kneeling at the bedside, his head resting on one of the festering hands of his once lovely spouse. With careful foot and cautious hand the churchman approached the dead; the canopy was drawn aside, and, half trembling, he looked curiously at the form before him. The eyes were open, staring with a fixed glassy look, as though to scare the living from the spot; the cheeks were sunken, and the nose pinched up; the jaw had fallen, and, as he peered into the open mouth, he saw that the tongue was shrunk and shrivelled up, exposing just one corner of a glittering gem buried beneath it. With hasty though nervous fingers he seized the brilliant token, and, as he moved it from its long-hidden socket, a loud wail, as of mortal agony, startled the silence of the chamber of death, and aroused the king. Hastily concealing the treasure within his robe, he approached the monarch, who, rising from his knees, threw himself, as in an ecstasy, into the Archbishop's arms.

THE SPELL WAS BROKEN.

Throwing a glance of horror at the remains of his wife, Charlemagne joyfully left the chamber, and even as he went agreed to the Councillor's arrangements for her burial. The stealthy grave so hastily prepared was unnecessary, for the king now wished the interment, and the body was borne in stately procession from Frankfurt to Mayence, where a tomb, still to be seen, was raised to the memory of Frastrade. At the Archbishop's desire, also, he took his seat in the Hall of Audience, and resumed the duties of his state. Once more the Empire was put in order, and all things went well, for the churchman had really at heart the welfare of his sovereign and the extension of his power, and all that he suggested Charlemagne obediently agreed to. All the courtiers saw with surprise that a new idol had taken the place of the dead Empress. Dignities and riches were heaped on the new possessor of the mysterious charm; but the favours gave rise to less than usual envy, since he who received them dispensed them again with a bountiful hand, as though he sought to retain not one of the gifts so lavishly bestowed. Frastrade's power over Charlemagne had often led to war and punishment,—the Archbishop of Rheims used his influence for the honour of the state and the comfort of the courtiers. But the secret was irksome to its possessor, and long he pondered how he should destroy the spell. At length, when the court was at Aix-la-Chapelle, he determined to rid himself of the mystic jewel, and choosing a dark night he left the palace, and by a well-known path sought a deep pool near the centre of a morass, which he had marked before as

suitable to his purpose from its being a spot seldom visited and not easy of access, and hence most suitable for concealing the gem which he determined that no man should find. Coming to the spot, he held the shining bauble for a moment over the dark still waters—loosed his hold—and down, down, down, he saw it sink, as though the pit was bottomless, and the gem's ray of light was unwilling to be quenched for ever.

Next morning the court were surprised to find that the archbishop's influence was gone, and that the Emperor found no pleasure but in wandering round about the city alone. At length his walks were confined to one spot, a pool in the midst of a morass. There he would sit by the hour gazing upon the still waters, and after a while he built himself a home—the CASTLE of FRANKENBURG—the ruins of which the Traveller may yet see near Aix-la-Chapelle, and as he approaches the legend-haunted spot by a bridge which crosses the sedgy pool, he may peer in its waters, and seek what has never since been found—FRASTRADA'S SPELL.



FEW years after the death of his best-loved wife, Charlemagne built LA CHAPELLE, which has ever since given the city its French name; and which to our time contains his tomb, or rather so much of it as sacrilege has left, and his epitaph of two words, "CAROLO MAGNO."

He died in 814, and was buried with great pomp.* His body was placed in a sitting posture, upon a stone chair, surrounded by the paraphernalia of royalty, and for three centuries it remained sacred. In the twelfth century, however, Frederic Barbarossa opened the tomb that he might sit in the stone chair, and after that time the German Emperors used it as the seat of state

* Victor Hugo makes Aix-la-Chapelle the *birth-place* of Charlemagne, which is an error. He was born at Salzburg in Bavaria. The same clever Frenchman describes some royal visits to Aix-la-Chapelle. "In 1804, just when Bonaparte had progressed into Napoleon, he visited Aix-la-Chapelle. Josephine, who accompanied him, indulged in the caprice of sitting upon this marble throne. But the Emperor, though he did not control this indecorous whim of his Creole wife, had attired himself for the occasion, from a deep sense of deference to that mighty name, in full regimentals, and stood silent, motionless, and bareheaded, before the chair of Charlemagne. Charlemagne died in 814. In 1814, one thousand years afterwards, almost to an hour, occurred the fall or moral death of Napoleon. In the course of the same fatal year the allied sovereigns visited the grave of Charles the Great; when Alexander of Russia mounted his gala-uniform in imitation of Napoleon, while Frederick William of Prussia appeared in an undress, and the Emperor of Austria in a great coat and round hat. The King of Prussia entered into all the details of the coronations of the German emperors, with the provost of the Chapter: but the two emperors observed a profound silence. All these are now as silent as Charlemagne! Napoleon, Josephine, Alexander, Frederick William, and Francis II., are cold in their graves!"—[*Excursions along the Banks of the Rhine. By Victor Hugo. London: H. Colburn, 1843.*]

at their coronations. The sword and sceptre of the Conqueror are gone, but his chair remains an enduring memento of his sepulchre in the cathedral. Various bones and other relics are in the church, some of which are shown (for a consideration) and others hidden from the ordinary visitor. He may believe or doubt their genuineness, as he pleases, but he will scarcely be able to control the thoughts that will suggest themselves when he sees the skull and arm of Charlemagne made a show of to coax a few francs from the pockets of the sight-seer. The present King of Prussia is a man of good taste : why does he not say a word to stop this sacrilegious insult to the memory of the regenerator of Western Europe ?

The CATHEDRAL is full of interest to the architect as well as the antiquary, for both find amongst its incongruities various choice specimens of different ages, styles, and tastes. At one of the entrances is seen a bronze wolf, placed there to keep in memory a monkish legend, told to all travellers, and thus rendered from the tradition of the place into English by a Mr. White, in a volume published by M. Kohnen at Aix-la-Chapelle.

" In former times the zealous and devout inhabitants of Aix-la-Chapelle determined to build a cathedral. For six months the clang of the hammer and axe resounded with wonderful activity, but alas ! the money which had been supplied by pious Christians for this holy work became exhausted, the wages of the masons were suspended, and with them their desire to hew and hammer, for, after all, men were not so very religious in those days as to build a temple on credit.

" Thus it stood, half finished, resembling a falling ruin. Moss, grass, and wild parsley flourished in the cracks of the walls, screech-owls already discovered convenient places for their nests, and amorous sparrows hopped lovingly about where holy priests should have been teaching lessons of chastity.

" The builders were confounded, they endeavoured to borrow here and there, but no rich man could be induced to advance so large a sum. The collections from house to house fell short, so that instead of the much-wished-for golden foxes nothing was found but copper in the bushes. When the magistracy received this report they were out of humour, and looked with desponding countenances towards the cathedral walls, as fathers look upon the remains of favourite children.

" At this moment a stranger of commanding figure and something of pride in his voice and bearing entered, and exclaimed '*Bon Dies !* they say that you are out of spirits. Hem ! if nothing but money is wanting, you may console yourselves, gentlemen. I possess mines of gold and silver, and both can and will most willingly supply you with a ton of it.'

" The astounded senators sat like a row of pillars, measuring the stranger from head to foot. The Burgomaster first found his tongue. ' Who are you, noble lord,' said he, ' that thus, entirely unknown, speak of tons of gold as though they were sacks of beans ? Tell us your name, your rank in this world, and whether you are sent from the regions above to assist us.' ' I have not the honour to reside there,' replied the stranger, ' and, between ourselves, I beg most particularly to be no longer troubled with questions concerning who and what I am. Suffice it to say I have gold plentiful as summer hay !' Then, drawing forth a leathern pouch, he proceeded : ' this little purse contains the tenth of what I'll give. The rest shall soon be forthcoming. Now listen, my masters,' continued he, clinking the coin, ' all this trumpery is and shall remain yours if you

promise to give me the first little soul that enters the door of the new temple when it is consecrated.'

"The astonished senators now sprung from their seats as if they had been shot up by an earthquake, and then rushed *pêle-mêle*, and fell all of a lump into the farthest corner of the room, where they rolled and clung to each other like lambs frightened at flashes of lightning. Only one of the party, who had not entirely lost his wits, collected his remaining senses, and, drawing his head out of the heap, uttered boldly, 'Avaunt, thou wicked spirit!'

"But the stranger, who was no less a person than Master Urian, laughed at them. 'What's all this outcry about?' said he at length: 'is my offence so heinous that you are all become like children? It is I that may suffer from this business, not you. With my hundreds and thousands I have not far to run to buy a score of souls. From you I ask but one in exchange for all my money. What are you picking at straws for? One may plainly see you are a mere set of humbugs! For the good of the commonwealth (which high-sounding name is often borrowed for all sorts of purposes) many a prince would instantly conduct a whole army to be butchered, and you refuse one single man for that purpose! Fie! I am ashamed, O overwise counsellors, to hear you reason thus absurdly and citizen-like. What, do you think to deprive yourselves of the kernel of your people by granting my wish? O no, there your wisdom is quite at fault, for, depend on it, hypocrites are always the earliest churchbirds.'

"By degrees, as the cunning fiend thus spoke, the senators took courage and whispered in each other's ear, 'What is the use of our resisting? The grim lion will only show his teeth once—if we don't assent, we shall infallibly be packed off ourselves. It is better, therefore, to quiet him directly.' Scarcely was this sanguinary contract concluded when a swarm of purses flew into the room through the doors and windows, and Urian, more civil than before, took leave without leaving any smell behind. He stopped, however, at the door, and called out with a grim leer, 'Count it over again for fear that I may have cheated you.'

"The hellish gold was piously expended in finishing the cathedral, but nevertheless, when the building shone forth in all its splendour, the whole town was filled with fear and alarm at the sight of it. The fact was that, although the senators had promised by bond and oath not to trust the secret to any body, one of them had prated to his wife, and she had made it a market-place tale, so that all declared they would never set foot within the temple. The terrified council now consulted the clergy, but the good priests all hung down their heads. At last a monk cried out, 'A thought strikes me. The wolf which has so long ravaged the neighbourhood of our town was this morning caught alive. This will be a well-merited punishment for the destroyer of our flocks; let him be cast to the devil in the fiery gulf. 'Tis possible the arch hell-hound may not relish this breakfast, yet *nolens volens* he must swallow it. You promised him certainly a soul, but whose was not decidedly specified.'

"The monk's plan was plausible, and the senate determined to put the cunning trick into execution. At length the day of consecration arrived, and orders were given to bring the wolf to the principal entrance of the cathedral; so just as the bells began to ring the trap-door of the cage was pulled open, and the savage beast darted out into the nave of the empty church. Master Urian from his lurking-place beheld this consecration-offering with the utmost fury. Burning with choler at being thus deceived he raged like a tempest, and then rushed forth, slamming the brass gate so violently after him that the rings split in two.

"This crack, which serves to commemorate the priest's victory over the tricks of the devil, is still exhibited to the gaping travellers who visit the cathedral."

Thus much for the Legend. But although the devil was thus disappointed at

the Cathedral, he has since been revenged most amply upon Aix; for he came afterwards in the disguise of a rich German baron, and established gaming-tables in the town. From that day he has secured an ample supply of victims; for Aix-la-Chapelle is the only place in the Prussian dominions where gambling is permitted; and hence all those infatuated by the Dæmon of Chance fly to its waters for health, and to its tables for destruction. Could the history of the Comphausbad-Strasse be told, it would make a frightful tale of blighted hopes, lost fortunes, and early despair — of sin, disgrace, and suicide — the seldom-failing fate of the Gambler.



INTERCHAPTER FOR THE TRAVELLER.



- 1 CATHEDRAL.
- 2 EVANGELICAL CHURCH
- 3 TOWN HALL.
- 4 THEATRE.

- 5 ELISENBUNNEN—MINERAL SPRING
- 6 GOVERNMENT OFFICES.
- 7 POST OFFICE.
- 8 BARRACKS

- 9 FREEMASONS' LODGE.
- 11 KAISERBAD — BATHS OF THE EMPEROR
- 12 BATHS OF QUIRINGS

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

HOTELS.

- Hôtel du Grand Monarque.
 Hotel of the Four Seasons, by M. Kostelczky
 — a good house, and near the Railway.
 Hôtel du Dragon d'Or.
 Hôtel du Rhin, by Madame Haamann. Rue
 St. Jacques, near the Royal Post Office.
 Hôtel de la Couronne Impériale.
 Hôtel de la Tourelle.
 Hôtel d'Angleterre.

- Hôtel de l'Europe.
 Hôtel de l'Empereur.
 The Grand Hotel.
 Hôtel de Charlemagne.
 Hôtel de Belle Vue.
 Hôtel de St. Martin.
 Hotel of the Great Elephant.
 Hôtel de Mayence.
 Hotel of the King of Spain.

CHIEF THINGS TO BE SEEN IN AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

The Cathedral.
The Town Hall.
The Eliza Fountain.
The Baths.

Those travellers who stay more than a few hours in Aix will find the environs of the city very interesting, and may visit : —

Schönthal.
Schönforst.
Cornelymunster.
Heidchen.
Helenens Werth.
Emmaburg.
Laurensberg.
Kaisersruh.
Kalkofen.
Le Viaduct.
Wilhelmstein.
Stollberg.
Vaels.
Louisberg.
Forest of Pauline.
Forest of Trimborn.
Le monument des Monarques.

The tower of the Ramparts affords an excellent view of the city.

THE WATERS OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

As the waters of Aix are its great sources of attraction, the following information from the work of Dr. Wetzlar, a talented physician of the place, will be read with interest.

A peculiar taste of common salt, some alkaline substances, and sulphur, is common to all warm springs. The sulphureous taste and smell are stronger in those which are called the Higher than in the Lower springs. Their temperature is between 135° and 115° of Fahr.; the specific weight is about the same in all, of 1.004, the specific weight of common distilled water, of the same temperature, taken at 1.000. These waters, when taken directly from the spring, are clear and without any colour, but having been exposed for a little time to the air, they become dim, and a white sediment is

formed. If the water is exposed to the air for a longer time, it loses all its smell and taste of sulphur.

The difference between the single sulphureous springs is considerable, though they agree in many essential points. The springs which originate in the upper part of the town (in the Büchelstrasse and on the Buttermarkt,) and supply the bath-houses situated there, and also the Elisenbrunnen, with water, are called the Higher springs. Those which supply the bath-houses in the Compesbadstrasse and on the Damengraben are called the Lower springs. The former have a higher temperature, and contain more solid and volatile substances than the latter. Great choice is therefore left to the physician, in prescribing the use of the bath he may think most proper for his patient. The higher springs are, the Emperor's, the Quirinus spring, and a little spring in front of the Emperor's bath. The lower are, the Rosenbad (Rosebath) spring, the Cornelius spring, and the spring of the old drinking-well. All these springs contain a great many solid substances, chiefly salts and gases. Sixteen ounces of water taken from the Emperor's spring contain : —

			Grains.
Sulphuret of sodium	-	-	0.61978
Muriate of soda	-	-	20.71572
Carbonate of soda	-	-	6.60956
Sulphate of soda	-	-	2.12083
Phosphate of soda	-	-	0.14246
Animal organic substance	-	-	0.29384
Silicate oxide	-	-	0.53600
Fluorate of lime	-	-	0.47923
Carbonate of lime	-	-	0.23224
Phosphate of soda and lithia	}	-	0.19545
Carbonate of magnesia			
Carbonate of strontia			

Total grains 31.94511

The quantity of gases issuing constantly out of the springs is very considerable; 100 cubic inches of those gases taken from the Emperor's spring have been found to consist of:—

Nitrogen gas	-	-	69 $\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches.
Carbonic gas	-	-	30 $\frac{1}{2}$
Super-sulphuretted hydrogen gas	-	-	$\frac{1}{2}$

The chemist I have already quoted was, according to my opinion, fully entitled to call the hydro-sulphuric gas of our springs

super-sulphuretted hydrogen gas, because this gas is proved to contain more sulphur than is necessary for forming the common hydro-sulphuric gas; for though a part of the sulphur contained in the gas leaves it, and combines itself with surrounding colder objects, as soon as the water loses a little of its high temperature, yet the hydro-sulphuric gas left in it continues to act chemically in the very same way as the gas we prepare in our laboratories. There can be hardly any doubt, that by subterraneous heat and compression, hydrogen gas combines with a larger proportion of sulphur than it can in the open air, which accounts for the circumstance, that a large quantity of pure sulphur is deposited in a sediment in the water reservoirs, and the tubes which conduct the waters from different springs to baths or fountains lying at some distance from them.

The temperatures of the several springs are as follows:—

The Emperor's spring is	135½ degrees.
Quirinus spring	117½ ditto.
Lower springs	115½

There are eight bath-houses, four of which derive their water from the higher sources and four from the lower:—

1. The Emperor's bath (Bain de l'Empereur, Rue Büchel,) is supplied with water by a hot sulphureous spring issuing from the large rock, upon the summit of which the market square and the town hall stand, forming what is called the Emperor's well; and by another spring of the same temperature, issuing in front of this bath-house. The Emperor's Well furnishes so large a quantity of water that it gives an ample supply to two other bath-houses, and to the Fontaine Elise.

2. The New Bath Hotel is a large and splendid building, newly erected in the same street. It obtains an abundant supply of water from the Emperor's spring.

3. The Bain de la Reine de Hongrie, situated on the Buttermarkt, deriving its water from the same spring.

4. The Bain St. Quirin is provided with water from the Quirinus spring.

3. The Rosebath Hotel, situated in the Rue Compesbad, is supplied with water from the Rosebath spring, issuing in the yard of the hotel.

6. & 7. The Cornelius and Charles baths obtain the water necessary for their use from the Cornelius spring, issuing in the yard of the former. The three last-mentioned splendid buildings stand close together in the Rue Compesbad.

The before-mentioned bath-houses contain bathing-rooms for common baths, as well as for douches and pumping-baths. The apparatus for douches is excellent. Large reservoirs are in each bath-house, for cooling the warm mineral water. Most of the bath-houses contain vapour-baths of hot sulphureous water. One great convenience in all the bath-houses is, that furnished apartments, at various prices, according to the elegance or comfort of the rooms, can be obtained by persons taking a course of waters. Patients who prefer residing in a bath-house should be guided in their choice, as much by the springs their physician prescribes for their complaints, as by the comforts they are desirous of meeting with.

Poor patients are not forgotten at Aix-la-Chapelle, and a bath-house in the Damengraben is appropriated to their use, where they may bathe for a very trifling sum.

Persons who drink the waters may do so in their bath-houses, but the water of the Fontaine Elise is generally preferred. It is situated in Frederic William Square, one of the finest parts of the town. Its façade, 266 feet long, is ornamented in the Doric style. In the centre is a Rotunda, 56½ feet in diameter, and 46 feet in height. Colonnades, forming a covered promenade 180 feet long, issue from the rotunda. There is a pavilion on both sides containing rooms for refreshments. The fountain is in the rotunda. Two staircases lead down to it; and for patients who are not equal to the task of walking down, tumblers of water are wound up from the depth of the rotunda, by a mechanical contrivance. The rotunda is decorated with a marble bust of Eliza, Queen

of Prussia, who was pleased to give her name to the fountain. The square in which the fountain is situated is adorned with trees, which afford ample shade from the sun to those who use exercise to digest the water.

THE HIGHER, OR MURIATIC ALKALINE SPRINGS.

1. The Kochbrunnen, or Boiling Well. — This is situated in the town of Borectte, in a small valley formed by the two mountains upon the declivities of which the town is built. Its temperature is 140° , its specific weight 1.004. It is surrounded by a wall, and forms a well, in the centre of which the spring issues from some small clefts between the rocks.

2. A spring issuing in the Krebsbad (Crayfish) Bath-house, almost of the same qualities as the preceding, having a temperature of 153° .

3. The hottest spring of Borectte, being 171° , by which four bath-houses are supplied with water.

4. A Muriatic Alkaline spring, rising in the garden of the Crayfish bath-house, 153° of temperature, which furnishes a large quantity of hot sulphureous water to the Rosebath hotel, used there for baths.

According to Monheim's analysis, 16 ounces of the mineral water from each of the several springs contain —

	The Drinking Spring.		Boiling Well.	
	Grains.		Grains.	
Sulphuret of sodium	-	0.29698	-	-
Muriate of soda	-	20.62402	20.71096	-
Carbonate of soda	-	6.59950	6.65103	-
Sulphate of soda	-	2.56704	2.94950	-
Phosphate of soda	-	0.14154	0.14991	-
Animal organic substance	-	0.20835	0.22371	-
Silicate acid	-	0.55280	0.55595	-
Fluate of lime	-	0.48545	0.50234	-
Carbonate of lime	-	0.24069	0.30835	-
Carbonate of magnesia	}	0.15596	0.20421	
Carbonate of strontian				
Phosphate of soda-lithia				
Total grains	31.87233		32.25596	

The gases contained in the waters of Borectte are in the following proportions:—100 cubic inches of the gases emanating from the springs consist of —

<i>The Drinking Spring.</i>					Cubic in.
Nitrogen gas	-	-	-	-	70.75
Carbonic gas	-	-	-	-	29.05
Hydrosulphuric gas	-	-	-	-	.20

The Boiling Well.

				Cubic in.
Nitrogen gas	-	-	-	71.5
Carbonic gas	-	-	-	28.4
Oxygen gas	-	-	-	.1

The Hottest Spring.

				Cubic in.
Nitrogen gas	-	-	-	71.35
Carbonic gas	-	-	-	28.50
Oxygen gas	-	-	-	.15

The Traveller's passport is examined at Aix by the Prussian authorities. The commissionaire of any of the hotels will see this attended to for half a franc.

THE CATHEDRAL, (in German *Münster*), — is situated in the centre of the town, and was originally built by Charlemagne, by whose order the work was commenced in 796, and finished in 804. This building is recorded to have been one of the most magnificent of Charlemagne's time, but it was very much injured by an earthquake in 813, by the Normans who plundered it, and by the conflagrations in 1146, 1234, 1236, and 1656, and has in consequence undergone several material changes. It is of an octagonal form, forty-eight feet in diameter, with a gallery running round it, communicating with the choir. The granite and porphyry columns, which originally supported the arches of this gallery, were removed by the French to Paris, but the greater part of them have been brought back. The choir was commenced in 1353, and finished in 1413, and is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The tomb of Charlemagne is in the centre of the floor, covered by an unusually large flagstone, inscribed with the simple words, — "CAROLO MAGNO." The marble chair upon which the deceased Emperor was found sitting, and which all German Emperors afterwards occupied during the coronation is still to be seen in the Cathedral. The large and splendid chandelier suspended over the tomb was presented to the church by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa. Eight chapels surround the Cathedral, and are connected with it by entrances through the walls. In one of them (the Chapel of the Holy Cross) there is a magnificent altar-piece, which consists of a crucifix carved in wood. There are many rare and precious objects in the

Cathedral, the greater part of which were obtained as presents from the kings and queens who were crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle in former times. Persons visiting the Cathedral should not omit seeing the magnificent sarcophagus of Parian Marble, sculptured in alto-relievo, which represents the Rape of Proserpine. This Cathedral possesses a vast number of relics, which are divided into two classes. Those of the first class are the most sacred; those of less importance constitute a second class. The latter are visible at all times, but the former are only shown once in seven years, when they are exposed to the view of the faithful during a fortnight. An exception to this rule is sometimes made in favour of sovereign princes, who are indulged with a sight of the grand relics, as a special favour, at other periods.

TOWN HALL, built in 1353, a remarkable edifice in the old German style. On the east and west it is flanked by lofty towers; that to the east is called Granus Tower. A large staircase of flagstone, built in 1730, leads to the chief entrance. On the third story is the saloon in which the congress of 1748 was held, when the treaty of peace, called the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was concluded. It contains the separate portraits of the ambassadors who signed the treaty. Of these, the portraits of Prince Kaunitz and Lord Sandwich are considered to be the best. In this saloon, the King of Prussia entertained the illustrious persons staying here during the Congress in 1818. The Town Hall also contains the portraits of Napoleon and Josephine, painted by Bouchet and Lefebvre.

The CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS contains three noticeable pictures — one, the Descent from the Cross, by Vandyke; the two others by Diepenbeck, one of the most skilful pupils of Rubens.

General Elliott, the defender of Gibraltar, died at Kalkofen, near Aix.

HISTORY. — The great troubles directly following Charlemagne's death had a very unfavourable influence on the town. It gradually lost the grandeur it had acquired under his sway. In 898, it was taken and plundered by the

Normans, and was during thirty-eight years exposed to the greatest disasters, until Otho I. was there elected and crowned as King of Germany. His coronation was celebrated with the utmost pomp in the Cathedral. By Otho's liberality the town became very flourishing. His predilection for the place caused him to reside there for a considerable period, when leisure was left him to rest from the fatigues of government. After his death a great many misfortunes befel Aix. It was plundered in 978 by the troops of the French King Lothaire. But notwithstanding this and other disasters, the number of inhabitants increased with the growing industry and the extension of the woollen cloth manufactories, so that in 1171, the town having become too small for the accommodation of the people, the suburbs were considerably enlarged. Aix-la-Chapelle was visited with a great conflagration in August, 1224, by which the Cathedral was very much damaged. Many magnificent palaces belonging to ecclesiastical and other princes of the German empire were destroyed, and the greater part of the town was reduced to ashes. Aix-la-Chapelle had scarcely recovered from this misfortune, when another great fire caused an extensive devastation. The town sustained in 1248 a long and vigorous siege, commenced against it by William, Count of Holland, at the head of a large army, to support his claims to the empire in opposition to those of Frederic II., who had been excommunicated by Pope Innocent IV. When the citizens had been reduced to the last extremity of famine, a capitulation was agreed upon, in consequence of which Count William was crowned in the Cathedral. It would take too much space to enumerate the thirty-six German Emperors and Kings that have been crowned at Aix.

In 1656 the town was a third time almost destroyed by fire; about 5000 houses, with the principal public edifices, were either wholly consumed or greatly damaged. Most certainly the place would never have recovered from that disaster, if its springs and manufactories had not provided ample means for its restoration.

In 1668 the ambassadors of France, Spain, England and Holland, met at Aix-la-Chapelle, and agreed on the treaty which bears its name.

Amongst the visitors of the season in 1717 was the Russian Czar, Peter I. who paid great attention to the cloth and needle manufactures, and, upon visiting the Cathedral, is reported to have stood for a long time in silence, contemplating the tomb of Charlemagne.

In 1748 this city was again the theatre of diplomatic negotiations, representatives of all the principal States of Europe having assembled here to discuss the terms of pacification. This peace, known as the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, did not last long, as in 1756 the great Seven Years' War broke out. By the peace of Luneville, Aix-la-Chapelle ceased to be a free and imperial town belonging to the German empire, and was united to France. Under the French empire, the town formed a part of the *Département de la Roere*. It cannot be denied, that Napoleon did much for the benefit of the town; and his benefits would not be less, even if that which is maintained by many were true, that his motive for protecting Aix-la-Chapelle arose from a degree of vanity (very pardonable in the eyes of the inhabitants) of looking upon himself as a modern Charlemagne, for which reason he was supposed to have imitated that hero even in the most trifling points. After Napoleon's defeat, Aix-la-Chapelle was attached to the kingdom of Prussia, at the congress of Vienna in 1815. The most important event for the city under the present government was the congress held in it in 1818. Aix-la-Chapelle was crowded with sovereigns, princes, ministers, ambassadors and their suites, including Frederic William III. of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia Alexander I., the Emperor of Austria Francis I., the Royal Prussian Princes, the Duke of Wellington and Richelieu, the Prussian Prime Minister Count Bernstorff, Lord Castlereagh, and the Duc d'Angoulême. One of the first results of this congress was, the resolution

agreed upon to remove the allied troops from France, which they had occupied since the battle of Waterloo.

Aix-la-Chapelle is now the seat of a regency, of a provincial court of justice, a collegiate abbey, and a board for the decision of commercial suits. It contains a cathedral, sixteen Roman Catholic churches, one evangelical combined Protestant church, in which every Sunday at 12 o'clock divine service is performed by an English Protestant clergyman, and a synagogue, to which Sir Moses Montefiore has contributed large donations. Many schools have been established by the government and city authorities. There are also other institutions, which will be alluded to in the course of this treatise.—[*Dr. Wetzlar.*]

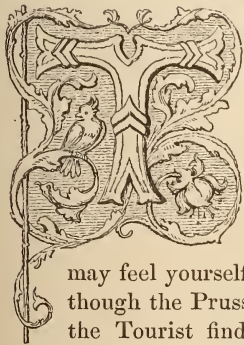
THE TOWN of AIX contains, according to the last official accounts, 43,000 inhabitants. It may be considered a very healthy place. The surrounding hills sheltering it from rough winds, inflammations are very rare; and when they occur, are in most cases far from violent. Agues were frequent in Aix-la-Chapelle about seven years ago, but now seldom occur, since certain swamps lying in the vicinity of the town have been drained, by order of the government.

The small town of BORCETTE (in German, *Burtschied*) derives its name from the Latin *Porcetum*, which word was applied, in the beginning of the tenth century to a large wood, (the haunt of vast numbers of wild boars,) which was then standing on the very spot now covered by the town of Borcette. It is situated about 400 yards to the south of Aix-la-Chapelle. Its origin is due to the Greek Prince Gregory, son of the oriental Emperor Nicephoras Phocas, and brother-in-law to the German Emperor Otho II., who married his sister Theophania. A Benedictine abbey was there founded by him, which induced many people to settle in its vicinity. Thus a village took its rise, which, partly by its springs, and partly by the industry of its inhabitants, has increased so as to form at this time a small town, with 5367 inhabitants.



GERMAN COSTUMES.

THE TRIP TO COLOGNE.—THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.



THE "ROAD OF IRON" is ready, when the Traveller has exhausted *Aachen*, to bear him to Cologne and the banks of the Rhine, where he will exchange steam ashore for steam afloat, and continue his tour by boat instead of rail. From Aix to Cologne is but forty English miles; and what is that now-a-days? Little more than two hours' journey; but then those two hours carry the Traveller into a different country. Belgium is French in its conversation and modes; aye, even in Aix-la-Chapelle you may feel yourself in France, though the frontier was passed to reach it, and though the Prussian holds sway there. But when the baths are left behind, the Tourist finds himself in another land. With more speed than the Belgian lines display, he finds that steam is tugging him into Germany. The language, the manners, and the costumes are changing.

A fine, though momentary, view of Borcette is had from the steam-carriage; and in a few minutes is seen on the left the Castle of Frankenburg, with its modern additions to the ivy-clad ruin of Charlemagne's edifice. Just before entering the Tunnel of *Nirm*, the village of that name is seen on the right. Cambach Mill

affords a station : and, on starting again, we quickly pass the busy town of Stolberg (on the right), surrounded by its coal-field ; the village of Pumpe, with its iron-works (on the left) ; and then, through *a curved tunnel*, to Eschweiler station, where the old castle is being restored. The four round towers of Nothberg next attract attention, and then a deep cutting leads us to the station of Langewehr. The castle and village of *Merode* (on the right) soon succeed ; and then Düren, where Charles the Fifth was nearly killed whilst besieging the place ; next, a three-miles'-long cutting through the high lands that separate the basins of the Meuse and of the Rhine. The stations of Büir and Horn next succeed, with the castle of Frenz, and the mile-long tunnel of Königsdorf — the longest in Germany ; then the stations of Königsdorf and Mungersdorf, and then the first view of Cologne. Steaming by the walls, and passing some detached forts, the Tourist soon finds himself at the terminus below the city, on the left bank of the Rhine.

Let the Traveller not be disappointed with the first glance at the river as he sees it at Köln. He is yet some miles below the banks which have gained for the stream the fame of surpassing beauty. Those natural charms await his admiration higher up, between the towns of Coblenz and Bingen. There he will find all that the poet promises : —

“ A blending of all beauties ; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

“ And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the cranny wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below ;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which wav'd are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

“ Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions ; in proud state,
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have ?
But History's purchas'd page to call them great ?
A wider space, an ornamented grave ?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

“ In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died !
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devis'd by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide ;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

“ But Thou, exulting and abounding river !
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever,
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict, — then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth pav'd like Heav'n ; and to seem such to me,
Even now what wants thy stream ? — that it should Lethe be.

“ A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd away,
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks :
Their very graves are gone, and what are they ?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray ;
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.”





IN the history of the Rhine, we have a history of Europe.

A boundary of the empire of Cæsar, it afterwards gave passage to the barbarian hordes who overthrew Imperial Rome: Charlemagne made it the outpost of his power; anon the Church gained strength in the cities on its banks, and then monasteries and feudal strongholds rose up quickly after each other. Then was it visited by the forms of the Middle Ages; orders of chivalry were established at Mayence; and knights of the

Teutonic order, of Rhodes, and of the Temple, appeared upon the scene. The minnesinger and the troubadour praise its wines, tell of its contests, and celebrate its victories. The hills, the caves, the forests, the stream, and the solid rocks themselves are tenanted by superstition, by Oreads, Mer-

maids, Gnomes, Black Huntsmen, and demons in all imaginable fantastic shapes. Meantime the towns were growing under the influence of Trade — the grimy power that destroyed the feudal system. Cannon were invented at Nuremberg; the reformed religion found an advocate at Constance in John Huss even before Luther fulminated his wrath against the Scarlet Mistress of the Seven Hills: printing was accomplished by Gutemberg at Mayence; and now Steam tenants its waters. Cæsar, Attila, Clovis, Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, Rodolph of Hapsbourg, the Palatine Frederick the First, Gustavus Adolphus, and Napoleon have been victorious upon its banks. What more could fate do to give the stream an almost immortality of fame?

Rising in Switzerland, in the canton of the Grisons, by three small sources, it gains its name of Rhine*, and a breadth of 230 feet, at Richenau, the point of confluence. It passes through the Bodensee; but, before giving its tributary waters to the beautiful Lake of Constance, forms the Falls of Schaffhausen.

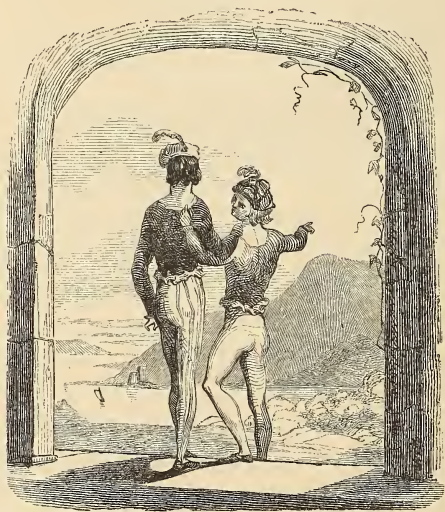
* The Steam Navigation Companies on the Rhine appear determined, if possible, to equal the fastest Thames steamers in point of speed. A new iron steamer, named the *Elberfeldt*, previous to being placed in active service, made an experimental voyage from Dusseldorf and Cologne to Mayence and back, and, to the surprise of every German, performed the journey from Cologne to Mayence, against the strong stream, in 13 hours and 20 minutes, and from Mayence to Cologne with the stream, rather under seven hours, inclusive of stoppages. To form a comparison of what the Dusseldorf Company have accomplished, whose vessels are all propelled by English engines, it is necessary to add, that in 1837, previous to their formation, it was held as an extraordinary feat to proceed by water in two days from Cologne to Mayence; namely, the first day from Cologne to Coblenz in 14 hours, and the second day from Coblenz to Mayence in 13 hours, making together 27 hours, now performed in half the time, and in one day.



THE FALLS OF SCHAUFFHAUSEN

AFTER traversing several of the cantons, it leaves Switzerland at Basle, on its course through Germany and Holland to the sea. Its chief tributaries are the Neckar, Murg, Kinzig, Aar, Maine, Nahe, Lahn, Moselle, Erft, Ruhr, Lippe. Its basin has a length of 180 leagues. The canal of the Rhine and the Rhone unites these two rivers with the Saone ; whilst the Great Northern Canal unites the Rhine with the Meuse and the Nethe, and thus with the Scheldt. Its waters furnish capital salmon, which, when taken on their passage up the stream, are called *Lachse* ; when caught in autumn, on their way down the river to the sea, are known as *salmon*. It affords also sturgeon, pike, carp, and lampreys. Its enormous rafts of timber have often been described, and should be seen to be appreciated. They often carry half a village of people, and are sold for many

thousands of pounds. In summer, when the Tourist visits the river, its course is comparatively calm and orderly: it is only in spring, when the snows melt rapidly in Switzerland, that "Father Rhine" is to be beheld in his might; for then the waters often rise a dozen feet above their common level. The current is thus greatly increased beyond its ordinary rate of three and a half miles an hour. Its depth from Basle to Strasbourg averages ten to twelve feet; at Mayence, twenty-four feet; at Dusseldorf, fifty feet.





GERMAN COSTUMES

THE WINES OF THE RHINE.



It would be difficult to say whether the wines or the scenery of the Rhine has received most praise. Songs are sung, and books written, and legends told in honour of both; and certainly both deserve all that can be expressed in their favour. The true German is not only eloquent when speaking of the *quality* of the Rhine wines; he claims for them also the honours of antiquity. One is content to date their history as late as the days of Probus; but others declare that Bacchus only could be the parent of such admirable liquor, and point to Bacharach as the resting-place of the deity when he came to taste the Rhine grapes, and set an example to all future tipplers. CYRUS REDDING, the historian of the Grape, in the chapters of his book in which he dilates upon the Wines of Germany, becomes almost as enthusiastic as a *Burschen*; and as he must be regarded as the best authority upon the subject, it will be well here to quote what he says.

“ Had the etymology been treated metaphorically, to describe the vine country on the Rhine, and some of its tributary rivers, it would not have been out of place to call it the country of Bacchus. The Germans boast of four other places sacred to Bacchus: Steegbach, situated on a hillock, they call the ladder of Bacchus; Diebach, the finger (*digitus*); Handbach, or Manersbach, the hand; and Lorch, or Laurea, the bay or laurel. Formerly it was impossible to enter a German house without being offered ‘large jacks of wine,’ so attached were they to the rites of their purple deity. The banks of these rivers are covered with vineyards. The Rhine, Moselle, Neckar, and Mayn are gardens of the vine. Nor have the Germans been content with cultivating the banks of rivers alone, but the higher lands are planted with the greatest success. It matters very little whether the territory of Treves poured out its abundance in the time of the Romans or of Charlemagne; the Germans have enjoyed it since the year 400; and the Frenchman who said that the Germans had found out the perpetual motion in their cups, or tall old wine glasses, was not far from the truth. The German loves his glass; and while he cultivates his vines, let the good burgher of Treves swallow his Augenscheimer, his Thiergartner, Schamet, and Pitcher, provided he will allow the foreigner to share a little of the superfluity of his golden vintage. From Bonn to Coblenz, and from the latter city to Mayence, the country is covered with vineyards. The Johannisberger of ‘father’ Rhine, the Gruenhaeuser or the Brauneberger of the Moselle, and the Hockheimer of the Mayn, each distinguish and hallow their respective rivers in the eyes of the connoisseur in wine.

“ Whoever has visited the noble Rhine must have felt sensible of the beauty of its vineyards, covering steep and shore, interlaced with the most romantic ruins, towns ancient and venerable, smiling villages, and the rapid broad German river, reflecting the rich scenery on its banks. From Mentz even to Bonn the vineyards of the Rhine are observed to greater advantage than any similar cultivation in other countries: Erbach, enthroned on its vines; the Rheingau, its Johannisberg on a crescent hill of red soil, adorned with cheering vegetation; Mittelheim, Geisenheim, and Rüdshiem with its strong, fine-bodied wine, the grapes from which bask on their promontory of rock, in the summer sun, and imbibe its generous heat from dawn to setting; then again, on the other side, Bingen, delightful, sober, majestic, with its terraces of vines, topped by the château of Klopp. The river and its riches, the corn and fruit which the vicinity produces, all remind the stranger of a second Canaan. The Bingerloch, the ruins, and the never-failing vines scattered among them, like verdant youth revelling amid age and decay, give a picture nowhere else exhibited, uniting to the joyousness of wine the sober tinge of meditative feeling. The hills back the picture, covered with feudal relics or monastic remains, below Asmannshäusen to Lorch, mingled with the

purple grape. Bacharach is near, the wine of which—probably the fancy of the drinkers having changed, is now pronounced second-rate in quality, though, not long ago, even the French celebrated it in their Bacchanalian songs—is still very good, fashion may say what it chooses. Landscapes of greater beauty, joined to the luxuriance of fruitful vine culture, can nowhere be seen; perhaps there is something to be added, for the alliance of wine, and its agreeable qualities, with the noble scenery of the river. The mind will have its associations upon all subjects.

“To the north of Coblentz the wines are of little comparative note, though Bodendorf, near Bonn, has been said to produce a Rhenish wine of the second growth, thus far to the north. Coblentz is about the latitude of Plymouth, while Mayence itself is nearly on the same parallel with the Lizard in Cornwall. Either on the Rhine, or on its tributary rivers between these two places, all the most celebrated wines of Germany are grown. None of the better wines of France are grown so far to the north. It is at Coblentz that the soil first becomes particularly well adapted for the cultivation of the vine. The right bank descending is most noted for its wines; but the vineyards, in many parts, cover both banks.”

The *soil* has, of course, much influence upon the quality of the wine; and the banks of the Rhine are remarkable for the great variety of rocks upon its banks, and consequently for the variety of soils, made up partly by the decomposition of those rocks, and partly by the deposits from streams, and by artificial manures provided by the cultivator. “Granite decomposed,” says Cyrus Redding, “and quartz in favourable sites, offer good vine land, and so does sienite. Clay-slate, mingled with quartz, is observed to be highly favourable with basalt. Where marl, mingled with pebbles, occurs, the vines succeed best; nearly the same character, but, if any thing, still a better, may be given to dolomite. Variegated sandstone in decomposition does not do well for the vines in dry seasons, though light in its nature; when mingled with clay, or other earths, its produce is tolerable, but it gives no remarkable wine. Shell marl, where the calcareous properties are most prevalent, when mixed with the clay soil, will grow tolerable good vines, and the same when they are reared upon a coarse limestone well worked. Kiffer produces only weak wine. Schistous marl, where it occurs decomposed, yields a fertile soil for the vine. When mingled with round stones or sand it is very favourable, but no remarkable wine is produced from it. It is strange that the Germans dress their vines with strong manures, which the French and Portuguese pronounce to be injurious.”

The *botanical* part of the question comes next; and we learn that “The grapes which are preferred for general cultivation are the *riessling*, a small white species, harsh in taste, but in hot seasons furnishing a remarkably excellent wine, having a fine bouquet. The *kleinberger*, a productive species, which ripens easily, and

a small Orleans variety. The produce of all the vineyards it is impossible to ascertain. The circle of Coblenz contains nearly seventeen thousand Prussian acres, each of which is calculated to yield wine of about fifteen pounds sterling annually in value. The circle of Treves, containing twenty-three hundred acres, gives an annual product of thirty-nine pounds sterling each acre. In Wirtemberg, the product of the kingdom, or of 61,514 acres, has been valued at 3,990,831 florins. The true Hockheimer is grown in a little spot of about eight acres to the eastward of Mentz, between that place and Frankfurt. Each acre contains four thousand plants. The produce, in a tolerable year, is twelve large casks, which sell for about one hundred and fifty pounds each. Worms was formerly reported to grow a hundred and fifty fudders within the territories of the city, 'sweeter than virgin's milk (liebfrauen milch).'

The glorious season of fruition—the VINTAGE—is the time for the visit of a wine-lover to the Rhine. "The vintage," continues our Bacchanalian authority, "does not take place until the grapes are perfectly mature; they are then carefully gathered, the bad fruit picked out, and, with the stalks, put aside. The wine of the pressings is separated, *most vom ersten druck, vom nachdruck*. The more celebrated of these wines are all fermented in casks; and then, after being repeatedly racked, suffered to remain for years in large fudders* to acquire perfection by time. These huge casks contain each about three hundred and fifty tuns. The wines mellow best in large vessels; hence the celebrated Heidelberg tun, thirty-one feet long by twenty-one high, and holding one hundred and fifty fudders, or six hundred hogsheads; the second of these was built at Heidelberg in 1663. That which preceded it held but one hundred and thirty-two fudders. This tun is decorated with all kinds of fantastical ornaments. Tübingen, Grüningen, and Königstein (the last 3709 hogsheads), could all boast of their enormous tuns, in which the white wines of the country were thought to mellow better than in casks of less dimensions. These tuns were once kept carefully filled. The Germans always had the reputation of being good drinkers, and of taking care of the 'liquor they loved.' Misson says, in his Travels, that he formerly saw at Nuremberg the public cellar, two hundred and fifty paces long, and containing twenty thousand ahms of wine."

And now for the *peculiarities of the Rhine wines*. "The German are a distinct class in character from all other wines. They are generous, dry, finely flavoured, and endure age beyond example. They average about 12·08 per cent. of alcohol. They have been supposed to turn acid sooner than other wines, though the reverse is a remarkable fact. On this subject a recent writer observes, with respect to Moselle—and the same will hold good with other wines of Rhenish

* A common fuder, or fudder, contains only two hundred and fifty gallons.

character—that ‘the country which borders on the Moselle produces abundance of grapes, and some of the wines have an agreeable flavour, especially the vintage of Brauneberg. This highly-flavoured wine has, within the last seven years, become a fashionable beverage at the first tables in London, and when iced in summer, nothing can be more grateful. Some of it has the flavour of the Frontignan grape, without its sweetness. This wine has a singular quality; it is difficult to make it into vinegar. The author accidentally discovered this property by putting a few bottles into a greenhouse, and afterwards into his cellar, for the purpose of using it as vinegar; but, the following spring, he was surprised to find that no acetous fermentation had taken place. It has been generally supposed in England, that the wines of the Rhine and Moselle are more acid than the white wines of France; but, if the above experiment may be any criterion of the qualities of the former, it would prove that they are less acid than Sauterne, Barsac, and the Graves; for it is well known that it is necessary to sulphur the casks of these wines to prevent the acetous fermentation taking place. Acids are supposed to generate gout, and, in England, Rhine wines are on this account forbidden to gouty subjects; yet the gout is a disease rarely known on the banks of the Rhine, where hardly any other wine is drank.’” And be it never forgotten, that the German wines are free from that saturation of brandy which is the high and mighty fault, as it must ever be a grand dietetic objection, to the wines of France.

The *names and birth-places of the different German wines* is interesting. “The ordinary wines are not worthy of note. The *Liebfrauenmilch*, already mentioned, is a well-bodied wine, grown at Worms, and generally fetches a good price. The same may be said of the wines of *Kösterick*, near Mayence; and those from Mount *Scharlachberg* are equally full-bodied and well-flavoured. *Nierstein*, *Oppenheim*, *Laubenheim*, and *Gaubisheim* are considered to yield first growths, but that of *Deidesheim* is held to be the best; the last of 1825 sells for twelve pounds sterling the *ahm*, of thirty gallons, in the present year. The prices vary much, and depend in a great degree upon the age of the wine. New wine may be had from fifteen-pence the *maas** to four and seven-pence. Very aged wine from eight to ten up to eighteen shillings the bottle.

“The river *Mayn* runs up to Frankfort close to Mayence; and on its banks the little town of *Hockheim*, once the property of General *Kellerman*, stands upon an elevated spot of ground, in the full blaze of the sun. From *Hockheim* is derived the name of *Hock*, too generally applied in England to all German wines. No trees are seen to obstruct the genial fire from the sky, which the Germans deem so needful to render their vintages propitious. The town stands in the midst of

* A little more than two quarts.

vineyards. That which produces the Hockheimer of the first growth is about eight acres in extent, and situated on a spot well sheltered from the north winds, on a little hill behind the deanery. The wine of 1766 and 1775 now fetches forty-two and fifty pounds the ahm. The other growths of this wine come from the surrounding vineyards. The whole eastern bank of the Rhine to Lorch, called the Rheingau, has been remarkable centuries past for its wines. It was once the property of the Church. The entire district is one delicious vine-garden. In this favoured spot grows the castle, or Schloss-Johannisberger, once the property of the Church, and also of the Prince of Orange. Johannisberg is a town, with its castle (schloss), on the right bank of the Rhine below Mentz. The Johannisberger takes the lead in the wines of the Rhine. The vines are grown over the vaults of the castle, and were very near being destroyed by General Hoche. The quantity is not large. The price of the vintage of 1811 is about thirty-six pounds the ahm, of thirty gallons. That of 1779 sells for seventy-five in the present year. The vineyard is now the property of Prince Metternich. The other growths near the same vineyard are excellent. The Johannisberger of Messieurs Mumm and Giesler of Cologne and Johannisberg, their own growth of 1822, brings, in 1833, from twenty-five to sixty pounds the ahm.

"Rüdesheim produces wines of the first Rhine growths; the ahm of 1811 is fifty-five pounds; but the Steinberger, belonging to the Duke of Nassau, takes rank after the Schloss-Johannisberger among these wines. It has the greatest strength, and yet is one of the most delicate, and even sweetly flavoured. That called the 'Cabinet,' from the vintage of 1811, brings seventy pounds sterling the ahm at present, or nearly eleven shillings the bottle. The quantity made is small, of the first growth. Graefenberg, which was once the property of the Church, produces very choice wine, which carries a price equal to the Rüdesheim.

"Marcobrunner is an excellent wine, of a fine flavour, especially when the vintage has taken place in a warm year. The vineyards of Roth and Königsbach grow excellent wines. The wine of Bacharach was formerly celebrated, as before mentioned, but time produces revolutions in the history of wines, as well as in that of empires. Notwithstanding the quality of endurance many of the second-rate growths possess, and a freedom from acidity equal to those which hold the first place, they are by no means so well known as they ought to be. The oldest wine, which is commonly offered to the purchaser, is that of 1748, a year when the season was exceedingly propitious to the vintage. Older wines may be met with, but less frequently. The excellence of the wine in any particular year always depends more upon the warmth of the season than upon any other cause, and the high price of the wine in corresponding years rates accordingly. The

Germans say, the wines of the best body are made on the higher lands, and the worst on the lower ; the last requiring the longest keeping, to render them mellow for drinking. The wines of 1783 bear a very high character. There is something unaccountable in the extraordinary durability of wines grown so far to the North, when the slightest increase of warmth in a season causes such a difference in the quality of the wine. While strong southern wines suffer from age after a certain period of years in bottle, and begin to deteriorate sensibly, the Rhine wines seem possessed of inextinguishable vitality, and set the greater part of rivalry in keeping at defiance. It is generally found that wines with the lesser proportion of alcohol change sooner than those which are strong. The Rhenish wines averaging so little in spirit will endure longer, and continue to improve by age as much as the more potent wines of the South, with double their alcoholic strength. The best vintages were 1748, 1766, 1779, 1783, 1800, 1802, and 1811. The Steinwein of 1748, brought in 1832 seventy pounds the ahm. This may serve to show how much these wines gain by age.

“On the whole the wines of Bischeim, Asmannhäusen, and Laubenheim, are very pleasant wines ; those of the most strength are Marcobrunner, Rüdesheimer, and Niersteiner, while those of Johannisberg, Geissenheim, and Hockheim, give the most perfect delicacy and aroma. The Germans themselves say, ‘*Rhein-wein, fein wein ; Neckarwein, lecker wein ; Franken-wein, tranken wein ; Mosel-wein, unnosel wein,*’ ‘Rhine wine is good ; Neckar pleasant ; Frankfort bad ; Moselle innocent.’

“The red wines of the Rhine are not of extraordinary quality. The Asmannshäuser is the best, and resembles some of the growths of France. Near Lintz, at Neuwied, a good wine, called Blischert, is made. Keinigsbach, on the left bank of the Rhine, Altenahr, Rech, and Kesseling, yield ordinary red growths.

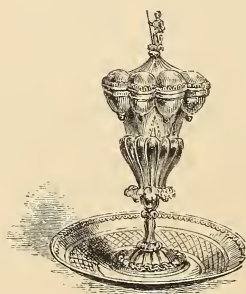
“The Moselle wines are secondary to those of the Rhine and Mayn. The most celebrated is the Brauneberger. The varieties grown near Treves are numerous. A Dutch merchant is said to have paid the Abbey of Maximinus for a variety called Gruenhäuser, in 1793, no less than eleven hundred and forty-four florins for two hundred and ninety English gallons in the vat. This wine was formerly styled the ‘Nectar of the Moselle.’ It made men cheerful when drank in a quantity, and did good the next day, leaving the bosom and head without disorder,—such is a German’s character of it, that of the jurist Hontheim. These wines are light, with a good flavour, and of late have become favourites in England. They will not keep so long as the Rhine wines, but they are abundant and wholesome. Near Treves are grown the wines of Brauneberg, Wehlen, Graach, Zeltingen, and Piesport. The wines of Rinsport and Becherbach are considered of secondary rank. The wines of Cusel and Valdrach, near Treves, are thought to be possessed of diuretic properties, and even to cure the gravel. In about five

years these wines reach the utmost point of perfection for drinking. They will not keep more than ten or twelve in prime condition.

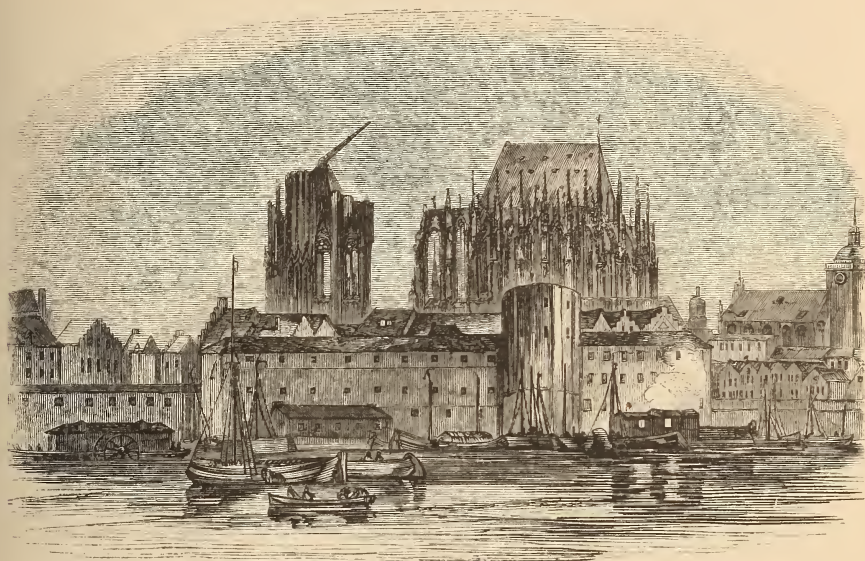
"The wines called 'wines of the Ahr' resemble those of the Moselle, except that they will keep longer.

"The 'wines of the Neckar' are made from the best French, Hungarian, and even Cyprus vines. The most celebrated are those of Bessingheim. They are of a light red colour, not deep, and of tolerable flavour and bouquet.

"Wisbaden grows some good wines at Schierstein, and Epstein, near Frankfort. The best wines of Baden are produced in the seigniorship of Badenweiler, near Fribourg. At Heidelberg, the great tun used to be filled with the wine of that neighbourhood, boasted to be a hundred and twenty years old, but it gave the wine no advantage over other Neckar growths. Some good wines are produced near Baden. The red wines of Wangen are much esteemed in the country of Bavaria, but they are very ordinary. Wurtzberg grows the Stein and Liesten wines. The first is produced upon a mountain so called, sold very dear, and called 'wine of the Holy Spirit' by the Hospital of Wurtzberg, to whom it belongs. The Liesten wines are produced upon Mount St. Nicolas. Straw wines are made in Franconia. A *vin de liqueur*, called Calmus, like the sweet wines of Hungary, is made in the territory of Frankfort, at Aschaffembourg. The best vineyards are those of Bischofsheim. Some wines are made in Saxony, but they are of little worth. Meissen, near Dresden, and Guben, produce the best. Naumberg makes some small wines, like the inferior Burgundies."—[*A History and Description of Modern Wines. By Cyrus Redding.*]



ORNAMENTED WINE CUP AND DISH FROM AN
ENGRAVING BY HANS BURGMAIR, A. D. 1517.



COLOGNE

THE LEGENDS OF COLOGNE — THE CARNIVAL.

No stranger ever enters Cologne without going to see the Cathedral, and nobody ever looks upon that fragment of the mightiest Gothic design in Christendom without doing three things—without regretting that it never was completed, without asking who was the architect, or without listening to the **LEGEND OF THE BUILDER**.

Mighty was the Archbishop Conrad de Hochsteden, for he was lord over the chief city of the Rhine—the city of Cologne: but his thoughts were troubled, and his heart was heavy, for though his churches were rich beyond compare in relics, yet other towns not half so large or powerful as his had cathedrals whose fame extended over Europe, and whose beauty brought pilgrims to their shrine, profit to the ecclesiastics, and business to the townspeople. After many sleepless nights, therefore, he determined to add to his city the only thing wanting to complete it, and sending for the most famous architect of the time, he commissioned him to complete the plan for a Cathedral of Cologne.

Now the architect was a clever man, but he was more vain than clever. He had a dreamy notion of magnificence, which he desired to achieve without a clear

conception of how he was to do it, or without the will to make the necessary sacrifices of labour, care, and perseverance. He received the commission with great gladness, and gloated for some days upon the fame which would be his as the builder of the structure which the Archbishop desired; but after this vision of glory, when he took his crayons to sketch out the design, he was thrown into the deepest despondency. He drew and drew, and added, and erased, and corrected, and began again, but still did not succeed. Not a plan could he complete. Some were too mean, others too extravagant, and others, when done and examined, were found to be good, but not original. Efforts of memory instead of imagination, their points of excellence were discovered to be copies—a tower from one, a spire from another, an aisle from a third, and an altar from a fourth, and one after another they were cast aside as imperfect and useless, until the draughtsman, more than half crazy, felt inclined to end his troubles and perplexities by a plunge into the Rhine.

In this mood of more than half despair he wandered down to the river's edge, and sitting himself upon a stone began to draw in the sand with a measuring-rod, which served as a walking-stick, the outlines of various parts of a church. Ground-plans, towers, finials, brackets, windows, columns, appeared one after another, traced by the point of his wand, but all, one after another, were erased as unequal and insufficient for the purpose, and unworthy to form a part of the design for a Cathedral of Cologne. Turning round, the architect was aware that another person was beside him, and with surprise the disappointed draughtsman saw that the stranger was also busily inventing a design. Rapidly on the sand he sketched the details of a most magnificent building, its towers rising to the clouds, its long aisles and lofty choir stretching away before the eye of the gazer until he mentally confessed it was indeed a temple worthy of the Most High. The windows were enriched by tracery, such as artist never had before conceived, and the lofty columns reared their tall length towards a roof which seemed to claim kindred with the clouds, and to equal the firmament in expanse and beauty. But each line of this long-sought plan vanished the moment it was seen, and with a complete conviction of its excellence, when it was gone not a portion of it could the architect remember.

"Your sketch is excellent," said he to the unknown: "it is what I have thought and dreamed of—what I have sought for and wished for, and have not been able to find. Give it to me on paper, and I will pay you twenty gold pieces."

"Twenty pieces! ha! ha! twenty gold pieces!" laughed the stranger. "Look here!" and from a doublet that did not seem big enough to hold half the money, he drew forth a purse that certainly held a thousand.

The night had closed in, and the architect was desperate. "If money cannot tempt you, fear shall force you;" and, springing towards the stranger, he plucked

a dagger from his girdle, and held its point close to the breast of the mysterious draughtsman, in the attitude to strike. In a moment his wrists were pinioned as with the grasp of a vice, and squeezed until he dropped his weapon, and shrieked in agony. Falling in the sands, he writhed like an eel upon the fisherman's hook; but plunged and struggled in vain. When nearly fainting, he felt himself thrown helpless upon the very brink of the stream.

“There! revive, and be reasonable. Learn that gold and steel have no power over me. You want my cathedral, for it would bring you honour, fame, and profit; and you can have it if you choose.”

"How?—tell me how?"

"By signing this parchment with your blood."

“Avaunt, fiend!” shrieked the architect; “in the name of the Saviour I bid thee begone.” And so saying, he made the sign of the Cross; and the Evil One (for it was he) was forced to vanish before the holy symbol. He made time, however, to mutter, “You’ll come for the plan at midnight to-morrow.”

The artist staggered home, half dead with contending passions; and muttering, "Sell my soul," "to-morrow at midnight," "honour and fame," and other words which told the inward struggle going forward in his soul. When he reached his lodgings, he met the only servant he had, going out wrapped in her cloak.

"And where are you going so late?" said her surprised master.

"To a mass for a soul in purgatory," was the reply.

“ Oh, horror! horror! no mass will avail me. To everlasting torments shall I be doomed;” and, hurrying to his room, he cast himself down in tears of remorse, irresolution, and despair. In this state his old housekeeper discovered him, on her return from her holy errand; and, her soul being full of charity and kindly religion, she begged to know what had caused such grief; and spoke of patience in suffering, and pardon by repentance. Her words fell upon the disordered ear of the architect with a heavenly comfort; and he told her what had passed.

"Mercy me!" was her exclamation. "Tempted by the fiend himself!—so strongly, too!" and so saying, she left the chamber without another word, and hurried off to her confessor.

Now the confessor of Dame Elfrida was the friend of the abbot, and the abbot was the constant counsellor of the archbishop, and so soon as the housekeeper spoke of the wonderful plan, he told her he would soon see her master, and went at once to his superior. This dignitary immediately pictured to himself the hosts of pilgrims that would seek a cathedral built with skill from such wonderful sketches, and (hoping himself one day to be archbishop) he hurried off to the bewildered architect.

He found him still in bed, and listened with surprise to the glowing account of the demon's plan.

"And would it be equal to all this?"

"It would."

"Could you build it?"

"I could."

"Would not pilgrims come to worship in such a cathedral?"

"By thousands."

"Listen, my son! Go at midnight to the appointed spot; take this relic with you;" and so saying the abbot gave him a holy morsel of one of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. "Agree to the terms for the design you have so long desired, and when you have got it, and the Evil One presents the parchment for your signature, show this sacred bone."

After long pondering, the priest's advice was taken; and in the gloom of night the architect was seen tremblingly hurrying to the place of meeting. True to his time, the fiend was there, and with a smile complimented the artist on his punctuality. Drawing from his doublet two parchments, he opened one on which was traced the outlines of the cathedral, and then another written in some mysterious character, and having a yellow brimstonny space left for a signature.

"Let me examine what I am to pay so dearly for."

"Most certainly," said the demon with a smile, and a bow that would have done honour to the court of the Emperor.

Pressing it with one hand to his breast, the architect with the other held up the holy thumb-bone, and exclaimed, "Avaunt, fiend! In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Virgins of Cologne, I bid thee, Satan, at defiance;" and he described the sign of the Cross directly against the Devil's face.

In an instant the smile and the graceful civility were gone. With a hideous grin he approached the sacred miracle as though he would have strangled the possessor; and yelling with a sound that woke half the sleepers in Cologne, he skipped round and round the artist. Still, however, the plan was held tightly with one hand, and the relic held forward like a swordsman's rapier with the other. As the fiend turned, so turned the architect; until, bethinking himself that another prayer would help him, he called loudly on St. Ursula. The demon could stand the fight no longer; the chief of the Eleven Thousand Virgins was too much for him.

"None but a Confessor could have told you how to cheat me," he shrieked in a most cynical voice: "but I will be revenged. You have a more wonderful and perfect design than ever entered the brain of man. You want fame—the priest wants a church and pilgrims. Listen! THAT CATHEDRAL SHALL NEVER BE FINISHED, AND YOUR NAME SHALL BE FORGOTTEN!"

As the dreadful words broke upon his ear the cloak of the Tempter stretched

out into huge black wings, which were flapped over the spot like two dark thunder-clouds, and with such violence that the winds were raised from their slumber, and a storm rose upon the waters of the Rhine. Hurrying homewards, the relic raised at arm's length over his head, he reached the abbot's house in safety. But the ominous sentence still rang in his ears — UNFINISHED AND UNKNOWN.

Days, months, years, passed by, and the cathedral, commenced with vigour, was growing into form. The architect had long before determined that an inscription should be engraved upon a plate of brass shaped like a cross, and be fastened upon the front of the first tower that reached a good elevation. His vanity already anticipated a triumph over the Fiend whom he had defrauded. He was author of a building which the world could not equal, and in the pride of his heart defied all evil chances to deprive him of fame. Going to the top of the building to see where his name should be placed, he looked over the edge of the building, to decide if it was lofty enough to deserve the honour of the inscription, when the workmen were aware of a black cloud which suddenly enveloped them, and burst in thunder and hail. Looking round when the cloud passed away, *their master was gone!* and one of them declared, that amidst the noise of the explosion he heard a wail of agony which seemed to say “UNFINISHED AND FORGOTTEN.”

When they descended the tower the body of the architect lay crushed upon the pavement. The Traveller beholds the building as it was on the morning when he fell there, and thousands have since then sought in vain to learn the name of *The Architect of Cologne*.

The Pfaffen Thor.



WHEN the Archbishop Conrad de Hochsteden, the founder of the Cathedral, had been gathered to his fathers, Engelbrecht of Falkenbourg reigned over Cologne in his stead; and a fearful tyrant he became.

As was the case with the spiritual lords who ruled over Liege, the mitre of the Archbishop became a rod of iron to the citizens, until at length they were goaded to open rebellion. In their contests for liberty they were led by Hermann Grynn, a townsman who had put aside the peaceful avocations of trade to do battle in the good cause of his native city, and of the privileges which his fathers had purchased, not only with their gold, but with their blood.

After numerous contests between the burghers and their oppressors, the cause of the many was triumphant, and the Archbishop was glad to agree to terms which he before spurned. But the truce he sought was hollow and unfaithful, and he

said openly that if Hermann Gryn timer were removed, he could then reclaim with safety the privileges he had surrendered to the townsmen.

This treacherous speech was greedily drunk up by two priests, who determined to work their own welfare by the downfall of the citizen patriot. Making acquaintance with Hermann, whose honest nature suspected no treachery, they wormed themselves into his confidence, and sought an opportunity of inviting him to the Cathedral, to see its hidden beauties and great store of riches. Leading him from chapel to cloister, and through chamber after chamber, they came at length to a door, which they said contained the richest sight of all; and one of them, unlocking the door, invited the citizen to enter. No sooner had he crossed the threshold than the thick portal was closed suddenly upon him, and at the same moment he heard the roar of some wild animal, and saw fixed upon him two fierce eye-balls glowing with hunger and savage rage.

Hermann Gryn timer was a man for emergencies. Rapidly twisting his cloak round his left arm, and drawing his short sword, he prepared for the attack; nor had he long to wait. With a growl of triumph a huge animal sprang upon him with open jaws; but with admirable coolness the hero received his assailant upon the clothed arm, and whilst the brute ground its teeth into the cloak, he thrust his sword into its heart. Searching round the chamber he was aware of a window concealed by a shutter, and opening this he looked forth into the streets, where a great crowd was collected around a priest, who went along telling some tale which seemed to move the people to deep grief. As the throng drew nearer he listened eagerly, and heard with surprise "how the good burges s Hermann Gryn timer, the friend of the people, and the well-beloved ally of the Church, had without advice sought a chamber where a lion was in durance, and had fallen a sacrifice to his unhappy curiosity." Burning with rage and a determination to expose the treachery of the priests, he waited till the crowd came beneath the window from which he looked; and then, dashing the glass into a thousand pieces, he attracted attention to the spot, and leaning half out of the opening, displayed his well-known cap in one hand, and his bloody sword in the other. He was almost too high to be heard, but the faint echo of his war-cry was enough to convince the people of his identity, and with one voice they shouted "To the rescue!" Forcing their way into the Cathedral, they quickly released their leader, and learning from him the story of cruel treachery, the two priests were ferreted from their hiding-places, and hanged by the neck in the room over the body of the dead lion. To this day the portal they slammed on Hermann Gryn timer is known as *the Pfaffen Thor* — the Priest's door — whilst over the gate of the venerable town-hall of Cologne, THE TRAVELLER may yet see, graven in stone, the fight of the citizen-patriot with the hungry lion of the Cathedral.

Such are two of the traditions of the Cathedral ; but that building has not the monopoly of such tales, for scarcely a church in Cologne but has its mystery, its marvellous saintly story, or its legend. One of these fragments of romance that have lived through more than a thousand years has for its heroine an English Royal lady.

St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins.



UST two centuries after the birth of Christ, Vionest was king of Britain. Happy in his realm, his subjects were prosperous and contented, but care was in the heart of the monarch, for he was childless. At length his consort Daria bore him a daughter, who as she grew up in years increased in holiness, until all men regarded her as a saint, and she, devoting herself to a religious life, refused all offers of marriage, to the great grief of her parents, who were again troubled by the thought that their dynasty would fail for want of an heir. Charmed with the rumour of her virtues, a German prince, Agrippus, asked her as a wife for his son, but the suit was declined by the maiden until an angel appeared to her in a dream, and said that the nuptials ought to take place. In obedience to this heavenly mentor, St. Ursula no longer urged her former scruples, and her father hastened to make preparations of suitable magnificence for her departure to the Rhine, on whose banks her future home was to be. Eleven thousand virgins were selected from the noblest families of Britain to accompany their princess, who, marshalling them on the sea-shore, bade them sing a hymn to the Most High, and dismiss all fears of the ocean, for she had been gifted with a divine knowledge of navigation, and would guide them safely on their way. Accordingly St. Ursula dismissed all the seamen, and standing on the deck of the principal vessel, she gave orders to her Eleven Thousand Maiden Followers, who, under the influence of inspiration, flitted over the ships dressed in virgin white, now tending the sails, now fixing the ropes, now guiding the helm, until they reached the mouth of the Rhine, up which they sailed in saintly procession to Cologne. Here they were received with great honours by the Roman Governor of the place ; but soon they left the city, to ascend the stream to Basle on their way to Rome, to which holy city St. Ursula had determined upon making a pilgrimage. Wherever on their journey they met the officers of state they were received as befitted their heavenly mission, and from Basle were accompanied by Pantulus, who was afterwards canonised, and whose portrait is to be seen in the church of St. Ursula. Once at Rome the Pope himself, Cyriacus, was so stricken

by their devoted piety, that, after praying with them at the tombs of the apostles, he determined on abdicating the pontifical office, to accompany them on their return down the Rhine to Cologne.

At Mayence they were joined by Prince Coman, the son of Agrippus, who for love of his betrothed at once forsook the errors of the pagan faith and was baptized. The Eleven Thousand Virgins with their sainted leader, her husband, and Pope Cyriacus, passed rapidly to Cologne, where, however, they were not long destined to live in peace. A horde of barbarians from the North invaded the place, and having gained possession of the city, they slew with horrible tortures the virgin retinue of St. Ursula, the venerable Pope, the saint herself, and her spouse Coman. Some were nailed living to the cross; some were burned; others stoned; but the most refined cruelties were reserved for the most distinguished victims. Look on the walls of the Church of St. Ursula, and you will behold the sufferings of the young martyr and of her youthful husband. Her chapel yet contains her effigy with a dove at her feet—fit emblem of her purity and loving faith and kindness; whilst the devout may, in the same church, behold the religiously-preserved bones of the Eleven Thousand Virgins.



COLOGNE has much to boast of besides its legends.

The skulls of the THREE KINGS still grin from under their crowns in the Cathedral, as they did when Frederick Barbarossa stormed Milan and brought these relics of the Three Magi to this city. Before the time of the French Revolution, these ancient skulls were surrounded by more gold and precious stones than the head of any living king in Christendom; but during those troublous days the riches faded rapidly away. At present the jewels of their shrine are valued at *six millions of francs!* The Cathedral also holds under its pavement *the heart of Maria de Medicis*, who in her fallen fortunes sought a refuge in Cologne, and there died in the house (10. Sternen Gasse) where Rubens was born. An ancient painting is also pointed out as *the* picture of the building, the *Dombild*. Its age rather than its beauty forms its great claim to notice. It displays the patron saints of Cologne:—the Three Magi Kings adoring the Saviour; St. Ursula and her Virgin Followers; and St. Gereon.

In the church of St. PETER is a picture presented to it by Rubens himself, in memory of the fact that at its altar he was baptized. The subject is the Crucifixion of the Patron Saint of the Church, and it attracted the criticism of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who said:—"It was painted a little time before Rubens's death. The body and head of the Saint are the only good parts in this picture, which is finely coloured, and well drawn; but the figure bends too suddenly from the



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF RUBENS.

thighs, which are ill drawn, or rather in a bad taste of drawing; as is likewise his arm, which has a short interrupted outline. The action of the malefactors has not that energy which he usually gave to his figures. Rubens, in his letters to Gildorp, expresses his own approbation of this picture, which he says was the best he ever painted; he likewise expresses his content and happiness in the subject, as being picturesque; this is likewise natural to such a mind as that of Rubens, who was perhaps too much looking about him for the picturesque, or something uncommon. A man with his head downwards is certainly a more ex-

traordinary object than in its natural place. Many parts of this picture are so feebly drawn, and with so tame a pencil, that I cannot help suspecting that Rubens died before he had completed it, and that it was finished by some of his scholars." Wilkie also visited this church, and gave his modicum of praise to this painting.

Santa Maria in Capitulo stands on the spot where stood the Capitol of the Roman masters of the town. St. Pantaleon claims to be the most ancient church in the city, dating as far back as A. D. 980, when it was reared from the stones of the Roman bridge which before that time stretched across to Deutz: the Chapel of the *Minorites* contains the tomb of *Duns Scotus*, and a horrible tale is told of his entombment alive, of his revival in his coffin, his struggle to escape, and his body found afterwards at the closed door of the sepulchre, with the hand eaten off by himself ere he died of hunger. *St. Gereon's* displays the bones of the legion of Theban martyrs; whilst many other churches which, if existing alone, might be the boast of any town, are passed over from the riches of Cologne in Gothic architecture. Indeed the city still deserves its old cognomen of the *ROME OF THE NORTH*; and should the world be favoured with thirty years more peace, there is little doubt that the Cathedral, now in process of repair and increase, will escape from the ban recounted in the Legend, and, rising to completion, be the Gothic architectural glory of Northern Europe. True to its old Romish cognomen, the city of Cologne, like Rome itself, still maintains its Carnival, which a traveller who witnessed it in the spring of 1845 describes in the "*New Monthly Magazine*" of Mr. Colburn, — a description here condensed, since it conveys a faithful picture of a festival enjoyed by the Germans with more *gusto* than would be expected from their usually phlegmatic character.

The Carnival at Cologne.

ON the 3d of February was celebrated the annual Carnival of Cologne, presenting a scene throughout all the principal streets, singularly at variance with the habitual grave, quiet and business-like atmosphere which pervades that old city. The Carnival lasts three days, but the grand day was the one which we describe.

The weather (which had been bad in the morning) began to clear up a little over head, the streets assumed a less dingy appearance, a number of maskers and fancy dresses issued forth, the windows were rapidly filling with ladies and children, up to the top stories, and from the roofs of opposite houses cords were extended across the streets, upon which were hung large banners, flags, devices of all colours, and jack-pudding figures of the size of life, all waving and swinging together over the crowds that passed below. All the shop-windows had the shutters up, except a few that sold masks. We followed the stream through several streets, all decorated over head in the same manner, and the windows filled with spectators, many of whom were also perched upon the tops of the houses, or sitting like a row of sparrows along the parapet, till we arrived at the *Neu-Markt*, a large open square, with double lines of trees encompassing it, and where the military usually attend parades and exercise, the *caserne*, or barrack, fronting it on one side. This large space was roped in, upon the present occasion, on the inside of the surrounding trees, and the ropes were defended from intruders by soldiers placed at intervals. A crowd had therefore collected on the outside of the ropes all round the square, and within this space the various cars, and ornamental carts, and waggons, and platforms on wheels, and horsemen, and bands of music, and mimes, and mummers, and masqueraders were fast assembling. We soon discovered that this sacred enclosure was penetrable by the payment of ten silber groschen (about one shilling English), and we accordingly entered, and had an opportunity of making more close and undisturbed observations than could otherwise have been obtained. But it will give the reader a much better idea of the scene to describe the effect of the whole, as the *cortège* passed through the different streets. Having seen all the "rout" of men and women, and "pleasant monsters" in detail, we took up a station on a high ground, to see the whole pass in succession, and now invite the reader to place himself at our side.

Several horsemen, in fancy dresses, advance at the head of the procession, which slowly winds its way, in a long train, out of the great square, and commences its passage through all the principal streets of the city. Among the horsemen, the most conspicuous is a very large man, with a smiling rosy face, attired in a flesh-coloured tight dress, with the skin of a wild beast over his shoulders, and bearing a club, the thicker or bossy end of which is formed by the insertion of a knuckle of ham, at once presenting a warlike outline and a festive idea. Behind him ride others who carry bottles and flasks slung at their sides, and one very good-natured, humorous old countryman is seated astride upon a small barrel, the barrel being fastened upon the horse's back in place of the saddle.

A cottage, mounted upon a waggon or platform on wheels, next makes its appearance. In front of it stands a large Christmas tree, full of golden fruit, and fairy gifts, and bags of money, or something better. The roof of the cottage is regularly thatched, and a live crow, perched upon the top near the chimney, is evidently a very unwilling participator in the scene, and flaps his wings and opens his bill in wrath at his inability to escape.

Soon after this we see a balloon, of red and white, come bobbing along over the heads of the crowds that line the street on each side, and we presently discover that this is intended to represent a supply, and is affixed to the centre of a large silver boat, in which stand various figures, attired

in what they fancy to be sailors' dresses, but having rather the appearance of pastrycooks, or stewards on board a steamer bound for "an excursion." They present printed songs to the spectators.

But what little thick figure is that which now comes hopping and skipping, on tip-toe, through the muddy streets in a flesh-coloured dress? His fleshings fit tight to his shape, and his shape is not unlike that of the "fat boy" in Boz. His face and hands, though painted, are absolutely blue with the cold. The cold shows through every wing. You can see that his knees are cold. He has a pair of golden things of the shape of pancakes, that hang in hopeless inactivity from his shoulders, and also a pair of wings at his feet, exactly like the fins of a dead porpoise. It is a German Mercury! He has got a cigar to comfort him, which some considerate friend in the crowd has just placed in his eager hands.

A truly splendid figure soon makes up for this. A band of music heralds its advance. It is a gigantic king, in an embroidered crimson mantle and vest, ornamented with gold devices, and edged with white fur. He has a very handsome face of royal happiness. Glossy, jet-black curls hang in profusion over his shoulders, and he is mounted upon a grand jet-black horse of colossal size—quite a show of itself, and not clumsy, but of dignified heroic action, and appearing conscious of its own noble presence upon the great occasion.

The tolling of a bell is now heard, and, turning the corner of the street, high as the second-floor windows of the houses, we see a steeple appear! It is attached to a little church, and passes on its way, the bell constantly announcing its approach. It distributes songs and other printed effusions as it proceeds.

A troop of Tyrolese now come singing their way along. Very badly indeed they sing. It is not only unlike the Tyrolese, but not good singing of any kind. A troop of brigands follow, and there are many bandits in Italian costumes on horseback. The best and most grotesque figure of a group mixing with these latter is one who is mounted upon a very strangely-accounted horse, and upon his head he wears a sort of heraldry dolphin as a helmet—his face looking out of the open jaws, while the body and tail of the fish, writhing upright and slanting back, form an excellent ornamental top.

Preceded by a band of indifferent music, a large platform drawn by four horses advances. Various figures in fancy dresses are stationed upon it, and one of them has a very long, thin pole, at the top of which he continually sticks a song, a ballad, or a witticism, and hands it up to the spectators who occupy the windows at each side of the street, as the platform moves along.

Numbers of figures now go huddling by—bandits, and peasants, and grotesque masqueraders, and characters, among whom we discover Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, but they are very bad representatives of those celebrated originals. The last of this group is a little knight in full armour, who is mounted upon a calf. The calf seems to have been partially trained for the performances of the day, but owing to the confusion of the scene, or his natural stupidity, he often forgets his lesson, and runs head-foremost into the crowd at one side, or up against a house, or with his nose between the wheels of the waggons and cars. Several female characters are on horseback; but we are informed that nearly all of them, as well as those who are dressed like women or girls on the waggons and platforms, are personated by young men.

The *cortège* is closed with a sort of moving framework, surrounded by a number of leafless trees and shrubs, and having a squalid hut at one end, at the door of which a woman, dressed like the wife of a "half-starved gardener," and with a face quite purple with the cold, stands smoking a pipe. Two soldiers, in uniform, appear as the very unnecessary guards of this most uninviting garden and woman. At the back of the hut is written "*Wintergarten*." They give songs as they pass.

Selecting one of these songs, we offer the following translation :

Römer-Melodie.

1.
Be brisk ! — to horse and waggon !
Be brisk ! — no long delays !
Thought's lost in flask and fagon,
In these our mirth-mad days,
Make way ye high-neck'd tyros,
Who think yourselves too tall,
With carnival-made heroes,
To jig it at the ball.

2.
All pride this day is buried,
Each man's a hero true,
His eye will find its pleasure
In all that's bright and new.
Now rich and poor are equal ;
No rank — no work — all play ;
Beginning, middle, sequel,
It is one laugh all day.

3.
See ye the waggons motley !
See ye the full mask'd ball !
With the crowd's pressure carried,
You must see one and all !
Repent your deeds, you sinner,
Pluck up the world's bad weeds,
Plant fancies of the children,
The first of all good seeds.

4.
Back ! back ! you Speculators !
No buying, selling here ;
No cake and sugar traffic,
No money for your beer !
Give, or get out ! — be merry,
For none shall come our way,
Who will not most sincerely,
Be fools with us to-day !

These songs are of various character, some of them written in Low German, provincial dialect, or patois, full of puns and local allusions, and are, consequently, not translatable. These, therefore, we must pass over, but of the intelligible sort a brief specimen may not be uninteresting to English readers. We should premise that the most prevalent armament for a gentleman's head during the Carnival is a Fool's cap. Nor is the fashion confined to Cologne ; for at Mainz (*Mayence*) during this period there was one grand assemblage in the " Hall of Fools," where some four or five hundred gentlemen sat down to dinner in these caps. A procession also took place in Bonn, comprising horsemen and vehicles of all kinds, when the number of caps could not have been less than two or three thousand. One of the songs thus commences :

Fool's-cap Song.

1.
JOVIAL, joyous, fresh and free,
Wearers of Fools'-caps are we !
On horseback in procession gay
Through the streets we take our way,
Gazing upward as we go
At ladies, laughing in a row
To hear us sing *Halli-hallo*.

2.
For dinner soon we throng the hall.
But wearing still our Fools'-caps tall —
Caps with several folds and points,
Of white and red like lobster-joints ;
But lobster boil'd look'd ne'er so bright,
Nor ever yet was half so *light* !
As heads will be this merry night.

Here is the first verse of a song in honour of *beer*, which is said to have had its origin in the genius of a royal brewer, and to have been " invented " by a Dutch king named Kambrinus.

Heil dir, Kambrinus, unsern Hort
Im frohen Festverein, &c.

All hail, Kumbrinus, our defender,
Refuge, rejoicer, great Beer-sender,
In this our hollyday-time, &c.

The song is accompanied by sundry witticisms on the brewing abilities of various cities and provinces, under such titles as " Bairisches Bier," " Heidelberger Faulenpelzbier," " Dresdner Waldschlossbier," " Braunschweiger Mumm," " Berliner kuehle Blonde," " Englischer Ale," &c.

Now that all the motley train has moved away, and nearly all the spectators too, we hurry off towards our hotel. But we meet a crowd on the way, and suddenly learn that there is a second *cortège* close at hand, larger than the first. Our progress is impeded by its advance up the *Hoch-Strasse* ; to retreat is impossible, for the crowds are now pressing this way from all quarters. We are compelled to witness the whole train, and resolving therefore to make the best of the

necessity, we forget our cold and wet condition, and take notes in our pocket-book, from which the following is transcribed.

First comes a handsome horseman, in a rich dress, carrying a very large and most beautifully embroidered banner.

He is followed by a small car, containing several odd-looking figures. The car is drawn by two men in the dress of Prussian peasants, but with pigs' heads. These latter attract more attention than those in the car. Of course, it will be understood that these cars, and waggons, and wheel-platforms, all present figures and devices emblematic of something—"best known to themselves," and to the good folks in Cologne, in most instances; but occasionally being obviously no more than the display, as we see occasionally in our own country, of the handicraft and vain-glory of certain trades and companies.

After this, we descry two excellently grotesque figures of Cupid and Psyche, mounted upon a gigantic cock and hen. The classical lovers, as well as the fowls, are excessively fat, the former having a cherubic roundness of limbs and cheeks, and wearing wreaths of roses round their heads. The cock and hen are admirably contrived, and walk with a coquettish air.

Immediately behind these advances a numerous brass band on horseback and in uniform, every one of whom has a grandmother's bonnet upon his head.

Close upon the band come a group of dancers, apparently intended to represent Swiss peasantry. Considering the uneven stones, the snow-slush, and muddy water through which they tread the "giddy maze," and the undoubted coolness of the "fantastic toe," they really deserve the highest credit for the apparent hilarity with which they continue their pastime.

A car now approaches, which ever and anon produces a great sensation in the crowd on each side. The car is laden in front with cake. Cakes of the size of large tea-boards are piled upon each other. They are of a sweet spongy kind, and great pieces are continually broken off by the figures in the car, and thrown among the spectators in the streets. If the scrambling for the songs and witticisms is considerable, the efforts to obtain the cake are of a kind which approaches the desperate; all, however, in good-humour; much struggling, but no fighting.

A colossal chariot of triumph now appears, the most lofty and splendid of all the train. The body of the chariot is of the shell shape, and is supported upon the back of a fierce dragon, whose open jaws are seen in front, while his immense tail writhes out behind, and his huge, forked wings of green and gold are spread out at each side. The wheels of the chariot are of a bright silver hue, but raised upon an invisible framework, which moves upon wheels underneath. In the chariot are seated a splendidly attired king and queen, perhaps of ancient Greece, but more probably of some of the fabulous countries of romance. The whole is drawn by six white horses. It reminds us of some of the descriptions in the "Knight's Tale" of Chaucer. A higher compliment we could not pay it.

Several grotesque figures on foot pass onward in the train, among which are two double drums, and two *contre-bassos*, all walking upright, and apparently of their own accord, with an occasional reeling motion, as if about to commence a dance. The drums are fellows of no "expression," their outline wants character, but the double-basses look like strange Brobdignag insects of the beetle genus.

Some chorus singing is next attempted, but it is as abominable as other noises of a similar kind which have issued from sundry cars and waggons. Upon such an occasion as this one would have thought that a city like Cologne might have furnished something decent for its own sake, to say nothing of the musical reputation of Germany. But all the choruses were abortive, and often mere vulgar discords. They were worse even than the singing of the students by night in the streets of Bonn.

Is it the god Pluto who now advances in his dark chariot? Yes, he is a Pluto, and surrounded by various characteristic attendants. He is probably the emblematic representative of some large company of manufacturers of iron, brass, copper, and other metals. We suspect that underneath a canopy in the centre of the platform he has had the good sense to secrete a stove with a fire in it.

Following Pluto comes a sort of Ironmonger's shop, raised upon a square platform; and upon high rails there hang at the four quarters many sorts of cooking utensils—pots, pans, ovens, saucepans, strainers, boilers, fish-kettles, and even tea-kettles—though to obtain water really boiling, to make tea, is nearly impossible in Germany, and as for the *tea*, it is chiefly furnished from the hedges, if one may judge by the taste, and also by examining the leaves when wet and opened out. The occupants of this moveable shop have black faces, and they distribute songs.

The next wagon displays what looks something like the press-room of a Printing Office. But the printers have all got asses' heads! Why this should be, and what satire is meant to be conveyed by it, we do not understand. Does it point to the "press" in Germany, which is any thing but free? Does it mean to tell us that strong slaves are fools (being strong) to continue slaves? We do not know.

A Toy-shop moves onwards in the train, hung round with toys in the same style as the pots and pans of the ironmonger's.

This is followed by a large platform, displaying a harvest, with wheatsheaves, and male and female harvesters. The harvesters are dancing, with implements of husbandry in their hands, to the imminent danger, as it sometimes appears, of cutting off each other's heads with reap-hooks, and other formidable emblems of peace.

A still larger platform follows, of a higher poetical character, not unworthy of a few stanzas in the "Faery Queene." It displays a large palm-tree in the centre, round which various figures of "old romance" are congregated. At each corner of the front, uplifted and reclining upon open carved work, a girl in white robes is playing upon a golden harp; and at the two corners behind similar figures are also seen. The effect was beautiful, and, alas! too transitory.

It is not necessary to tell the English public that German Sausages are of long-established celebrity; but the aforesaid public has no notion of the great variety, as to taste, size, texture, colour, shape, wholesomeness and unwholesomeness, which the prolific and inventive genius of the country produces. Accordingly it was impossible that the opportunity of a grand display afforded by the Carnival could be lost by the compilers of that richly savoury but most ungraceful article, or by the witty amateurs of the same. The shop on wheels which now approaches is hung all round with innumerable sausages of all descriptions, from the small, ordinary size, to those which are as large as the thickest part of a boa-constrictor—red, pink, brown, puce-coloured, putty-coloured, yellow, mottled, and jet black. At the front of the platform hang from each corner half a pig, the halves being very large, flattened, and cured, but certainly not yet claiming the rank of bacon. In the centre of the shop, a number of manufacturers stand round a block, and chop sausage-meat, singing a *patois* chorus with the chopping accompaniment. Here is a verse.

Hack-Melodie.

BRING forth the pig's meat, Butcherlings bold;
 Hack! hack! &c.
 And the beef, and the veal, in sweet herbs roll'd;
 Hack! hack! &c.
 Bring forth all rascals who live in Cologne,
 Hack! hack! &c.
 And we'll soon make them honest and clean—to the bone,
 Hack! hack! &c.

An edifice, very like a large summer-house, is the next thing that engages our attention. But we are prevented from further observation by seeing what follows it, which is the last platform of the *cortège*, and is so broad that it nearly fills up the street. The crowd press backwards, on each side—some rush forwards, others stoop down to allow certain moveable portions of the paraphernalia to take their course overhead. It seems to be drawn by six grey horses. The confusion has become so great that we are only able to see an immense barge-like car—if we mistake not—over the sides of which are extended long and broad gilded oars, and these go slowly sweeping along the streets, taking off hats and caps from the crowd in their passage onward, knocking against many heads, and threatening windows by thumping occasionally against the shutters. A crowd follows it behind, leaping up every now and then to obtain the songs or witticisms which it distributes.

It is all over so far; and the next thing to be done is to hurry to our hotel, and change the wet and soiled habiliments. It is now two o'clock. The usual dinner-hour of the hotels is one o'clock, but during Carnival days we are informed that the hour is half-past two. Our time we therefore portion out for the rest of the day in the following manner:—first, dinner, which will probably terminate about four o'clock; then the *Kunstreiterei* (horsemanship), which is excellent in Cologne; then the Puppen-theater, where plays are acted by dolls, who fairly walk about upon a stage, "the words" being spoken for them by invisible interlocutors; then the theatre, or musical entertainments or farces of whatever kind may be going forward; then supper, and a long meditation upon the vanities of the world while reclining upon a sofa; and finally to go to the famous masked ball at the Gürzenich.

A word may be said about the dinner. The Germans laugh excessively at the description of an English public dinner when the various dishes are mentioned. When one is accustomed to the German cookery, the dishes do not, in general, appear strange, yet to those who have not heard of such "compositions" before, some of the following, which were served upon the present occasion, may seem peculiar. We had baked beef, with salad and preserved plums; potatoes fried with vinegar and sugar, and potatoes and milk and water, covered with fried, and very greasy, bread crumbs; stewed veal with carrots, and red pickled cabbage with sugar; baked ducks with pickled cherries, or brandy cherries rather sour; salmon in a sauce of oil and white batter; and turnips dressed with butter, and grated cinnamon, &c. Then came the puddings (black-puddings inclusive) and preserves of apples, pears, and prunes, and various sweet or savoury things, and then, according to custom, slices of hot baked mutton, with a rich sauce. After this the dessert begins slowly to come in, during which the dressed characters (among whom we recognised the King and Queen of the splendid dragon-chariot in the second *cortège*) rise, and contrive to dance in a very narrow space, which is gained by pushing one of the tables a little aside. Other of the Carnival heroes walk about the room and make speeches, some of which are full of political allusions, carefully enveloped in jokes, but occasionally bordering upon high treason, and producing applause and laughter.

The heroes and dancers resumed their seats; there was no other attempt at supporting a character; throughout the day the "dresses" were the principal "actors." The band now began to play a well-known air, which had been some years since composed for the Carnival, and the whole happy company at each table took part in it in the following manner. One of the heroes took the post of leader of the chorus, and sung the air with the band, accompanied by the whole room. With the beginning of the next verse, or recommencement of the air, the leader set the example of clapping his hands "to the tune," and this hand-clapping accompaniment was accordingly made by all present. The leader next began to whistle with the band, and we all whistled. The next thing was to tap the wine glasses with the back of the dessert-knives, which produced

a multitudinous ringing and jingling sound, and, of course, many glasses were broken by ambitious performers. Marking time, or beating the "melody" with the feet upon the floor, followed this, with a sounding, unanimous, solid, satisfactory effect. The next "variation" upon this very original melody, was that of rattling the plates upon the table; and because, at the conclusion, enough plates had not been broken, a number of gentlemen broke their plates upon their own heads, the white fragments falling upon their shoulders, and down their backs in all directions. Then we had an imitation of the braced drum, everybody drumming upon the table with the handles of his knife and fork; a harsh noise, in which the band could scarcely be heard. A laughing accompaniment followed, and was very well executed by us all.

The festive days being concluded, many heroes, heroines, and all devout persons, betake themselves to church on Aschenmittwoch (Ash Wednesday), and make the sign of the cross upon their foreheads with water in which ashes have been cast, by way of expressing penitence for having been more merry than wise during the Carnival.



INTERCHAPTER FOR THE TRAVELLER.



COLOGNE.

- 1 Cathedral.
- 2 New Market.
- 3 Old Market.
- 4 Square of the Cathedral.
- 5 Palace of Justice.
- 6 Arsenal.
- 7 Archbishop's Palace.
- 8 Theatre.
- 9 Wallraff's Museum.
- 10 Town Hall.
- 11 Trade Hall.
- 12 Exchange.
- 13 Casino.
- 14 General Post Office.
- 15 Hospital for Citizens.

- 16 Royal Bank.
- 17 Quay for Rhine Steam-boats.
- 18 Quay for Lower Rhine boats.
- 19 Severin Strasse.
- 20 Perlengraben.
- 21 Blaubach.
- 22 Nischelskaule.
- 23 Muhlbach.
- 24 Malzbüchel.
- 25 Hochpforte.
- 26 Hoch Strasse.
- 27 Grosse Neugasse.
- 28 Johannis Strasse.
- 29 Eigelstein Strasse.
- 30 Machabäer Strasse.

- 31 Unter Kranenbäumen.
- 32 Alter Graben.
- 33 Zeughaus Strasse.
- 34 Breite Strasse.
- 35 Schilderer Strasse.
- 36 St. Cecilien Strasse.
- 37 Geron Strasse.
- 38 Friedrich Wilhelm Strasse.
- 39 Am Bollwerk.
- 40 St. Cunebertsufer.

IN DEUTZ.

- 41 Church.
- 42 Barracks.

COLOGNE.

HOTELS.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| Royale. | Cour Imperiale. |
| Hollande. | Cologne. |
| Imperial. | Grosse Rheinburg. |
| Belle Vue, (across the river.) | |

CHIEF THINGS TO BE SEEN IN COLOGNE.

1. The Cathedral.
2. The Museum.
3. The Church of the Jesuits.
4. The Church of St. Ursula.
5. The "Roman Tower."
6. The Church of the Apostles.
7. The Church of St. Peter's.
8. The Church of St. Mary.
9. The Gurzenich.
10. The Town Hall, (Rathhaus).
11. The Birth-place of Rubens.

THE CATHEDRAL is built in the form of a cross, the arches supported by a quadruple row of 64 columns, including the semi-columns; and, if we include those of the portico, there are more than one hundred. The four columns in the middle are 30 feet in circumference; and each of the hundred columns is surmounted by a capital different from the others. The two towers, which were intended to be 500 feet high, remain unfinished, the northern one being not more than 21 feet above the ground, and the other is little more than half the intended height. The great bell weighs 25,000 lbs. At the top of this tower, the crane used in raising the stones brought from the mountain of Drachenfels is still seen. The choir and the chapels are the only finished portions of the cathedral; but workmen are busy in the attempt to complete the building. God speed them!

THE SHRINE OF THE THREE KINGS is made a puppet-show of, like Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, London. The fee to the showman is six francs; and tourists frequently either leave it unseen (which is wrong), or make up a party (*as the fee is the same for six as for one*); and so gaze on the relics, and cheat the Swiss of the excessive fee he ought not to be allowed to take. Another hint for the King of Prussia! In the cathedral should be seen the pictures, the tombs, the library, and the shrines.

A staircase on the left side of the choir, close to the eighth pillar, leads to the library of the cathedral, and to the hall called *Goldene Kammer* (Golden Chamber). The library formerly contained a very fine collection of books, and a great number of manuscripts of the time of Charlemagne, all of which were taken away during the Revolution. The doors of the library are curiously carved, and the wardrobes contain the dresses of the priests.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY OF THE CAPITOL.—The upper part of the choir, and the colonnade of round arches, were built in the eighth century; but the greater part of the church, particularly the top of the nave, appears to have been re-constructed in the fourteenth, the church having suffered much during the invasion of the

Normans. In this church are several ancient pictures. It has likewise a superb organ.

THE CHURCH OF ST. GÉRÉON was built in 1066, by Archbishop Anno, on the same spot on which the temple erected by St. Helena formerly stood. Its cupola, with three galleries, is a grand and astonishing work; and the church is certainly one of the finest in Cologne. In the crypt are two chapels, the floors of which are ancient mosaic work. On the side of the altars, at the entrance of the church, are two pictures by C. Schüt and Geldorf.

THE CHURCH OF ST. CUNIBERT, near the Rhine, is a large building, with an altar in imitation of the grand altar of St. Peter's at Rome.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER is built on the ruins of a Roman temple, the vestibule of which still exists. Rubens was baptized in this church on St. Peter's day. His picture of the Crucifixion of that Apostle is its chief attraction. The font in which Rubens was baptized is still shown here, as well as the tombstone of his father.

THE CONVENT OF ST. URSULA is remarkable for its relation to the legend of that saint and her eleven thousand virgins. The church is filled with bones.

THE TOWN HALL of Cologne should certainly be seen, as a specimen of ancient German architecture.

THE KAFHAUS OF GURZENICH (commercial depôt), has a large hall, where several Diets of the Empire have been held, and in which the Emperor Maximilian gave several fêtes.

THE CHURCH OF THE JESUITS is overlaid with decorations. It contains the crosier of Francis Xavier and the rosary of Ignatius Loyola.

THE MUSEUM OF WALLRAFF should also be visited, although the pictures disappoint many who see them.

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.—Haan, Baumeister, Merlo, Zanoli, Kaatz, Essingh, Weyer, and Geeling.

THE CASINO, situated near the theatre, is a modern building, into which strangers may be

introduced by a member: the innkeepers generally belong to these societies.

Eau de Cologne is to be bought at no less than seventy makers. Farina's store is in Julich's Place.

DISTANCES FROM THE PRINCIPAL PLACES ON THE
RHINE, BETWEEN COLOGNE AND MAYENCE,
FOLLOWING THE TOWING-PATH.

	Leagues.
Cologne to Rodenkirchen -	- 1
From thence to Weiss -	- 1
Wesling -	- 1½
Widdig -	- 1
Hersel -	- ¾
Rheindorf -	- ¾
Bonn -	- ¾
Plittersdorf -	- 1¼
Mehlem -	- 1
Oberwinter -	- 1¼
Remagen -	- 1¼
Kripp, opposite Linz -	- ¾
Brewig -	- 1¾
Brohl -	- ¾
Fornig -	- ¾
Andernach -	- 1¼
Weissenthurm -	- 1½
Urmitz -	- 1¼
Katten Engers -	- ½
Sebastian Engers -	- ¼
Kesselheim -	- ½
Neuendorf -	- 1
Coblentz -	- ¼
Capellen -	- 1½
Rhens -	- ¾
Niederspey -	- ¾
Oberspey -	- ¼
Boppart -	- 1½
Salzig -	- 1
Hirzenach -	- 1
St. Goar -	- 1¼
Oberwesel -	- 1¼
Caub -	- 1
Bacharach -	- ½
Lorch -	- ¾
Assmanshausen -	- 1½
Bingen -	- 1

	Leagues.
Kempton -	- ½
Gaulsheim -	- ¼
Freiweinheim -	- 1
Budenheim -	- 2
Mayence -	- 2

Making 41¾ leagues from Cologne to Mayence, or about 125 English miles.

The distance from Rotterdam to Cologne is 79¾ leagues, and the total length of the Rhine from the source to the sea 303½ leagues.

STEAM-BOATS. — It is at Cologne that steam-boats again become interesting. There are two companies working from Cologne up and down the Rhine; the Steam Navigation Company of the Lower and Middle Rhine, established in 1838, under the name of the "Dusseldorf Company;" and the Rhenish Steam Navigation Cologne Company, established in 1827. The boats of the two companies are distinguishable by the chimneys of the Dusseldorf Company being painted white and black; those of the Rhenish Steam Navigation Company entirely black. These boats run to Mannheim. From Mannheim the Baden railroad is now open to Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, Baden-Baden, Kehl (Strasbourg), and Offenbourg, and will shortly be extended to Freiburg and to Basle.

The Dusseldorf Company's boats are — The Elberfeldt, Victoria, Kron-Prinz von Prussia, Gros Kerkzogin von Hessen, Stradt Bonn, Duke of Nassau, Gutenberg, &c.

FARES FROM COLOGNE BY BOTH COMPANIES.

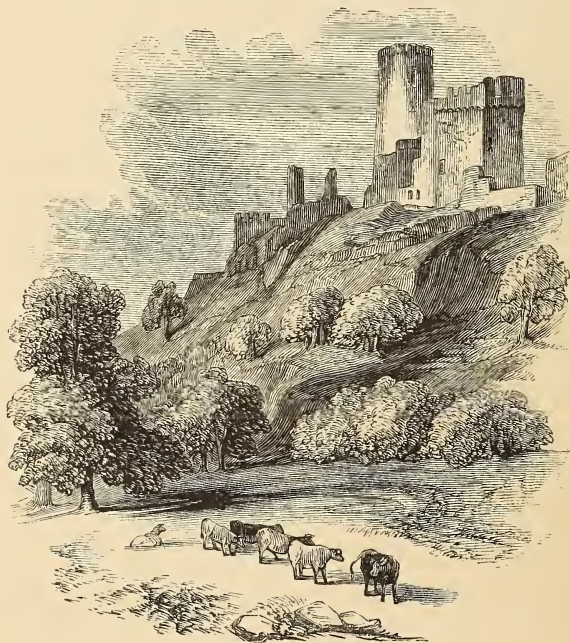
	Pavilion.		First Saloon.		Second Saloon.	
	fr.	c.	fr.	c.	fr.	c.
To Bonn -	2	50	1	75	—	90
Neuwied -	11	40	7	65	3	25
Coblentz -	13	15	8	75	3	75
Bingen -	21	90	14	65	6	50
Creuznach -	23	40	16	15	8	—
Riebrich -	24	75	16	50	7	40
Wiesbaden -	25	50	17	25	8	15
Mayence -	25	—	16	75	7	50
Gernsheim -	28	65	19	15	9	15
Darmstadt -	30	—	20	50	10	50
Mannheim -	32	75	21	90	11	—

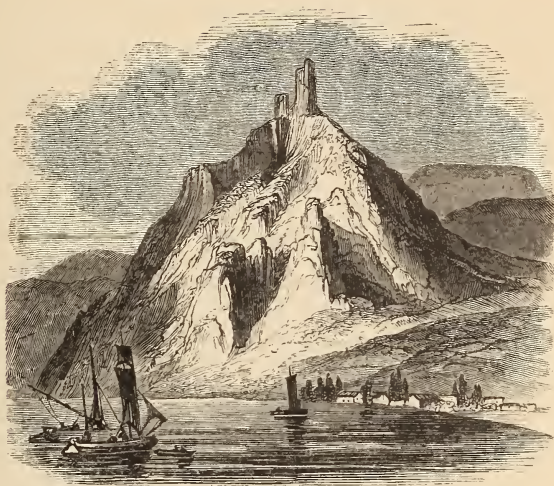
A company of five persons or under can hire the pavilion for their exclusive use, for which they have to pay seven times the pavilion fare;

and for every person above five, in addition, the fare in first cabin.

HISTORY. — Cologne was a bishopric in the year 314, and, in 799, was erected into an archbishopric by Charlemagne. In the ancient constitution of Germany, the archbishop assumed the title of Born Legate of the Holy See, and arch-chancellor of the sacred empire for Italy. He gave his vote after the Elector of Treves, and sat at the right hand of the emperor, at assemblies held in his own diocese, in Gaul, or in Italy. Cologne is situated, in the form of a crescent, on the banks of the Rhine, and is fortified; but its walls are in so decayed and tottering a state, that they are incapable of affording much defence. The whole of its length, along the river, is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The streets are narrow, winding, and gloomy, and most of the houses are very lofty and old; and yet this city is said to contain within its compass more churches, chapels, and monasteries,

than there are days in the year. The vessels that may be always seen in the port of Cologne are very numerous; the quay, more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile long, is generally crowded with vessels. Under the old police, if a Jew came into the city, he was accompanied by a guard during his stay, and obliged to pay a ducat for every hour of his continuance there. In the year 1618 the Protestants were also expelled; but some years after they obtained permission to return. The magistrates indeed gave them leave to erect a place of worship, which was destroyed by the infatuated mob as soon as it was finished. Near this city some pseudo-volcanic remains have been traced, which are thought to be such as are mentioned by Tacitus at the close of the 13th book of his Annals, the effects of subterranean fire which ravaged the country of the Juhones. N. lat. $50^{\circ} 55' 21''$. E. long. $6^{\circ} 55'$. The population at present is 80,000.





THE DRACHENFELS.

THE ROBBERS OF THE RHINE.

So soon as the Traveller has contented himself with his visit to Cologne, and is ready to proceed upon his way, he has choice of reaching Bonn "by Rhine or by railway." If he has a liking for his bed in the morning, the *chemin de fer* must be his choice, but if he possesses the happy power of rising early, he will then take his seat upon the deck of the steamer.

As the banks have yet but little interest, he may amuse himself by scanning the story of the marauders of this neighbourhood, whose exploits surprised all Europe.

The fullest and best account of the Robbers of the Rhine — the modern prototypes of the old freebooters,—was furnished, in 1833, by Mr. Leitch Ritchie, in his *Travelling Sketches*.

"Towards the close of the French Revolution," says the author of the Romance of French History, "the banks of the Rhine, and the surrounding country from Holland to Mainz, were the theatre of exploits as strange and wild, and the haunt of men as extraordinary, as any that are exhibited in history. The French laws were not yet in full operation in Belgium, nor the conflict of opinion and parties at an end. Every thing was in confusion. The very elements of society seemed to have been broken up and disorganized by the moral earthquake that had occurred. A lawless and reckless spirit pervaded all ranks of people, and made room, in individual cases, for the development of talents and energies that, under ordinary circumstances, would have continued to slumber in embryo.

"Energies so called up must, like spirits summoned by sorcery, be evil in their nature; and accordingly a reign of terror commenced, scarcely less extraordinary than the events of the Revolution itself. From Belgium a criminal could easily pass into Holland if pursued, or into the countries bordering the Rhine; and there the minute subdivisions of the Germanic Confederation, in which each petty prince maintained a jealous independence of the rest, rendered pursuit almost hopeless. The policy, therefore, of great criminals, in their choice of localities, will be easily comprehended.

"But, as the genius of individuals began to gather together the elements of lawless power, and unite the various little roving bands in one compact society, it was seen that the magnitude of the mass would force the alarmed governments into a league against them, and that thus their very strength would prove their destruction. How to obviate this difficulty was the question—how to increase rather than diminish their numbers, and to tighten rather than relax the bond of union, without presenting any tangible surface to the authorities; and, out of the speculations on this knotty point, there arose at length one of the most remarkable associations that are mentioned in history.

"The known and ostensible members of the band were diminished in number, rather than increased, by the new constitution. These, under the captainship of some individual raised to the post by his courage or talents, inhabited as their head-quarters an old castle or ruined mill; or pitched their wandering camp in the recesses of a forest. It was, in fact, easy to find a harbour capable of accommodating a much larger force, in times when so many country families had fled for refuge, from the horrors of war, to the more populous and protected towns. The roads between town and town were for the same reason comparatively deserted, except by travellers and merchants: and the villages cut off from all peaceable inter-communication.

"Having fixed upon a camp, or rendezvous, the next important step was to secure the safe passage of the bandits through the territory, by establishing every where a line of posts, affording succour and shelter in case of need. This was easily arranged by enlisting in the cause the more needy and desperate of the innkeepers and aubergistes. Some of these, in the country parts, had been left helpless and alone, like stranded barks, by the ebbing tide of population; and, as their profession at any rate is not suspected of predisposing strongly to honesty, they were found in general to enter *con amore* into the proposals that were made to them.

"In the slang of the robbers—a jargon compounded of Hebrew, High and Low German, and French—these places of refuge were called *Kochemer-beyes*, whether public-houses or not; and there a member when pursued was sure of protection and advice; and his address, or that of the band, was always to be procured by those who wanted it for a friendly purpose. To such perfection had this system been carried, that it is understood that a robber could travel from the farther extremity of Holland to the Danube, with the certainty of spending every night in the company, or under the protection, of friends.

"In numerous cases, also, the functionaries of police, from the magistrate down to the lowest officer, were in the pay of the band; and it was frequently observed that the anxiety of a robber, taken even in the fact, was at once dissipated, as if by a magic spell, on the name of the worthy being pronounced before whom he was about to be carried.

"Names, dress, character, complexion, and features, were changed with wonderful facility by these intelligent and industrious persons. Our Dutch merchant and German baron are specimens. As for the passports, they were managed entirely by the womankind, who had a great talent for business.

"The persons we have described, however, were few in number, perhaps not more than a dozen men and their families. Where, then, were the banditti who kept the country in terror?—who,

amidst the noise of fire-arms that was heard over half a province, carried villages, and even towns, by assault, and either plundered them of their moveable riches, or held them to ransom at the point of the sword? In the villages, in the towns themselves, in isolated farm-houses, in obscure or remote inns, were domiciled these mysterious freebooters. These were the body, and the former the soul; these the executive and the former the legislative power of this invisible state. The former were the chiefs and their immediate attendants; the latter the great mass of the band, distributed over the face of the country, inhabiting their own houses, working at their own trades or professions, yet ready, at a signal understood only by themselves, to vanish from their homes and families, and follow, wherever they were led, to the death.

"They were called Apprentices. They were bound to the society by the most tremendous oaths—which they were rarely tempted to break, well knowing that an invisible dagger hung over their heads, which was sure to descend even on a suspicion of their falsehood. A miserable wretch, who had been taken by the police, and securely lodged in a dungeon, once revealed, in the agonies of his terror, the rendezvous of his chief—the famous Picard. The next night, while reflecting in horror that, even by his treachery, he had probably been unable to save his life, he heard his name pronounced in a whisper; and, looking up, saw an arm passed between the iron bars of the window.

"Who art thou?" inquired the robber, trembling.

"Thy master—Picard; I have ventured my life, as in duty bound, to set thee at liberty!" In a few minutes his irons were sawed off, and one of the bars wrenched from the window-frame; and, following his conductor, he scaled the wall, and scented the free air of the neighbouring forest. The band were ready to receive them, drawn up in a semicircle, and standing under arms, in dead silence. Their delivered comrade was placed in the middle.

"*Schleichener!*" said the chief, addressing him with the slang epithet for traitor, "Didst thou imagine that the word of treason would be unheard by Picard because it was whispered in the depths of a dungeon? Die, coward, in thy guilt!"

"Mercy; mercy!" cried the wretch, as the pistol touched his ear—"Give me death, but let it be in battle! Lead me on this very night, were it to the attack of an army, and let me die upon the bayonets of the foe!"

"It must not be," said Picard, calmly, "thou art unworthy of the death of the brave. Comrades, shall the laws of the band be set aside in favour of a hound like this?"

"No!" growled the deep stern voice of the lieutenant; and the word was echoed, by some in cruelty, by many in dismay, till it died away like a prolonged groan in the forest. The white lips of the coward closed at the sound; and a bullet, passing through his brain at the same moment, quieted his fears for ever.

"Another story is told at Aix-la-Chapelle, which does not satisfy quite so well one's ideas of retributive justice. A fine young man of that city was enrolled as an apprentice by the ferocious Jikjak of Mersen, and awaited impatiently the commands of his chief, being desirous, not only of distinguishing himself in the career to which his follies had driven him, but of obtaining money enough to enable him to marry his sweetheart. It is not known whether his weakness was owing to love or wine, or both together; but, unhappily, he divulged, one evening, the secret of his destiny to the terrified girl; and, the next morning, he was called by Jikjak, in person, to accompany him in an expedition. The youth followed more in shame than fear; inwardly resolving to make up for his harmless treason by gaining that day a character for courage which should command the respect of the whole band."

"And yet, as he followed his mute and gloomy conductor, a misgiving, at times, came over him. There were numerous other apprentices, he knew, in Aix-la-Chapelle, and in the villages through

which they passed. What kind of enterprise, then, could the renowned chieftain contemplate, in which he desired the assistance of only a single unknown, untried individual? The young man shivered as they entered the black shade of a forest; but, when his conductor stopped suddenly at a newly-made pit resembling a grave, his knees knocked together, and the hair rose upon his head.

“ ‘Perjured traitor!’ said the chief. ‘Say thy pater-noster, for thou must die!’

“ ‘I deserve death,’ replied the apprentice, ‘yet try me once again! To-morrow the girl will be my wife, and we shall remove—far from her friends and acquaintance—wherever you command. Only try me! I am as brave as thou!’

“ ‘Thou hast broken the laws of the band, and therefore thou must die! Down on thy knees, down;’ and with one Herculean arm he bent him, by main force, to the earth; while with the other, he raised a hatchet above his head.

“ ‘Only hear me!—’

“ ‘Reprobate! Wilt thou die without a prayer?’ The youth submitted; and, by the time the word ‘Amen’ had fairly passed his lips, the iron was deep in his brain.

“The apprentices were evenly distributed over the country, and were prohibited from assembling, even at fairs, or on such casual occasions, in bodies of more than three or four. If they were seen by a chief in greater number, a significant sign commanded them instantly to disperse, and disobedience was sure to be followed by punishment. The same policy dictated the choice of distant scenes for their enterprises; and it was no uncommon thing for the citizens of Mainz to be visited by the banditti of the Lower Meuse, or for the Weser and the Elbe to be thrown into consternation by the roving bands of the Rhine.

“An important expedition was rarely undertaken except by the advice and agency of one of the Jewish spies, called *baldovers* in the slang of the freebooters. These persons no sooner became acquainted with the existence and locality of a booty than they opened negotiations with a robber-chief; and, if he came into their terms, which were usually exorbitant, made the necessary disclosures. An enterprise so conducted was sure to end in bloodshed and cruelty; for the Jew, in order to justify the extravagance of his demand, lied and cheated, as Jews have done habitually from the days of Jacob. The robbers, seduced by their avarice, were only too ready to believe the tale in its full extent; and their miserable victims paid in blood and torture the deficiency in their expected hoards. When the pillage was at length effected, the *baldover* usually offered to act also as the *scherfenspieler*, or receiver; and in this character bought the spoils—no doubt, a dead bargain. He thus made a double profit,—robbed the robbers, and spoiled the Egyptians twice.

“The assembling of the band for any great enterprise was conducted with the cautious policy which distinguished this remarkable society. The members were generally summoned by a confidential messenger, or perhaps the chief in person, and set out for the rendezvous, sometimes alone, but never in parties exceeding three or four. Each man’s mode of travelling was regulated by his usual habits, or by his wealth or grade in society. Some were on horseback, others in carriages, others on foot; and a few had the charge of bringing waggons for the transport of the booty. As the way was commonly long, and broken by forests and ravines, some place on the route, of sufficient notoriety to be known to the whole, was appointed, and there the successive groups of travellers began to look anxiously out for the *Kochemeresink*, or direction-signs left for their guidance by the leaders. These, placed at the cross-ways, were sometimes merely a line traced upon the road, which each party, passing, intersected with a shorter line; so that the travellers not only knew their route, but the number of friends who had preceded them. Sometimes, when more caution was necessary, a branch of a tree was thrown down, as if accidentally,

near the road, with the greater part of the foliage on the side which it was proper to take. In all their strategic measures, it will be seen that they calculated securely upon the absolute inviolability of their secret; and the examples we have given show on what grounds their confidence was built.

"Frequently, the journey was performed in the middle of the night, and a sign of recognition, therefore, was necessary, which did not depend upon the organs of vision. To whistle, the expedient of common thieves, would not only have been vulgar, but dangerous; inasmuch as the sound, when heard in the dark, is sure to call up a thousand cut-throat associations. The *Kochemloschen*, therefore, was invented, a shrill and lengthened cry; which the belated wayfarer, although no doubt startled by the sound rising from the brakes and thickets as he passed, would be more ready to set down as the voice of owls, or evil spirits, than the call of robbers.

"When all had, at length, reached the place of rendezvous, an inspection of arms took place, and the *schnelles*, alias pistols, were loaded. The words were then given which were to signify advance or retreat; torches were distributed, to be lighted instantaneously, at a particular signal; and the column moved on in profound silence.

"The captain marched at the head of his troop, armed, besides his other weapons, with a crow-bar, the baton of his office. After him was carried the *ram*, a classical engine, used for *battering* down doors and walls. It was usually a beam of timber a dozen feet long, but, when this was not to be come at easily, a finger-post from the road, or a cross from the church-yard, if heavy enough to answer the purpose, was an excellent substitute. Then came the subalterns, bearing the other tools of their trade, which they called *clamonos*; and, finally, the private gentlemen of the band, armed, like the rest, to the teeth. The faces of the whole were blackened, or otherwise disguised; partly to prevent the possibility of recognition, but principally to impress the attacked with the idea that the robbers were of the same neighbourhood—although, in reality, they had probably never before been within a dozen miles of the place.

"Arrived at the bourg, or village, in which, to simplify the affair, we shall suppose that a single house was to be the object of attack, some persons acquainted with the localities were sent to muffle the church-bell, and kidnap the watchmen. These 'guardians of the night' were very like the King Logs we have now exchanged in London for an infinitely worse nuisance: they slept themselves, and, on awaking, being indignant to find every body else asleep, roused the town by bawling the hour. Having tied up the watchmen in a bundle, and thrown them into a corner, the band marched openly upon the devoted house, surrounding it instantaneously with a cordon militaire.

"No summons was given to surrender, no notification made of the coming attack. A tremendous shout declared the presence and purpose of the enemy; their torches, lighted at the same instant, flared suddenly up like meteors in the night; and the ram was applied to the principal entrance in the midst of a volley of musketry. The firing was kept up without intermission, being now especially directed to the windows in which any light was visible; the astonished inmates, deprived of all presence of mind by the sudden noise and confusion, stood staring at one another in dismay; and the rest of the town, believing that nothing less than a pitched battle was in progress in the streets, barricaded their doors, extinguished their lights, and hid themselves in their cellars.

"The door at length yielded to the repeated blows of the ram, and the captain led the way into their land of Jewish promise. If any hesitation was evinced on the part of one of his followers, he turned round, and blew out his brains on the instant—such power being vested in him by the laws of the society. This military execution, however, was rarely necessary. Within grasp of their expected booty, the most timid became brave, and all rushed at once into the house, fighting their way, if the inmates had recovered their senses, and were in sufficient force to resist,

till they were in possession of the field. The victims—men, women, and children—were then bound hand and foot, and wrapped up in mats or carpets; the building was illuminated from the garret to the cellar; and the search for plunder commenced.

“Woe to the miserable wretches, if the promises of the *baldover* were not made good by the amount of booty! No oaths, no protestations, could convince the robbers that the deficient treasure existed only in the imagination of the scoundrel Jew. Deaf at once to reason and to mercy, the most horrible tortures, ending sometimes in death itself, were inflicted; and so completely did the passion take possession of their souls, that they looked almost with indifference upon their real gains, in the eagerness of their longings after more.

“When the booty was at length collected, packed, and ready to be transported, the captain called off his bloodhounds. If any of these were seriously wounded, they were placed on the shoulders of the rest: if an alarm of rescue was heard, they were slain;—on the principle that ‘dead men tell no tales.’ When the rescue actually came, the banditti retired in military order, and sometimes made good their retreat under the fire of regular troops. When unmolested, they fired a *feu de joie*, and began their march with fearful shouts and yells, waving their torches in the air; but, as soon as they had reached the place of rendezvous, the lights were simultaneously extinguished, their cries sunk into silence, and, separating into small groups, they vanished, like evil spirits in the night.”



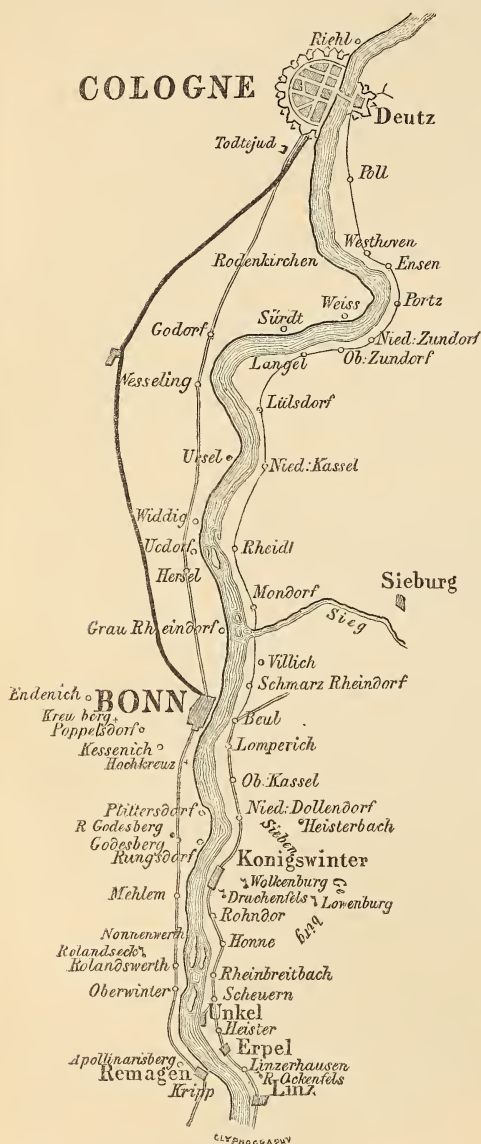
M A P
OF THE
BEAUTIES OF THE RHINE.

COLOGNE TO MAYENCE,

WITH NOTES OF REFERENCE.

On the evening before he leaves Cologne, the TRAVELLER will do well to scan well the Map of that portion of the Rhine which is best worth knowing. He can then arrange his plans, and decide at what points he will stop. Bonn should be the first, in order that he may visit the environs of that city; Coblentz the next, from whence he may, if he has time and inclination, make a voyage up the Moselle: above Coblentz, almost every spot at which the steamer touches is worth exploring, and certainly those who make the Rhine the object of their tour should see it thoroughly. For this purpose it is perhaps the best plan to pass up the river from Bonn to Mayence in the steamers, thus viewing the scenery from the deck, and on returning to forsake the vessel between Bingen and Coblentz, and travel along the banks.

MAP OF THE RHINE, FROM COLOGNE TO MAYENCE.



N. B. At all places marked *S. B.* are stations of the Cologne and Düsseldorf steamers.

COLOGNE (*Colonia Agrippina*), (*S. B.*) the largest town of the Prussian Rhenish provinces, is of Roman origin. It has 72,000 inhabitants, and has lately been made a fortress: its circumference is five English miles.

Curiosities.—The Cathedral, begun in 1247, continued until 1437. Its restoration commenced in 1827, and the foundation stone of the future works laid in 1842.—The Jesuit's Church and Library.—St. Ursula (bones of the 11,000 virgins).—St. Gereon.—The Apostles' Church.—St. Peter's Church.—St. Mary in the Capitol.—The Gürzenich.—The Town Hall.—The Walraff Museum (pictures, antiquities).—The modern buildings are, the Casino, the Government House, the Theatre, &c.—*Collections*, Haan, Baumeister, v. Geyr, Merlo, Zanolli, v. Herwegh, Kaatz, Essingh, Weyer, and Geerling.

Baths and Pump-rooms.—Artificial mineral water establishment, in the Botanical Garden. Cold, warm, and Russian baths, in No. 72. Schildergasse, and No. 19. Marzellenstrasse. Four Rhine baths.

Places of Amusement.—Deutz; Belle Vue, on the tower; Rhine-Aue; Bayen House; Brühl; Bensberg; the Abbey Altenberg, now rebuilding.

Inns on the Rhine.—The König-

liche Hof, Kölner Hof, Hollaendische Hof, Rhineberg, Russische Hof, Rheinische Hof: in the town, the Kaiserliche Hof, Maintzer Hof, Dom Hotel, and the Germanische Hof.

Steam Boats, &c.—Three companies send their boats several times daily up and down the Rhine; a railroad to Aix; the Post House is one of the most extensive in Prussia.

DEUTZ,—opposite to and united with Cologne by a bridge of boats, is also fortified, and has 3000 inhabitants. The cavalry workshops are worth seeing. The Hôtel de Belle Vue has a garden, is a good inn, and is much frequented as a place of recreation.

WESSLINGEN (*S.B.*)—A large village, of 940 inhabitants, near which is the small town Bruhl, with 2000 inhabitants, and a beautiful castle.

BONN (*S.B.*)—University, of Roman origin, Bonna or Bonnensia Castra, with 15,000 inhabitants, without the students (800).—*Curiosities.*—The Minster, built in the 13th century.—The University, and its paintings in fresco.—The Sternwarte.—The Alte Zoll.—Beethoven's birth-place, Bonngasse, No. 815.—*Public Walks.*—Poppelsdorf, Endenich, Roisdorf.—*Inns.*—The Stern (Star), Trierscher Hof (Hôtel de Trèves), the Kölnische Hof, the Maintzer Hof, the Rheinische Hof, the Alte Keller, and Hôtel de Belle Vue.

PLITTERSDORF (*S.B.*)—A small village, and station for travellers by steam to Godesberg.

GODESBERG.—A cheerful village, with its castle, a splendid ruin. Near it the Draitscher Brunnen, with pump-rooms and inns. Above Godesberg is the Hochkreuz, a Gothic monument.

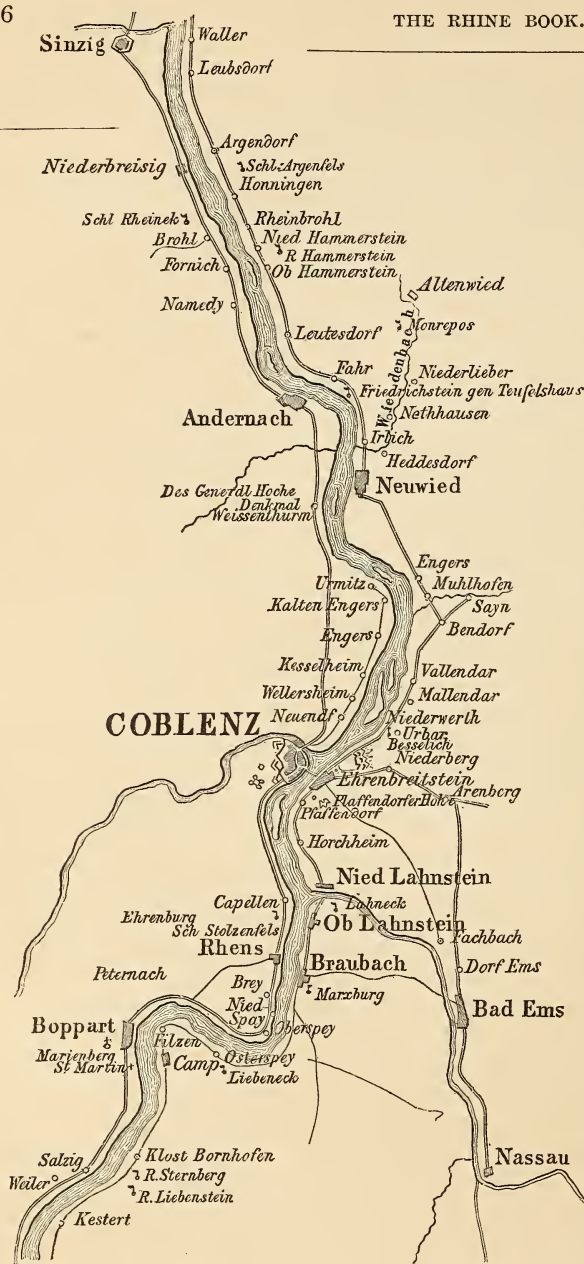
NIEDER DOLLENDORF.—A small village, near which are the ruins of the Abbey of Heisterbach, of the twelfth century.

KÖNIGSWINTER (*S.B.*), a small town at the foot of the Drachenfels. Of the Siebengebirge, or Seven Mountains, the Löwenberg is 1896, the Oelberg 1836, the Wolkenburg 1842, the Drachenfels 1056 feet high. The latter is the most interesting. Its summit is crowned with ruins, and commands a magnificent view. On the Drachenfels is a good inn.

ROLANDSECK and NONNENWERTH (*S.B.*), with the Seven Mountains, form one of the finest points on the Rhine. The ruins of Rolandseck have recently been restored, and the ancient convent Nonnenwerth converted into an inn. With these two points is linked the famous tradition of Roland's love.

APPOLINARISBERG.—Formerly a provostship; the church has lately been rebuilt in the pointed arch style, at the expense of Count Fürstenberg, after the plan of Mr. Zwirner, the present architect of the Cologne Cathedral.

REMAGEN (*S.B.*)—The Rigomagum of the Romans, a small but very ancient town of 1700 inhabitants, with a curiously carved gateway near the parsonage,



and a church in the Byzantine style. Near this place is the mouth of the Ahr, and its romantic valley.

LINTZ (S.B.)—A small but very industrious town, of 2400 inhabitants; close by are Linzerhausen, and the ruins of Okkenfels.

SINZIG (lat. Senti-acum).—Originally a Roman castle, afterwards a free Reichstadt, with 1600 inhabitants. The church is remarkable, and contains a painting which commemorates the victory gained by Constantine over Maxentius.

BROHL.—Near this are stone quarries, and a very singular volcanic ravine. From here the road leads to the Lake and Abbey of Laach, and to the tomb of St. Genovefa.

CASTLE REINECK has been rebuilt by its owner, Professor Bethmann-Hollweg; the barbican alone is ancient. Splendid decorations, and a noble view, invite the

traveller to enter. The steam-boats start from the village Niedrig Breisig (*S.B.*).

HAMMERSTEIN.—A total ruin. Here Henry IV. reposed while escaping from the hands of his son, in 1105.

ANDERNACH (*Antunacum, Antoniacum, S.B.*)—A Roman castle. The architectural remains of the middle ages, the rampart and gates are remarkable: 3100 inhabitants.

TEUFELSHAUS.—Properly Friedrichstein; the ruin of a castle begun in the 17th century, and never finished.

NEUWIED (*S.B.*)—A cheerful modern town of 6400 inhabitants, in the principality of Wied. Here all persuasions live in harmony. The Moravians live in community. The palace contains a collection of natural curiosities and Roman antiquities. Opposite is

WEISSENTHURM.—Of historical note, as the spot where the French crossed the Rhine in 1797, and the monument erected to General Hoche.

ENGERS (*S.B.*)—A hamlet of 900 inhabitants. The palace, garden, and park are worth visiting.

SAIN (two miles from the Rhine). Here is an old castle with handsome grounds, the ironfoundry, and near it the Abbey of Romersdorf.

COBLENTZ (*S.B.*)—Once a Roman fort (*Confluentes*), at the mouth of the Moselle, is fortified, and has 15,000 inhabitants. *Curiosities.*—The Church of St. Kastor, the Kastorbrunnen, the Church of St. Florian, and of Nôtre Dame, the Ordenshaus, the Moselle Bridge, the Palace, and Clemens Square. *Collections.*—The Town Picture Gallery, the Town Library, Van der Meulen, Diez, Bohl, v. Lassaulx, Lasinsky, &c. *Inns.*—On the Rhine, the Riese (Giant), Belle Vue, Trois Suisses, the Pariser Hof, the Rheinberg. In the town, the Trierische Hof, the Kölnische Hof, the Wild Boar. *Conveyances.*—The Rhine steam-boats run several times daily up and down; the Moselle steam-boats daily: to Ems there are coaches almost every hour in summer.

THAL EHRENBREITSTEIN, 2800 inhabitants, at the foot of the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which is built upon a rock 400 feet high, and has long been considered impregnable. It was destroyed by the French at the peace of Luneville, and was begun to be rebuilt in 1816. The labour of ascending it is rewarded by a most magnificent view.

From COLOGNE to MAYENCE the Rhine becomes narrower, and castles, ruins, and villages follow in rich succession as far as Bingen, where the Rheingau begins. There is but space for slight notice of them in this part of the Volume.

HAMMERSTEIN is the last Prussian village on the right bank of the river.

NIEDERLAHNSTEIN, with St. John's Church, is on the mouth of the Lahn; from here to Mayence the right bank belongs to the duchy of Nassau.

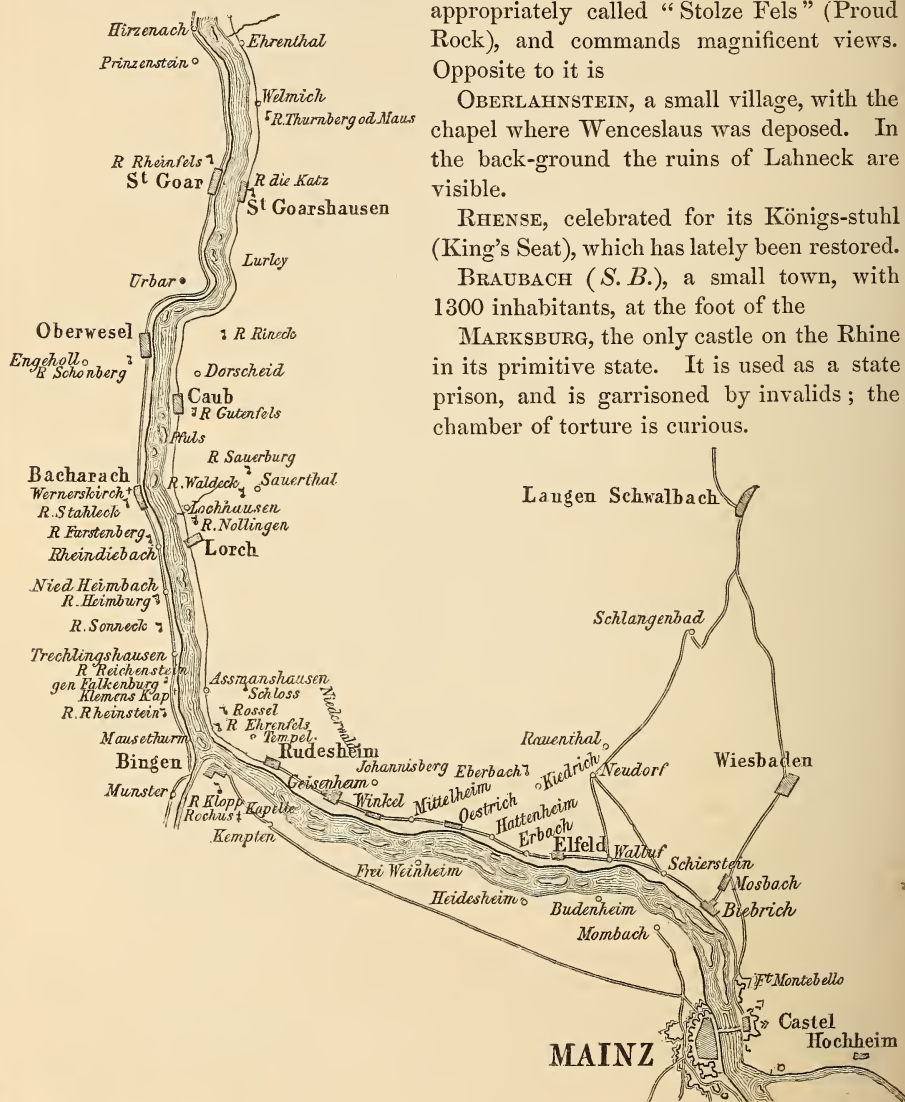
STOLZENFELS, one of the proudest ornaments of the Rhine. This castle was destroyed in 1685, but has been rebuilt by King Frederic William IV. It is appropriately called "Stolze Fels" (Proud Rock), and commands magnificent views. Opposite to it is

OBERLAHNSTEIN, a small village, with the chapel where Wenceslaus was deposed. In the back-ground the ruins of Lahneck are visible.

RHENSE, celebrated for its Königs-stuhl (King's Seat), which has lately been restored.

BRAUBACH (*S. B.*), a small town, with 1300 inhabitants, at the foot of the

MARKSBURG, the only castle on the Rhine in its primitive state. It is used as a state prison, and is garrisoned by invalids; the chamber of torture is curious.



At NIEDERSPEY, PETERSPEY, and OSTERSPEY, the Rhine makes a great bend, which continues as far as

BOPPART (*S. B.*), a small town of Roman origin, with 3500 inhabitants, and surrounded with walls. The Pfarrkirche, the Tempelhof, and the ancient convent of Marienberg, are worthy of notice.

BORNHOFEN has a convent, and lies at the foot of the two ruins

STERNENBERG and LIEBENSTEIN, also called the Brothers; they are interesting from their position, and the story connected with them.

WELMICH, with 450 inhabitants, and a fine church tower, lies at the foot of the

RUINS OF THURNBERG: it was built in 1563, and the walls are still entire. It was also called "the Mouse," in contrast to another, "the Cat," near St. Goarshausen.

St. Goar (*S. B.*), a small town, with 1300 inhabitants, lying in the midst of the glories of the Rhine, is peculiarly adapted for a halting-place. The Catholic Church, St. Goar, and the Evangelical Church, are worthy of notice, and the

FORTRESS OF RHEINFELS, the most extensive ruin on the Rhine, built in 1245. In 1255 and in 1692 it was in vain besieged, but in 1797 it was abandoned without an effort to the French, who destroyed it.

ST. GOARSHAUSEN, opposite St. Goar, forms the entrance to the beautiful Schweitzer-Thal. On the hill are the

RUINS OF KATZ (Cat), properly Katzenellenbogen, destroyed by the French in 1806.

The LURLEIFELSEN, celebrated for its traditions, and remarkable echo. Near it are the Seven Rocks in the Rhine, called also the Seven Virgins.

OBERWESEL (*S. B.*) has 2300 inhabitants, and is of Roman origin. The Liebfrauen Church, Martin's Church, and Werner's Chapel, are worthy of notice. Near it arise the

RUINS OF SCHÖNBERG, or Schomburg.

CAUB (*S. B.*) has 1500 inhabitants, and is the point where Blücher in 1814, on New Year's Eve, crossed the Rhine. Over Caub is the

RUIN OF GUTENFELS, said by tradition to be so named after the fair Guda, beloved by Richard of Cornwall. In the Rhine lies

The PFALZ, built in 1326, probably for a toll-house. According to tradition the Palatine countesses, and even the German empresses, for safety here awaited their accouchements. A sketch of it is given on page 1.

BACHARACH (*S. B.*), an ancient town, with 1700 inhabitants, is still provided with walls and twelve towers. The Gothic church of St. Werner is peculiarly worthy of notice. Above the town, on a hill, lies the

RUIN OF STAHLECK, eight times besieged and taken in the Thirty Years' War, and totally destroyed during the reign of Louis XIV.

LORCH (*S. B.*), 1800 inhabitants, at the mouth of the Wisper, in the entrance to the romantic Sauerthal. The church is the most ancient on the Rhine, and was built in the ninth century. Here are situated on one side the

RUINS OF ROLLINGEN, and on the other the

RUINS OF FÜRSTENECK.

The RUINS of HEIMBURG, destroyed in 1282 by the Emperor Rudolph, are followed by the Ruins of Sonneck, Falkenberg, and Clemen's Chapel : then comes

RHEINSTEIN, or VAUTSBERG, rebuilt and furnished with a collection of military equipments, and objects of art, by the King of Prussia. Opposite lies

ASSMANSHAUSEN, celebrated for its excellent red wine, and is the halting-place for ascending the

NIEDERWALD, so celebrated for its noble prospect. On this hill lies the Ruins of Ehrenfels, also the Temple, and the Rossel. In the Rhine lies

The MÄUSETHURM (the Mouse Tower), to indicate a point of the Bingerloch, once so dangerous to navigators, but at present rendered safe. With this tower are connected the traditions of Bishop Hatto and the Seven Watchmen.

BINGEN (*S. B.*), 5000 inhabitants, at the mouth of the Nahe, one of the glories of the Rhine ; forms the boundary between Prussia and Hessen-Darmstadt. A visit to Rochusberg, Rupertsberg, Elisenhöhe, and the Ruins of Klopp, is well repaid. An excursion to the charming Nahethal must delight the tourist.

RÜDESHEIM, opposite Bingen, with 2400 inhabitants, is celebrated for its wines.

The RUINS of BRÖMSERBURG, a castle of the 11th century, and lately fitted up in a cheerful style by the Countess of Ingelheim. With it is connected the tradition of Gisela. Close by is the Boosenburg, and at no great distance the ancient convent, Noth Gottes.

GEISENHEIM (*S. B.*), a cheerful town of 2500 inhabitants, with handsome country houses, and a church of the 15th century, with a modern tower. An interesting collection of painted glass belonging to the Freiherr v. Zwierlein. Near this is the

JOHANNISBERG CASTLE, celebrated for its wine. It was erected in 1106 as a convent, and came, after varied destinies, into possession of Prince Metternich in 1816. The internal arrangements are splendid, without being overcharged ; the prospect charming. In the church is a monument to Nicholas Vogt.

In MITTELHEIM is an ancient and remarkable church, built in 1140. Here at short distances are seen the village of Oestrich (*S. B.*), and of Hattenheim, with the splendid property called Schloss Reichartshausen, belonging to Count Schönborn ; and on the left bank is observed

NIEDER-INGELHEIM, with 2000 inhabitants, and scanty remains of the gorgeous Imperial Palace of Charlemagne. The tomb, also, of Hildegardis. Opposite is

ERBACH, and the Markobrunn Hills, celebrated for their wine.

KIDRICH. The Church and Michael's Chapel are Gothic monuments of the 15th and 16th centuries.

ELLFELD (Eltwill, *S. B.*), 2000 inhabitants. A castle with Gothic watch tower. Fine villas, and a collection of pictures belonging to Count Elz.

NIEDER-WALLUFF (*S. B.*), with 800 inhabitants, and nice country houses. Near by the village Schierstein, 1000 inhabitants. The collection of antiquities and paintings belonging to the Archivist Habel is interesting.

BIEBERICH (*S. B.*) has 3000 inhabitants, and was formerly the residence of the Duke of Nassau. The palace is tastefully and richly fitted up, and the gardens are very pleasant. A railroad to Wiesbaden.

MAYENCE (*S. B.* Moguntia), the principal town of the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, opposite the junction of the Main with the Rhine; has 36,000 inhabitants; is the chief fortress of the German Confederation, and has a Prussian and Austrian garrison. It is of Roman origin. It is an important place of trade, and renowned for the discovery of the art of printing. *Remarkable objects.*—The Cathedral, six times burnt down, is restored, and contains the tombs of Fastrade and Henr. Frauenlob: St. Stephen's Church, with its lofty tower: St. Ignatius, St. Peter, and St. Emmeran. The old and new Palaces, the Arsenal, the Palace of Justice, the Library, and Gutemburg's Monument. *Public Walks.*—The Neue Anlage, the Eichelstein, the Wasserleitung, the Rhine Bridge. *Inns.*—The Rheinische, the Holländische, the European, and Hessische Hof, the Queen Victoria, the Stadt Mannheim, and Stadt Maintz, &c.

CASTELL (2000 inhabitants) is opposite to and united with Mayence by a bridge of boats, and is fortified. Here is the station of the Taunus railroad to Wiesbaden and Frankfort.



BONN AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

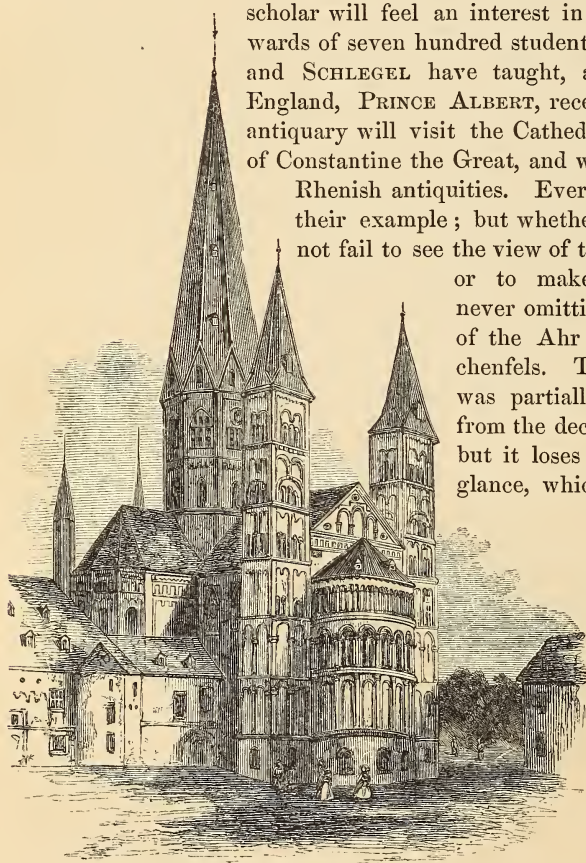
THE city of Bonn has the honour of being the birth-place of Beethoven, who first saw the light on the seventeenth of December, 1770. One of the three great German musicians of modern time, the townsmen are naturally proud of his name and memory, although the *maestro* deserted his native place early in life to make his home at Vienna. The musician will linger about the house, Bonngasse, No. 815, where Beethoven was born and spent his youthful days, and where he conned his first lessons

in the divine science he was destined to advance. The scholar will feel an interest in the University, where upwards of seven hundred students are busy, where NIEBUHR and SCHLEGEL have taught, and the Prince Consort of England, PRINCE ALBERT, received his education. The antiquary will visit the Cathedral, founded by the mother of Constantine the Great, and will inspect the Museum of Rhenish antiquities. Every traveller may well follow their example; but whether he does or not, he must not fail to see the view of the Rhine from the ramparts,

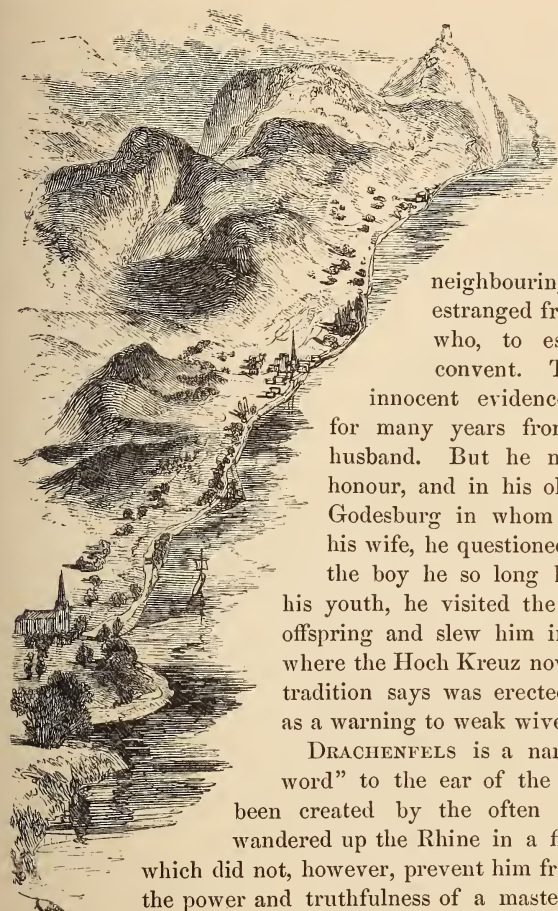
or to make excursions round Bonn, never omitting a ramble to the valley of the Ahr; and another to the Drachenfels. The scene from the ramparts was partially anticipated by the tourist from the deck before Bonn was reached; but it loses none of its interest by that glance, which gives only a foretaste of what the Traveller has before him. A walk through the wood to the summit of the Kreutzberg is repaid by a charming prospect, including the outlines of the Sieben-gebergen — the Seven Mountains.

These hills of lava and basalt have their tale of faithlessness, jealousy, and revenge.

Stimulated by religious



BONN CATHEDRAL



however, is unfaithful. Unhappily, the "peasant girls with deep blue eyes" are seen toiling through the heaviest labours of husbandry, instead of finding leisure for the more poetical employment of gathering or offering "early flowers."

zeal, the lord of a castle on the Seven Mountains enlisted in the ranks of the Crusaders, and fought gallantly in the van of those who sought to place the cross upon the walls of the Holy City. After long years of absence he returned, to find that a neighbouring chieftain had in his absence estranged from him the faith of his lady, who, to escape his wrath, fled to a convent. The seducer escaped, and the innocent evidence of infidelity was secreted for many years from the sight of the injured husband. But he nursed his sense of wounded honour, and in his old age meeting a youth near Godesburg in whom he recognised a likeness to his wife, he questioned him, and finding that it was the boy he so long had sought, without pity for his youth, he visited the sin of the mother upon her offspring and slew him in the high road, on the spot where the Hoch Kreuz now stands—a monument which tradition says was erected to hold the deed in memory as a warning to weak wives and faithless friends.

DRACHENFELS is a name familiar "as a household word" to the ear of the Englishman. This fame has been created by the often quoted lines of Byron, who wandered up the Rhine in a fit of poetry and indigestion, which did not, however, prevent him from painting the scenery with the power and truthfulness of a master. One part of his picture,

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells,
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.



ROLANDSECK.



lived a life of perfect joy ;—now gazing with Hilda upon the windings of the Rhine ; now watching her as she stooped gracefully to tend the flowers which peace allowed to flourish under the walls of her father's abode ; now wandering with his arm round the taper waist of his affianced bride, talking of the happiness in store for them.

But Roland lived in times when love was but the bright, transient episode of a life of war. The laws of chivalry forbade a true knight's neglect of duty, and in

And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of
gray,
And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;
But one thing want these banks of
Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round :
The haughtiest breast its wish might
bound
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

ROLANDSECK has a fine view and a legend, which it enjoys in common with THE CONVENT ON THE ISLAND OF NONNENWERTH.

The glory of the lists and the admiration of the fair dames and maidens who gazed upon the contests of chivalry, the youthful Roland had nought to desire but the love of some fair being whose beauty and whose virtues could deserve and retain the heart of so brave and gallant a young knight. Nor did he look long round about in vain, for Hilda, the daughter of the lord of the Drachenfels, was all that dreams had pictured to his youthful fancy as worthy of an ardent soul's devotion ; and soon he was made happy by a confession from the maiden that his passion was returned. Lost in a dream of first love, the knight forgot the world and its struggles, and in the expectation of an early day for his wedding with his mistress, he had no care for the morrow, but

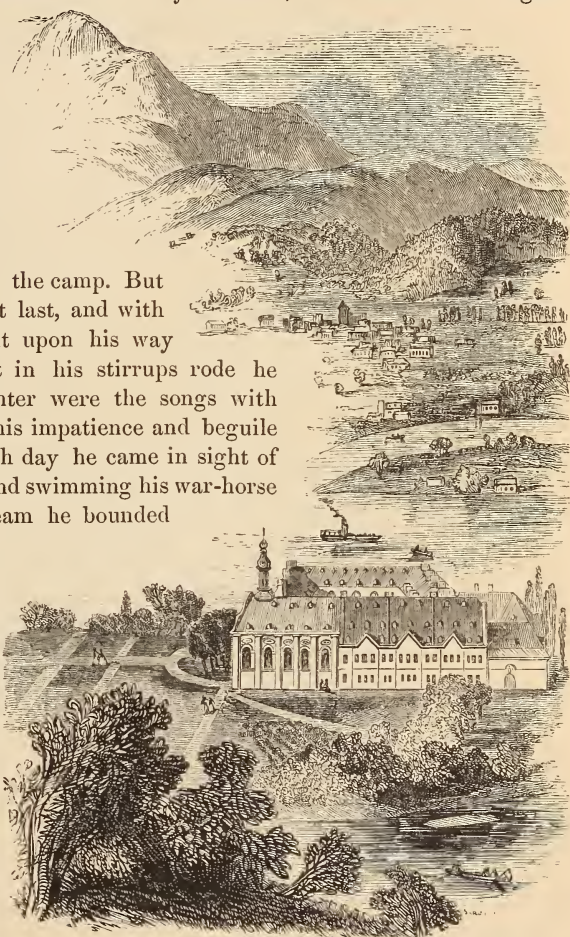
the week he was to be wedded, the fatal summons came to call him to his post in the field. The struggle was bitter, but short. "You would love me less, dear Hilda, if you knew me recreant even for your sake;" and with bitter regrets cheered by hope of a speedy return, he left his mistress in her home on the Drachenfels.

The war was long, for the enemy was brave and the forces were nearly equal, and it was not for three years that the laws of honour would allow Roland to leave the camp. But the long-sought day came at last, and with a bounding heart he set out upon his way back to the Rhine. Light in his stirrups rode he that journey, and still lighter were the songs with which he strove to temper his impatience and beguile his way. Late on the fourth day he came in sight of the home of his ladye-love, and swimming his war-horse boldly across the rapid stream he bounded on foot up the steep.

Frightful was the welcome he received. The castle was in ruins; its lord was slain; and Hilda, deceived by reports of Roland's death, had taken the veil in the neighbouring convent of Nonnenwerth!

Over the bright path of the young knight a dark and lasting shadow was cast. His early hopes were broken—the joy of his existence had fled—his spirit bent

beneath the weight of his evil fortune. But his faith and constancy were beyond the control of Fate. Retiring to his castle of Rolandseck he made himself a resting-place before a window from which he could look down upon the island of Nonnenwerth and the convent that held in the chains of the church his beloved



THE CONVENT ON THE ISLAND OF NONNENWERTH.

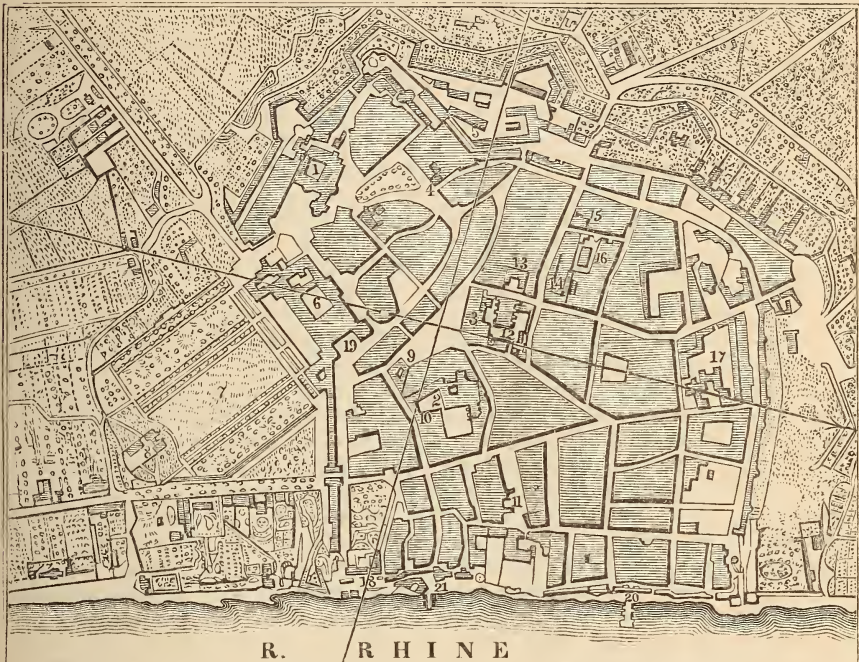
Hilda. Whether she heard of his return, tradition does not say, but such constancy did perhaps waft its rumour through the jealous watchfulness of a nunnery wall. Be that as it may, it is chronicled that, after Roland's watch had been for three years prolonged, he heard one evening the tones of the bell that tolled for a passing soul, and next day the white figures of the nuns were seen bearing a sister to her last home.

Roland *felt* that it was Hilda's funeral, and when his servants, alarmed by his watch being prolonged deep into the night, came to urge his retirement to rest, they saw his eyes were fixed on Hilda's grave *in death*:—a smile brightening his features, as though his spirit's last influence upon his frame had left a happy anticipation of the meeting of two kindred souls in those realms of immortality where "all that is of earth, earthy" has no leave to enter.

NOTE. — In reference to the Valley of the *Ahr*, (another excursion in this locality,) it may be well to quote a passage from a clever letter by one of the Travelling Correspondents of the *Athenæum*:—

"I have already pointed out one or two by-ways in the Rhine-land worth exploring, and, at least, a word of notice for the benefit of future tourists, sketchers, &c. The latter, in particular, will have reason to thank you if you further direct them to the Ahr valley—a passage of scenery greatly in favour among the Dutch, but which the English seem hardly ever to reach, if one may judge by the names in the *Fremden-buch* of that best of all country inns, the Sternat Ahrweiler. There can be nothing of its kind more striking and original than the view from the castle, which is the closing point of the excursion at Altenahr—a splendid fragment of ruin, triumphing upon a scarcely accessible crag, at the foot of which the clear stream wanders in the most capricious sinuosities. The heap of stones which was Saffenburg is perched on an eyrie little less imposing from its height, and peculiar from the windings of the stream. Ahrweiler, too, is beautifully situated; and besides the attraction of capital sleeping quarters which it offers in the inn aforesaid, the architect would find no worthless subject for his meditations in the church, by the early mass in which he will possibly be waked at five o'clock A.M., or thereabouts, if not worn out by his ramble. The tower is in the Romanesque style; eight-sided, and singularly harmonious in its proportions. *Apropos* of this same tower, I have wondered again and again, during the last fortnight, to see how strangely the German architects of our own day overlook their own models—at best, how infelicitously they copy them. It would be hard, I suspect, to find a good new building in this simple and most effective style of architecture. Nor has it hitherto been, apparently, much affected in this district, if we except Professor Bethman Hollweg's show-box at Rheineck, where the forms and arrangements which, without force of language, are, beyond all others, mystically ecclesiastic, have been pressed into the service of modern domestic luxury. The twin spires of the church at Geissenheim, an object of much admiration, are a minikin attempt at the spire of Strasburg Minster. The chapel recently patched on to the princely castle of the Rheinstein, is as frivolous and *piccolo* as if it had been modelled for a *presse papier*, or the cotton-box of one of the indefatigable tapestry-working *fräulein* with whom the land abounds. Little less felicitous appears to me the eking-out and substitutions at the Stolzenfels. Nor is it captious to call attention to these, since the mania for building in critical situations seems spreading. We hear that Godesberg is to be repaired, and put in habitable order; and that the Katz above St. Goarshausen has found a purchaser bent upon its beautification."

INTERCHAPTER FOR THE TRAVELLER.



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|-----------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. CATHEDRAL. | 9. TOWN HALL. | 17. CATALYT BARRACAS. |
| 2. CHURCH OF THE MINORITES. | 10. POLICE OFFICE. | 18. MINE OFFICE. |
| 3. CHURCH OF THE JESUITS. | 11. THEATRE. | 19. EVANGELICAL CHURCH. |
| 4. POST OFFICE. | 12. TRIBUNAL. | 20. LANDING PLACE OF COLOGNE COM- |
| 5. BARRACAS. | 13. GYMNASIUM. | PANY'S STEAMERS. |
| 6. UNIVERSITY. | 14. ROYAL POST OFFICE. | 21. LANDING PLACE OF DUSSELDORFF |
| 7. PROMENADE. | 15. HOSPITAL OF ST JAMES. | COMPANY'S STEAMERS. |
| 8. SCHOOL OF ANATOMY. | 16. HOUSE OF CORRECTION | |

BONN.

HOTELS.

The Star Hotel, by M. Schmitz.
 Treves Hotel.
 Grand Hotel Royal.
 Hotel Belle Vue.

CHIEF THINGS TO BE SEEN IN BONN.

The University, formerly the Palace of the Archbishop of Cologne. Prince Albert was educated here.

The Frescoes in the Hall of the University,

executed by the pupils of Cornelius, and representing the four learned Faculties— Theology, Philosophy, Jurisprudence, and Medicine.

The Museum of Poppelsdorf.
 The Munster Church.
 The Statue of Beethoven.

The neighbourhood of Bonn has several spots worthy a visit, particularly Godesburg, Nonnenwerth, the Drachenfels, Rolandseck, and the Valley of the Ahr.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BONN,

being the chief point of interest in the place, some particulars of the institution, condensed from a volume on the subject by a "Member of the Middle Temple," may find place here. This learned corporation (of which the King of Prussia is the great patron) consists of,

1st. Professors appointed and paid by the government, and who are called Professors in ordinary.

2dly. Of Extraordinary professors, also appointed by the government,—some receiving salaries, and others not. The number of paid professors at present in the University is fifty-seven. Superadded to these are probationary instructors, academically called *Privatim Doctes*, who get no salaries until qualified by their standing to become paid professors. Both classes of government instructors—professors in ordinary and professors extraordinary—are permitted to deliver lectures in each and all of the four Faculties, provided they shall have proved, upon examination, that they have a sufficient knowledge of the subject or subjects upon which they propose to give what are called "explications." As an indispensable qualification, before they are permitted to receive pupils in private, the instructors composing the class of *Privatim Doctes* must have either the degree of Doctor or be Licentiates, and must also show that they had finished their studies two years previously. In the two Faculties of Jurisprudence and Medicine, the *Privatim Doctes* are obliged to confine themselves to lectures, the object of which is merely to ascertain whether the students have acquired such knowledge as will qualify them for examination, preparatory to their appearing as candidates for degrees, and if not, to assist them in attaining it. These lectures, according to the plan upon which they are delivered, are called "*Examinatoria* and *Repetitoria*." The *Privatim Doctes*, deriving no emolument from the State, are only probationers, as has been already observed, but there are paid assistants of the several Faculties, who, as well as the professors, are included under the second head.

The other component academical bodies are—

3dly. All matriculated students.

4thly. All official persons belonging to the University, such as the secretary, bedel, questor, &c.

Supreme Authority.—This is vested in the Minister of Public Worship at Berlin, but practically delegated to the Curator, as first resident officer under the government, and acting co-ordinately with the academical senate, composed of professors, with the Rector at their head, and assisted by a judge appointed by the crown.

On the 18th of October of each year, being the anniversary of the inauguration of the University, the rector's term of office expires, and a new one is appointed. The Rector is the officer next in rank to the Curator, and his title is "His Magnificence," the Latin adjective being *Magnificus*, the term always applied to him.

The Senate.—The academical senate is composed of twelve persons—viz.

1st. The rector, who presides over all its deliberations, as next in rank to the curator.

2d. The rector of the preceding year.

3d. Five deans, one of whom belongs to the Faculty of Roman Catholic theology.

4th. Four professors who are not deans.

5th. The judge appointed by the crown.

Faculties.—For the different sciences there are different faculties, which form a corporation distinct from that of the University, but directly as well as indirectly dependent upon it. Of this internal corporation the Dean is the chief officer. He is allowed, under the authority of the University, to confer all degrees except the highest, that of doctor. In the faculties of theology and jurisprudence he may confer the degree of licentiate; and in the faculty of philosophy, that of master.

Every faculty is obliged to arrange its course of lectures upon every science appertaining to it, in such a manner as that the student may be enabled to go through the whole science within the term of three years. The Dean has charge of the register of his faculty, as also of all letters and papers officially addressed to

him, and is at liberty to originate discussions upon them, if necessary. Besides the power of conferring degrees under the rank of doctor, it rests with him either to permit or not allow applicants to give instruction as *Privatim Doctores*; but in either case he is responsible to the University for the exercise of this discretionary power. He is also responsible for the system upon which all young persons in his faculty pursue their studies, as well as for their academical conduct, so far as regards attention or neglect, but nothing more. In all other respects the student may do as he pleases, without any responsibility attaching to the Dean.

Faculty of Philosophy. — This far transcends all the others, in the estimation of the learned, not only here, but all over Germany, and is considered to be of the very highest importance. There is not a single subject connected with art or science into which it does not enter; though, as has been before stated, some subjects are not brought systematically within its compass. The lectures of this faculty are much more numerous attended than those of any of the others, and hence the necessity of there being so large a number of learned persons to deliver them as eighteen qualified professors. These, with only two exceptions, discourse indiscriminately upon every branch of science according to the circumstances of the occasion, and evince consummate ability in all.

Of the eighteen there are two who are professors of Philosophy, properly so called in its more limited sense, and who confine themselves to that branch exclusively, except in one particular instance. They are bound to give, in turn, special lectures on the philosophy of religion; and in order that opposite systems may be equally represented upon this most important of all subjects, one is of the Protestant, and the other of the Roman Catholic faculty of theology. The University, as a body, does not give a preference to either, or countenance the one more than the other in the slightest respect. At the present moment both chairs are filled by two very celebrated men in their respective departments. These are, Dr. Brandis, on the

Protestant side, and Dr. Clemens, who represents the Roman Catholic faculty: the former so well and favourably known to the learned for his History of Philosophy; and the latter raised to great eminence in the estimation, not only of profound scholars of his own persuasion, but also in that of persons who totally differ from them. He is quite a young man.

The professors filling other chairs which belong to the faculty of philosophy lecture on the following subjects: —

Mathematics and astronomy.

Classics, with philology and archaeology.

Oriental literature and languages.

Modern oratory and literature.

History, and all subjects connected with it.

Physics.

Chemistry.

Natural history and zoology.

Botany.

Mineralogy.

Politics and statesmanship.

Technology and economy.

The lecturer upon politics and statesmanship is Professor Dahlmann, whose expulsion from the University of Göttingen made so much noise at the time. His position here has considerably enhanced the reputation he had previously acquired.

Besides the University itself there are three other buildings within a very short distance of it, in which public lectures are delivered, principally upon professional and scientific subjects. These are, the School of Anatomy, the Observatory, and the Chateau of Popplesdorf; the latter, a splendid structure in a most beautiful situation, at the upper end of a noble avenue with double rows of trees on each side, and terminating one of the finest vistas which it is possible to behold. The three buildings, as well as the grounds appertaining to them, including the invaluable Botanical Garden of Popplesdorf, are the property of the University. In the latter there are seventeen lecture-rooms, of different sizes, some on the ground-floor, and others on the one above it; the smallest is capable of accommodating fifty persons, and

the largest three hundred. In the same building spacious and suitable apartments are also appropriated to the following purposes:—clinical lectures, hospital for clinical patients, library, museum for Roman antiquities discovered on the Rhine, museum for Greek antiquities, obstetric room (lying-in hospital) for pauper patients, Lutheran church (in this divine service is also performed according to the rites of the Church of England). To the apartments here enumerated must be added those which are provided as places of residence for certain official functionaries of the University. At the head of them is the Curator, the highest officer of the University, and co-ordinate in authority with the academical senate. He holds a rank somewhat analogous to that of chancellor at the University of Oxford or of Cambridge, and has a magnificent residence.

Bonn is in Rhenish Prussia, on the left bank of the Rhine, and contains 12,000 inhabitants.

It was formerly the residence of the Electors of Cologne, after their removal from that city in 1268.

At the end of a fine avenue of chestnut-trees is the château of Popplesdorf, which contains a museum of natural history; it has a botanic garden attached to it, situated about three-quarters of a mile from the town. A short distance beyond this is a church, placed on the summit of the Kreutzberb, one of the hills behind Popplesdorf, which commands some

fine views; it is also visited for the curiosities it contains. The sacred stairs which lead up to Pilate's Judgment Hall are stained with spots of blood which fell from the wounds on the brow of the Saviour, caused by the crown of thorns: such is the Catholic tradition concerning them; no person is allowed to ascend them except on their knees.

THE PRUSSIAN MILITARY SYSTEM.—In Prussia every man capable of bearing arms, (with certain exceptions specified by law,) is called out into active service at the age of twenty. These men compose the active, or, to speak in our language, the standing army. After serving three years, they return to their respective homes, and form the King's Reserve (wor reserve) till the age of 25. At 25 they are freed from active service, and incorporated in the Landwehr of the first levy (Aufgebot). In peace they receive no pay, except during their times of annual drill. Only the staff is regularly paid, and belongs to the active army, in which also it takes promotion. The Landwehr of the first levy is called out for exercise about a month in every year. At 32, the men pass into the second levy, in which they remain till the age of 39. The second levy is not called out to drill. In case of war, the Landwehr of the first levy acts with the regular troops. The second levy is confined to home service, and can only be marched against the enemy in case of imminent danger. This is the military organization of Prussia.



BONN TO COBLENTZ.

WHEN the Traveller leaves Bonn on his voyage up the Rhine he has an opportunity of seeing from the river several points which he was recommended to include in his previous rambles round that town. He steams by Nonnerwerth and the Drachenfels, and may listen, if he will, to the Tradition of the Dragon who gave its name to the rock. This "dainty eater" fed upon the choicest specimens of humanity, until a beautiful maiden being after a long contest assigned to it, she held before its godless sight the holy sign of the cross, whereat the monster was not only abashed, but conquered — leaping, from a cave where it lived, into the Rhine, from whose waters it has never since arisen. As he passes *Nun Island* (Nonnerwerth) he may give ear to the anecdote of the kindly-hearted Josephine, who prevailed upon Napoleon to allow the helpless nuns to continue in the home on the island when all the other religious houses on the Rhine were cleared of their occupants, and devoted to other purposes. In quick succession he passes the Gothic church of Appolinarisberg amidst its woods; the town of Remagen; the basaltic precipices of the Erpeler Lei, seven hundred feet in height, in the holes of which baskets of earth are placed, and thus grapes grown on the steep bare rocks; the ruins of the castle of Ockenfels; the old town of Linz, with its cross in memory of the battle

of Leipsig; the castle of Rheineck, recently restored by a Professor of Bonn; and the village of Brohl, interesting to the geologist from its volcanic soil, which, when ground into powder, is called *trass*, and fetches a good price for use as a cement, because it hardens under water. Its quarries afford the stone used by the ancients for coffins on account of its power to absorb the moisture of the corpse, and so



HAMMERSTEIN CASTLE.

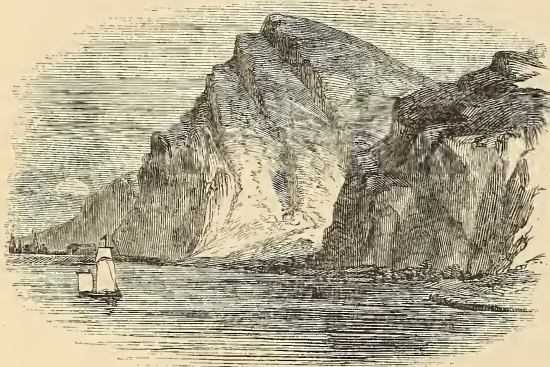
preserve it. Hence the term Sarcophagus—eater of flesh.

The CASTLE of HAMMERSTEIN is a very prominent object seated upon a bold rock. It was the asylum, A. D. 1106, of Henry IV., when he became

the victim of the rising power of the Church of Rome and was driven from his kingdom by the power of Pope Gregory VII., who offered the crown to Rudolph of Suabia, with the inscription—

“Petra dedit Petro—Petrus diademi Rhodolpho.”

The emperor begged bread and shelter of the Bishop of Speyer, whose see his ancestors had established—and was refused. The Pope had excommunicated him; and had he not found refuge in Hammerstein, would have perished by the way-side.



HAMMERSTEIN ON THE RHINE.

Behind Nieder Hammerstein is a huge rock, higher than that on which the castle stands, and these twin heights are the extremities of a semi-circle formed of hills.

The village of NAMEDY, on the right bank, was the great place of muster for the huge

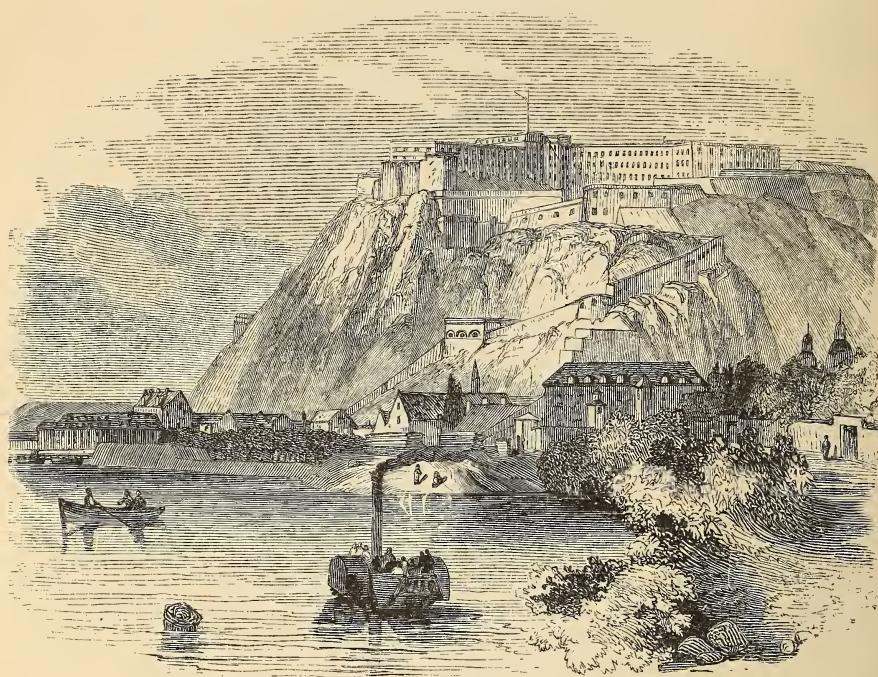
rafts of timber often spoken of in connection with the Rhine. The materials for these floating towns came down the Murg, Neckar, Maine, Saar, and Moselle, and all joining at Namedy, formed a raft of enormous size and great value. “A capital of 26,000*l.* to 34,000*l.* was requisite to construct and equip one of these floating villages. The consumption of provisions by the people, amounting frequently to 900, employed on board, from the time the raft first starts until it reaches Dordrecht, where it is broke up, and the timber sold and transported abroad, is calculated at 40,000 to 50,000 lbs. of bread, 18,000 to 20,000 lbs. of fresh meat, 10 cwt. of smoked meat, 12,000 lbs. of cheese, 10 to 15 cwt. of butter, 120 to 160 bushels of pulse, 500 or 600 ohms of beer, or 90,000 to 108,000 bottles, and six to eight butts of wine, or 8100 to 10,800 bottles. Live cattle accompany the raft, with butchers, &c.; the houses erected on it are neat and convenient; and it is stated that these floats afford a favourable opportunity for a contraband trade in Rhenish wines and mineral waters. The art of conducting a raft was for nearly fifty years monopolised by a modern *Palinurus*, an inhabitant of Rüdesheim, and his sons, the various sinuosities and falls of the Rhine rendering the navigation of so cumbrous a mass extremely difficult. In latter years, however, experience has improved the nautical knowledge, and convinced the Rhenish

boatmen, that, with due precaution, large rafts might be steered with safety from places higher up the river, and consequently this place of rendezvous has become gradually less frequented."—(*Tombleson's Rhine*.)

At ANDERNACH the basaltic mountains approach the water's edge, and the town has a picturesque though time-worn appearance. The castle of Frederickstein next gains attention, with its sobriquet of *Devil's House*, given because its author raised it with the proceeds of an unjust and cruel tax upon his weaker neighbours. With Andernach is identified the tradition of a Count Palatine, who, returning from the Holy Wars, was persuaded by a false friend that his lady had proved faithless; and, without listening to excuse, drove her forth to the woods. In the forest she found shelter with her youthful son, lodging in caves and living on fruits and herbs for many years, when one day her husband, having lost his companions in the chase, came by accident upon her place of concealment. The wife of his bosom, carefully nurtured in her youth, now living untended in the wilds, and his son now grown into a fine youth, excited his pity. Listening to the truth he took home the innocent victims of perfidy, and retaliated upon the traducer by hanging him from the highest tower of his castle. After her death the countess became St. Genofeva.

Nearly opposite Nieuwied stands the tomb of General Hoche, near Wiessensthurm, the White Tower. The inscription runs simply — "L'Armée de Sambre et Meuse à son Général Hoche." Speaking of this tomb and epitaph Byron said — "This is all, and as it should be; Hoche was esteemed amongst the first of France's earlier generals until Napoleon monopolised her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland." The monument is raised not over the body of the general, for he was buried at Coblenz, but at the point where, in 1797, he carried the French army across the Rhine in spite of a powerful Austrian force opposed to him. Cæsar passed the river at the same spot. HOCHÉ was one of the self-made heroes of the French revolutionary period. The son of a keeper of the dog-kennels of Louis XV., he educated himself by great perseverance and self-denial; and, entering the ranks at the age of sixteen, he died at thirty, the most celebrated commander of the armies of his country. From this spot the banks have but little interest, until the Traveller comes in sight of the junction of the Moselle with the Rhine, when Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein are before him.

Coblenz is not a place to be passed by merely with a glance. It is quite worthy of a day's attention from the hastiest tourist. The view of the city is eminently picturesque; its historical associations are many and interesting; the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein — the Broad Stone of Honour — should be seen both as a fortress and for the views to be enjoyed from the summit; whilst many delightful *Excursions* may be enjoyed in this neighbourhood.



EHRENBREITSTEIN.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall
 Black with the miner's blast upon her height,
 Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
 Rebounding idly on her strength did light,
 A tower of victory ! from whence the flight
 Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain ;
 But Peace destroy'd what War could never blight,
 And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain.—
 On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain.—BYRON.

At Coblenz the sons of Charlemagne met to divide their father's empire into France, Germany, and Italy ; there also Edward III., in 1338, met the Emperor Louis, and was by him appointed vicar of the empire ; and at Coblenz the French raised a monument in 1814 to commemorate the subjugation of Russia,—as they reared a column at Boulogne in honour of their invasion of England. Soon after the inscription was finished the Russian commander entered Coblenz in pursuit of Buonaparte. With memorable and caustic wit he left the braggadocia as it stood, just adding — “*Vu et approuvé par nous, Commandant Russe de la Ville*

de Coblenze, Janvier 1er, 1814." Here also is the monument to the young and gallant General Marceau, killed at the battle of Altenkirchen, 1796.

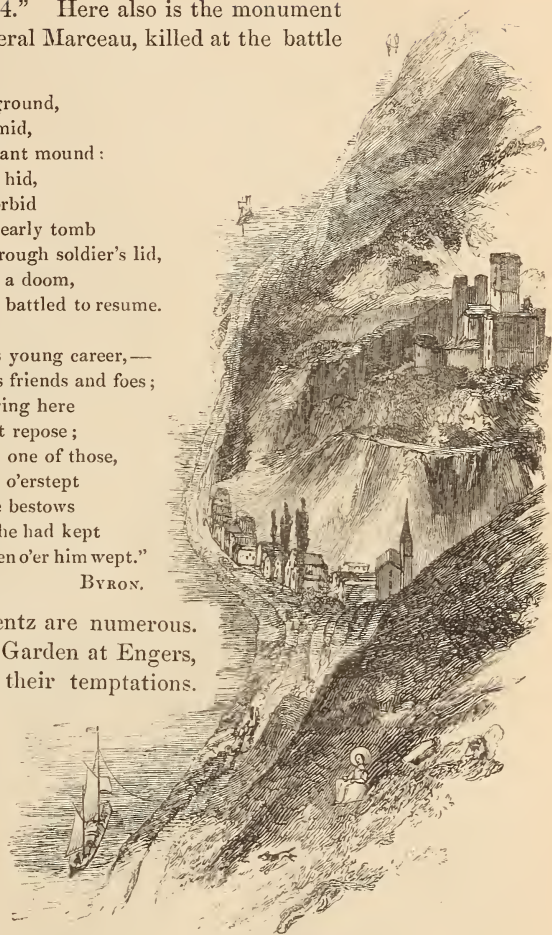
By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound :
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau ! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes ;
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose ;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons ; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

BYRON.

The excursions from Coblentz are numerous. Lahnstein, Sayn, the Botanic Garden at Engers, Laach, Marksburg, all offer their temptations. The trip to Stolzenfels is the most attractive for those who have but little time to spare, but, when leisure will allow, a trip should be made up the Moselle to Treves.

STOLZENFELS was long in ruin, and was offered in vain for sale. Not a purchaser could be found, though it is said that less than 20*l.* would have purchased it ! The people of Coblentz, to whom it was worthless, gave it to the Crown Prince, now King, of Prussia, who has restored it—unhappily not in the best or most substantial taste. But the fine view it offers cannot be spoiled. The hills and the river are God's work ; noble and beautiful as when they first came from his hand ;—whilst the height on which the castle stands deserves its title, Stolzenfels—the *Proud Rock*. It was origin-



STOLZENFELS.

ally a stronghold of the Archbishops of Treves, and was in good condition until destroyed by the French in 1688.

The Moselle is almost as charming a river as the Rhine, and may be followed as far as Treves, which stands 90 miles from Coblenz.

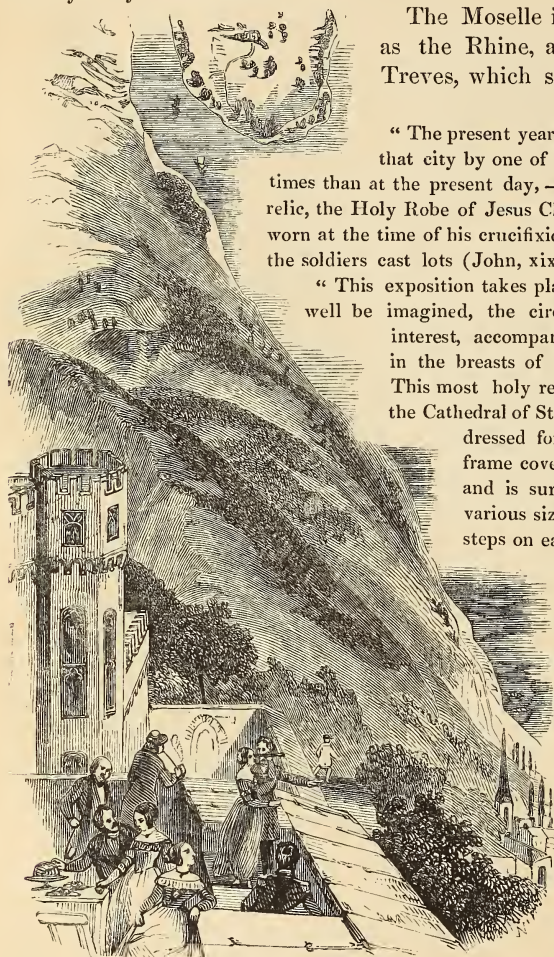
"The present year was made memorable in the annals of that city by one of those spectacles more frequent in old times than at the present day,—the exposition of that most sacred relic, the Holy Robe of Jesus Christ, said to be the veritable garment worn at the time of his crucifixion—the seamless garment for which the soldiers cast lots (John, xix. 23, 24.).

"This exposition takes place every thirty years, and, as may well be imagined, the circumstance creates the most lively interest, accompanied by an intense religious feeling in the breasts of the numerous pilgrims who visit it. This most holy relic is placed upon the high altar of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Helen, which is richly dressed for the occasion. It is encased in a frame covered with plate glass of its own form, and is surrounded by innumerable candles of various sizes. The altar is approached by many steps on each side, and the picturesque effect of

this arrangement is further heightened by one or two steps, at intervals, in the floor, so that the long line of pilgrims on their way down the side aisle and up to the altar is varied by these differences in height. Twenty thousand pilgrims each day are said to have paid their devotions to this relic. They come in processions of hundreds, and sometimes thousands; are of various grades, but mostly—indeed, almost wholly—peasants. The lame, the blind, and the sick are not few in their ranks, and it is observable that the majority are women.

They are constantly arriving, pouring

ing in at the several gates of the city in an almost continual stream, accompanied by priests, banners, and crosses, and alternately singing and praying. They are many of them heavily laden, their packs on their backs, their bright brass pans, pitchers, and tea-kettles of all shapes in their hands, or slung on their arms, while their fingers are busily employed with their beads. Wayworn and footsore, fatigued and hungry, they yet pursue their toilsome march, intent upon the attainment of the one object of their pilgrimage. It is curious and picturesque to see their



VIEW FROM STOLZENFELS.

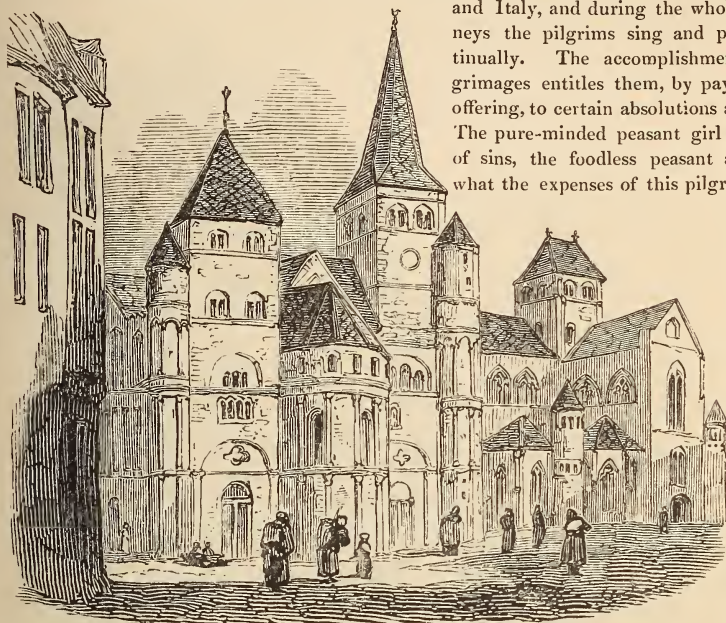
long lines of processions in the open country, wending their slow way over the hills, and to hear their hymns, mellowed by distance into a pleasant sound, across the broad Rhine. There was, this year, processions from Germany, Belgium, Holland, France, Hungary and even Switzerland

and Italy, and during the whole of their journeys the pilgrims sing and pray almost continually. The accomplishment of their pilgrimages entitles them, by payment of a small offering, to certain absolutions and indulgences.

The pure-minded peasant girl seeks remission of sins, the foodless peasant a liberty to eat what the expenses of this pilgrimage will per-

haps deprive him of the means of obtaining. The city was literally thronged with them, and the scene in the market-place at night-fall was in the highest degree interesting and picturesque.

They stood in the midst, surrounded by buildings of all ages and



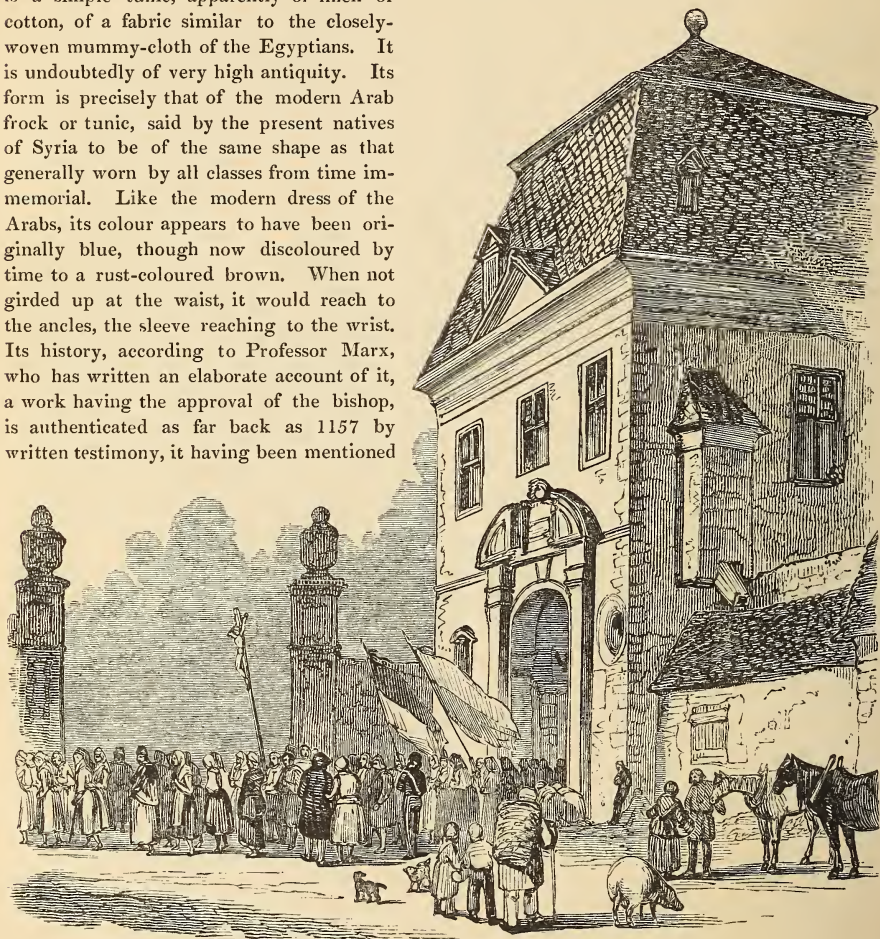
CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROBE, AT TRIER.

forms, ornamented with figures of saints and warriors in stone, bronze, stucco, and wood carved and painted. Down every alley and archway is to be seen some venerable morsel of antiquity. Near the centre is the market fountain, and close by it a curious Saxon cross or pillar of granite, set up in commemoration of the appearance of a fiery cross, said by tradition to have been seen in the sky about the year 958. Down the streets before you rises the venerable cathedral, once the palace of the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, and given up by her to be converted into a house of God, its Byzantine arches of coloured stone giving it the appearance of an eastern building. Adjoining it is the beautiful early-pointed Gothic church of our Lady. To the left the more ancient Roman gateway called the Porta Nigra. On all sides, mixed up with marketable commodities of all colours, booths, and benches, and tables for the sale of rosaries, trinkets, and pictures of the holy robe, lie on straw, which is strewn for the purpose, the various groups of pilgrims in all the different costumes of their several countries. Some are still praying, always aloud, some spreading the frugal meal, or boiling their kettles of brass, or quietly sleeping away the fatigues of many a mile. On one hand you still hear the sacred chant or the simple hymn, on the other the more boisterous song of mirth, for the beer-glass and the flask are not wanting to fill up the measure of variety.

“ Six weeks were appointed for the duration of the exposition of the holy robe, but in consequence

of the continued and increasing numbers of devotees towards the close of the term, an additional week was this year granted.

“ The object of all this interest and devotion, the coat without seam of our Saviour, so said to be, is a simple tunic, apparently of linen or cotton, of a fabric similar to the closely-woven mummy-cloth of the Egyptians. It is undoubtedly of very high antiquity. Its form is precisely that of the modern Arab frock or tunic, said by the present natives of Syria to be of the same shape as that generally worn by all classes from time immemorial. Like the modern dress of the Arabs, its colour appears to have been originally blue, though now discoloured by time to a rust-coloured brown. When not girded up at the waist, it would reach to the ankles, the sleeve reaching to the wrist. Its history, according to Professor Marx, who has written an elaborate account of it, a work having the approval of the bishop, is authenticated as far back as 1157 by written testimony, it having been mentioned



PROCESSION OF THE HOLY SHIRT AT TREVES.

as then existing in the cathedral of Treves, by Frederick I. in a letter addressed to Hillen, Archbishop of Treves in that year. Its earliest history depends wholly on tradition, which says, that it was obtained by the Empress Helena in the year 326, while in the Holy Land, whither she went for the express purpose of obtaining relics of our Saviour and his followers; that she

gave it to the see of Treves, and that it was deposited in the cathedral of that city; that it was afterwards lost, having been hidden in disturbed times within the walls of the cathedral, and rediscovered under the Archbishop John I., in 1196; that it was again hidden for the same reason, and brought to light, and exposed to the wondering multitude in 1512, on the occasion of the famous diet of Treves, under the Emperor Maximilian. 'Since this last epoch, says the author of the work already quoted, 'the history of the Holy Robe has been often discussed, written, and sung, because it has been often publicly exposed, and at short intervals, whenever political troubles have not prevented.'"

The GEOLOGICAL CHARACTER of this district has recently engaged the attention of the *savans*, not only of Germany, but of England. At the British Association a paper on the important additions recently made to the fossil contents of the Tertiary Basin of the Middle Rhine, was presented by Mr. R. I. Murchison, the geologist, whose researches in Russia have made him celebrated. After a sketch of the geographical limits and geological relations of the tertiary deposits which occupy the valley of the Rhine and Maine, around the towns of Mayence, Frankfurt, and Darmstadt, Mr. Murchison gave an account of the recent discoveries made by M. H. von Meyer, M. Kaup of Darmstadt, and M. Braun, of Heidelberg. Of the animals of this tertiary basin, M. Von Meyer had catalogued, and was preparing for publication, 68 mammifers, 30 reptiles, 13 birds, and 8 batrachians—nearly all being undescribed species, and most of them of small dimensions. Amongst the new animals discovered by Mr. Kaup were mentioned the *Chalicotherium*, a genus allied to *Anoplotherium* and *Lophiodon*; the *Hippotherium* differing from the recent *Equus* in the possession of an additional metacarpal bone, and a minute Saurian, named *Pisodon Colei*. M. Kaup had determined from an examination of the remains of various species of rhinoceros, tapir, &c., occurring in this deposit, that the Fauna of the period presented a close affinity to the types of the Indian and Sumatran archipelago, and were entirely distinct from all known European mammalia. He had also collected a large series of mastodontoid remains, which completely proved the views of Professor Owen, respecting the identity of the American *Tetracaulodon* with the true *Mastodon*. The invertebrata of the deposit have been examined by M. Alexander Braun, and have been found to comprise 450 species, 303 of which are mollusca, and 103 shells,—of which ten species only were identical with living forms. Many of the shells approach closely in form to those in the Calcaire Grossier of Paris, and this circumstance, together with the occurrence of the *Anthracotherium*, and of an animal intermediate between the *Anoplotherium* and *Palæotherium*, makes it probable that the deposit belongs to the same age as the gypsum beds of Montmartre, and the Ryde and Binsted strata of the Isle of Wight. These tertiary beds are covered with gravel, sand, and loess, containing ninety-six species of shells, fifty-six of

which are terrestrial, and forty fluviatile. Of these, seven belong to species now living, and nine others are probably varieties of existing species—the most abundant species are very rare in a living state, whilst those now common are of unfrequent occurrence in the loss. With the shells are associated the remains of mammoth, rhinoceros, tichorinus, &c., the bones of which have evidently received very little injury from diluvial action; and from the frequent occurrence of entire skeletons, Mr. Murchison infers that these superficial deposits were formed by very tranquil operations, and that the great mammalia inhabited tracts immediately adjacent to the spots where they are now entombed. Mr. Owen at the same meeting stated, that the Mastodon of the Mayence basin was identical with the species found in the Norwich Crag, which was likewise a fluvio-marine deposit. He had not seen any bones in the English tertiary or drift which could be distinguished from the ordinary horse or zebra, excepting a few teeth, which were more curved than usual, and might possibly have belonged to the Hippotherium.

There has just died at Coblenz, in the prison, called the Convent of the Carmelites, a man known by the name of *the old Frenchman with the white beard*, confined there 32 years, of which 28 were voluntary. In 1811, a soldier of the 20th regiment of French dragoons was discovered asleep, with his head on his knapsack, in the forest of Coblenz, and taken up as a deserter. He declared his name to be Antonio Alivera, a native of Aosta, in Piedmont, and that he had received his discharge, with a pension of 200 fr. a year, from being subject to fits of mental alienation. The authorities left him temporarily in prison. There he remained until the allied troops entered Coblenz, 1814, when an order was given to send him and others to a *dépôt* of French prisoners. This he strongly protested against, declaring that he was not a French prisoner, but an Italian discharged from the service. In the course of the next year his father and uncle arrived, and obtained his liberation, and took him with them on their way home. At a little distance from Coblenz, he suddenly quitted them and returned to the prison, requesting permission to be allowed to resume his former quarters. This was allowed, with full liberty granted him to go out when he pleased. Notwithstanding this permission, he never left his cell for 28 years, and during that period never asked for light or fire, no matter how severe might be the cold. He spent his time in making hair rings, ivory thimbles, box paper-cutters, and other little objects, which he sold to strangers who came to see him. He was 71 years old at his death; and having never cut his beard, which was very long, and of exceeding whiteness, and being of lofty stature, he had a most venerable appearance. He died worth 1100 thalers (about 4000 fr.) which he had saved during his imprisonment.



INTERCHAPTER FOR THE TRAVELLER.



- 1 Church of St. Castor.
 2 Evangelical Church.
 3 Government Offices.
 4 Timber yard of fortress.

- 5 Victualling Offices.
 6 Palace.
 7 Post Office.
 8 Theatre.

- 9 Commander's Office.
 10 General-in-chief's Office.
 11 Ancient House of the Teutonic Order.

COBLENTZ.

HOTELS.

Belle Vue.
 Géant.
 Trois Suisses.
 Frierischer.
 Kölnischer.
 Pariser.
 Cheval Blanc (at Ehrenbreitstein).

CHIEF THINGS TO BE SEEN AT COBLENTZ.

Ehrenbreitstein.
 Monument to General Hoche.
 Monument erected by the French in 1812.

The street facing the Moselle is very picturesque, and contains the Town Hall and ancient castle of the Electors of Treves.

The Church of St. Castor, (A. D. 836.); on this spot the sons of Charlemagne met to divide his empire into Italy, France, and Germany; and here also, in 1338, Edward III. of England was installed vicar of the empire.

New palace of the Electors, now used as the Palace of Justice.

Large cellars under the Convent of the Jesuits.

COBLENTZ is a strongly fortified town on the right bank of the Rhine; it is built on a triangle formed by the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle; its population, including that of Ehrenbreitstein, together with the garrison, is about 21,500. A bridge of boats connects Coblenz with Thal Ehrenbreitstein; the Thal, or valley, joins the mountain, on which stands the magnificent fortress of the same name.

The city of Coblenz was much enlarged between the years 1779 and 1787; the more ancient part received the name of the "old town," and the modern that of the "new town;" there are some good streets in the old town, but the houses generally are ill-built; it, however, contains many fine antique edifices. The house now occupied by government was formerly the palace of Treves.

An old Dominican convent now converted into barracks; the Hôtel Von der Leyden, the Sub Governor's residence; the palace Boos Waldeck, occupied by the Chief President; (a curious antique head is to be seen under the clock in the old market of St. Florian)—and the Church of St. Castor, in the new town; the modern palace of the Electors, converted by the French into barracks, but now used as a Palace of Justice and Court of Assizes, are the principal buildings. The new town faces the Rhine on one side above the bridge of boats; the other side is towards the Great Square, where parade is held with a military band, between twelve and one o'clock daily.

The Casino is a fine place of architecture; it contains a ball-room and reading-rooms with prettily laid-out gardens.

The vaults or cellars under the old Convent of Jesuits are often visited; they are of vast extent.

The beautiful situation of Coblenz annually attracts thousands of visitors; many families, particularly English, have lately made it a winter's residence; provisions of every descrip-

tion are abundant, very good and reasonable. Very recently (1840), the Prussian Government have liberally appropriated a building for the solemnisation of divine service according to the rites of the Church of England. The Prussian Government are in all respects very liberal to strangers.

Coblenz is beautifully situated; either approached by land or water, it presents a lovely picture; there are also many interesting spots in the environs which afford pleasing excursions; the following are amongst the most agreeable:—the castle Stolzenfels, on the road to Mayence, is one of the most picturesque and imposing feudal ruins on the Rhine, placed on the rock called the Proud Rock; it was presented to the Crown Prince of Prussia by the people of Coblenz, who devotes a certain sum annually to its repairs, and it is now almost restored to all its former magnificence.

The village and château of Sayn.

The botanic garden at Engers.

The Lake of Laach, beautifully situated. At the opposite extremity of the lake is the picturesque, but deserted Abbey of Laach, originally a Benedictine convent, but during the French revolution suppressed, and now converted into a farm.

The castle of Elz.

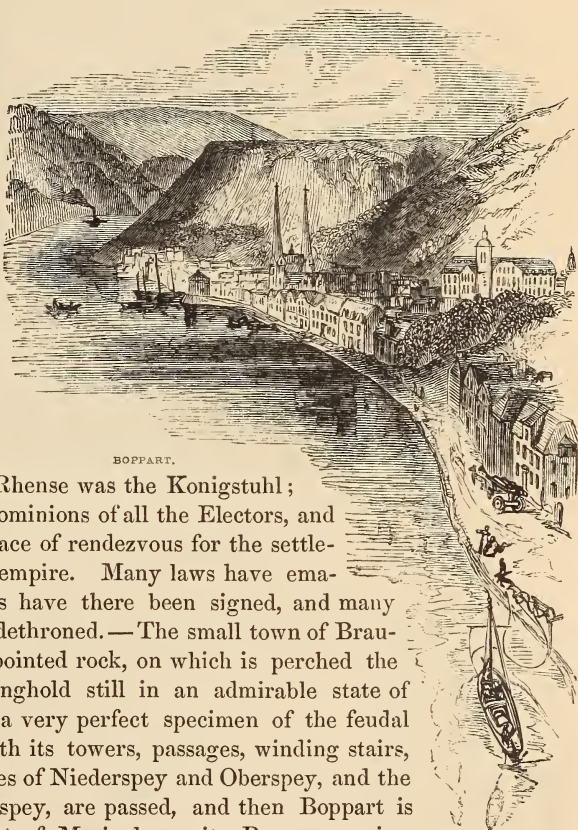
Neuwied, and the castle of Marksburg. All of these are pleasant excursions from Coblenz.

From the hill of the Chartreuse most extensive views are obtained; it derives its name from an old convent that formerly stood there, in the place of which now stand the fine Forts of Constantine and Alexander.

It is almost as high as Ehrenbreitstein, which citadel is seen to great advantage from this point; on the verge of the hill, on one side, is seen the Rhine with the fortified heights of Pfaffendorf; on the other, at the foot of the heights, is the river Moselle.

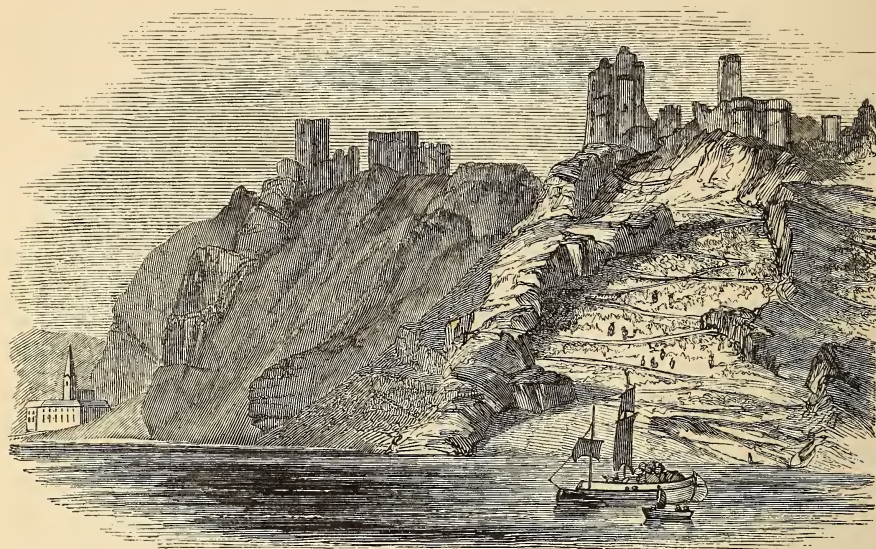
COBLENTZ TO MAYENCE.

ABOVE Coblentz the Rhine contracts in width, the mountains rise more precipitously from its banks, the ruined castles are more frequent, and the whole aspect of the river calls forcibly to mind the feudal ages. Niederlahnstein presents the ruins of the ancient Church of St. John, and above it the Castle of Lahneck; Oberlahnstein may be recognised by the red castle of the Electors of Mayence.



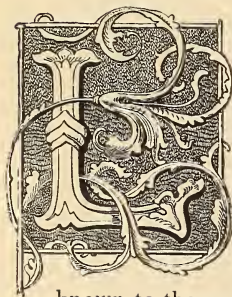
BOPPART.

Above the small village of Rhense was the *Königstuhl*; a spot equally near to the dominions of all the Electors, and selected by them as their place of rendezvous for the settlement of the affairs of the empire. Many laws have emanated thence, many treaties have there been signed, and many emperors been elected and dethroned. — The small town of Braubach is indicated by a tall pointed rock, on which is perched the castle of Marksburg, a stronghold still in an admirable state of preservation, and affording a very perfect specimen of the feudal castle of the middle ages with its towers, passages, winding stairs, and dungeons. — The villages of Niederspey and Oberspey, and the castle and village of Osterspey, are passed, and then Boppart is approached, with its convent of Marienburg, its Roman remains, its Church with twin spires, and its highly picturesque streets, full of "*bits*" for the study of the antiquary, the artist, and the man of taste. Sulzig, the next village, is noted for its orchards; and nearly opposite to it are the ruins of the castles of Sternberg and Liebenstein, more often called *the Brothers*, from the legend connected with them. This tale is always told to the stranger as he passes the spot, and he is ever expected to admire the stern virtue of the one knight, and to lament the weakness of the other.



THE BROTHERS.

Die Brüder.



LIEBENSTEIN, when in its glory, was the abode of a happy family—a father, two sons, and a young female ward. The father was a venerable knight, who in his youth had done good service in the cause of chivalry, and on the field of battle had taken charge of the only daughter of a dying comrade. As years flew on the old man regarded the child thus bequeathed to him with feelings of increased affection, whilst she—young, rich, and beautiful—was an object of general admiration. What wonder, then, that almost unknown to themselves, both her foster-brothers should love her, and that this love should grow up with their growth, and strengthen with their strength, until it became a passion absorbing both their souls. The experienced eye of the father was the first to discover the fatal secret, and when he contemplated the opposite characters of his children, he felt ill at ease. The eldest was thoughtful, cautious, firm in his resolves, and bitter in his resentment; the youngest was rash, impetuous, and changeable; but both were brave, and fond of resolving all

differences by the general umpire of the times they lived in — *the sword*. After much consideration he called his sons before him, and reminding them that they were brothers, told them what he knew of their feelings, and asked for their resolve. The young Edith he said loved both as a sister, but would love one to wedlock if the other was away, — they could not both win her, and one must sacrifice his feelings to the happiness of his mistress, and his brother.

The scene that followed his words was touching, but short. The youngest son displayed an agony of grief, and tore his hair, and called in tones of supplication to his elder brother to think of his sufferings if driven from the sight of her who was his heart's only happiness. With a noble self-denial this passionate appeal was answered by three words, "Brother, I go," and next morning saw the young Henry von Beyen on his way to the Holy Wars.

Time flew on, and the nuptials of Edith with Conrad were approaching when news arrived from Palestine of wonders of bravery achieved by the youthful Crusader. The father's heart beat high when listening to the tale of the prowess of his noble son; but the brow of Conrad became gloomy as the praises were repeated, and, unwilling that his brother, who had been conquered in love, should be most glorious in war, the bridegroom forsook the side of his affianced to join the Crusaders. Thus left alone the young Edith languished, and her foster-father, after long waiting for the return of his sons, pined and died, leaving unfinished the towers of Sternberg, which he had raised as a home for his young ward and her husband.

Meantime rumours reached the castle of Liebenstein of Conrad's boisterous gaieties and carelessness to return, and these flying stories were strengthened by the return of Henry at the conclusion of the war without his brother. When asked by Edith particulars of their career, he ever extolled the bravery of the absentee, and held silence of all else; whilst his conduct towards her was ever that which a sister should receive.

Still they waited Henry's return, when on a summer evening there was a sound of music approaching Sternberg, and it was soon discovered to be the long-absent Crusader approaching his home. Joyfully the vassals went forth to meet him, and Edith was already standing on the drawbridge anxious to receive her lover, when the news came that Conrad *was not alone*; — he had brought with him a young and beautiful Greek *wife*!

Edith was stricken dumb by the perfidy; Henry was at first astonished, and then enraged. That night he sent a challenge to the new comer to answer with his sword the injustice and insult to his love. At midnight they met, but had no time even to speak of the cause of quarrel when the forsaken Edith, who had gained intelligence of the intended meeting, threw herself between them. "As you once loved me, Conrad; as you ever nobly loved me, Henry, I forbid this. Let no blood be spilled for me. To-morrow I enter a convent, and devote myself to God. Nay!

no words, I have a vow : and my prayers shall be given for your happiness, and that you may both live in brotherhood and peace together."

Three years more worked out the tragedy. Edith died in a neighbouring nunnery—but not before the gay young Greek wife had brought dishonour on the head of Conrad, and to avoid his anger had forsaken him for a new lover. *The Brothers* obeyed the injunction of the dead nun, and dwelt in peace ; but it was scarcely three years before the half-finished towers of Sternberg were left to ruin by the death of their owner, Conrad, and soon afterwards the closed gates of Liebenstein told that the vital spirit of their lord—the last of his race—had departed. From that day to this the ruins of *Die Brüder* tell to all who journey by the Rhine the sad story of misery and death which there became the penalty of *False Love*.



HIRZENACH.

THE village of Kestert is known by the ruins of an old church with a huge rock opposite, the base of which is clothed with vines and the summit with trees. Facing an island passed by the steamer stands Hirzenach with its ancient priory, formerly owned by the abbey of Sieburg, now surrounded by the huts of vine dressers. Ehrenthal is noted for its mines,

some of which yield silver : Welmich is distinguished by a gothic tower, and has picturesque environs, with the ruins of the fortress of Thurmburg behind the village.

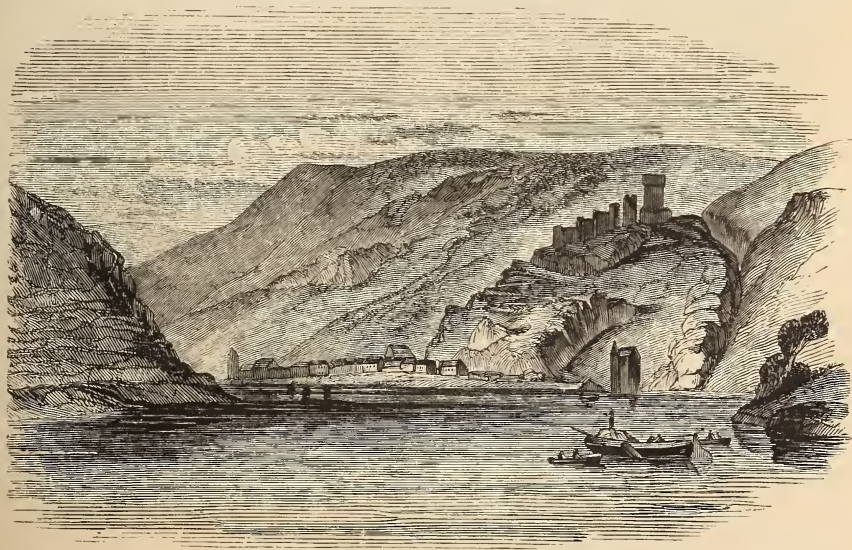
The castle of Rheinfels, though now in ruins, is, after Ehrenbreitstein, the most imposing structure on the Rhine. In the old days, Count Katzenellenbogen, (a capital name for a German robber,) posted himself in this stronghold, and levied toll so cruelly upon all passers-by, both on land and water, that the towns on the Rhine joined their strength together to abate the tyranny and injustice. Under the name of the Confederation of the Rhine they besieged, conquered, and dismantled Rheinfels ; and then, elated by their victory, marched down upon, and destroyed, the fortresses of many baronial freebooters, whose exactions had long tormented the country.



THE RHINE, ABOVE HIRZENACH.

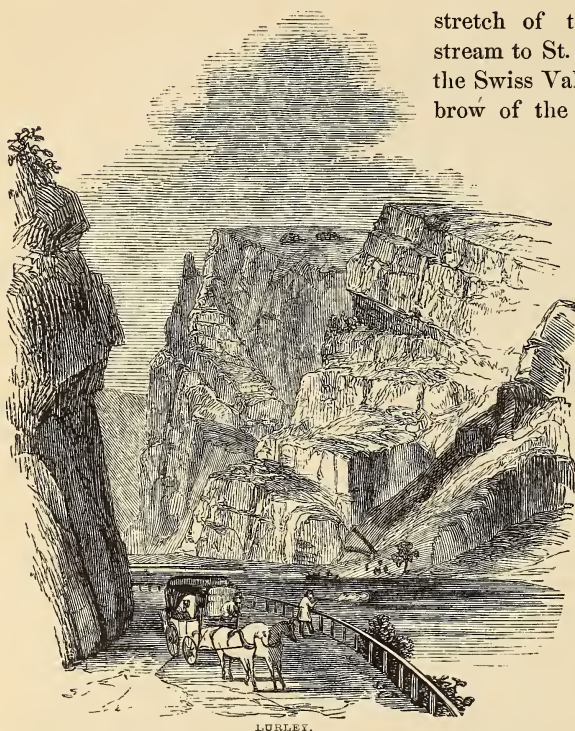
which slumber near, or, wandering along the banks of the stream by moonlight, may listen for the song of Undine — the nymph who dwells in the whirlpool, and

St. Goar, Rheinfels, the Castle of the Cat, and St. Goarhausen, lying near together, should induce the Traveller to tarry awhile at this point. Should he do so, he will find himself amidst the most glorious scenery, with scope for charming excursions on all sides. He may visit the ruins of Rheinfels; may attend the church founded by St. Goar, who first preached Christianity to the inhabitants of this spot; may call up the echoes of the Lurleyburg,



ST. GOARHAUSEN, AND THE CAT'S CASTLE.

whose very name scares the boatman as he passes the dangerous rapids in this



stretch of the Rhine. Crossing the stream to St. Goarhausen he may traverse the Swiss Valley ; may climb to the very brow of the Lurleyburg ; may examine the traces of Moorish architecture amidst the ruins of the castle of Reichenberg ; and enjoy at every turn of his way the most varied and striking stretches of scenery. If his rambles are in vacation time, he will doubtless meet some of the German students who with pack on back and book in hand pass their holiday from the classes in studying the natural features of "the Fatherland." He will do well to note the love of country which marks the character of the Burschen, and if he be of jovial habits, and can enjoy the language, he may break a bottle of

the Rhine wine with the first student party he meets ; may learn how they can drink and smoke ; and may perchance be favoured with a few specimens of the

Burschen Songs.

A student free I wander here
 Along the banks of classic Rhine,
 And legends old — now gay, now drear,
 Companions are of mine.

A Burschen bold — I tread the strand,
 The river of my Fatherland.

I pass'd beneath the Drachenfels,
 And Ehrenbreitstein met my sight ;
 A gush of pride my bosom swells
 When dreaming of its might.

A Burschen true — I proudly stand
 'Mid bulwarks of my Fatherland.

Still as I go, the waters bright
 Reflect the ruins hoar
 Where Marxburgh and where Bacharack
 Call back the days of yore,
 When chieftain bold and trusty band
 Sway'd the fate of the Fatherland.

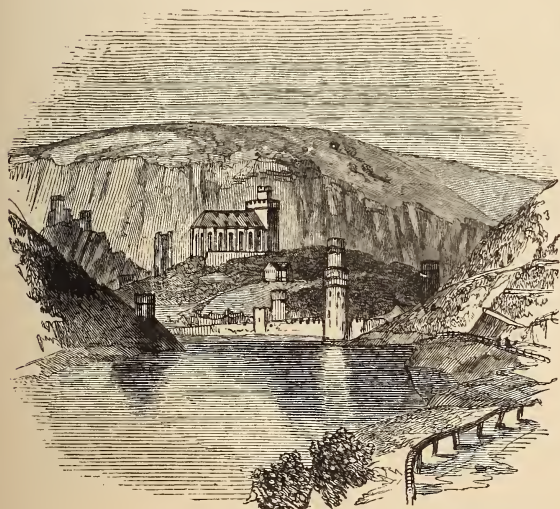
The love of the Germans for the Rhine is proverbial over Europe, and this feeling appears to have been felt for ages past as strongly as it was on the memorable New Year's Night when Blucher passed the river in 1814.

The Warrior Knight from Holy Land with fame and spoil has come,
 And he bares his brow, and he bends his knee, as he nears his river home ;
 He thinks no more of the Siroc's heat, or the dangers of Palestine,
 But is fill'd with fullest joy again, as he once mōre sees the Rhine.
 "The Rhine ! the Rhine ! the beautiful ! once more I tread thy strand, —
 The stream of streams, the only lov'd, stream of my Fatherland.

"The Nile breathes of its Pyramids — of glories sad, but vast ;
 And the Ganges through a thousand spots of beauty bright has pass'd ;
 The Tiber in its turbid flood still tells of olden Rome,
 And Danube rolls its hasty stream by many a happy home :
 But the Rhine is the most beautiful — more dear to me the strand
 Of the stream of streams, the only lov'd, stream of the Fatherland."



BERWESEL with its picturesque round tower is seen on the left bank (on the right as the river is ascended), with its large church, built by Archbishop Baldwin of Treves, which has a richly decorated Gothic interior and many curious carvings and monuments. The chapel seen near the wall of the town, and not far from the river, is named after Werner, a youth, who is said by tradition to have been kidnapped by the Jews and crucified, — a tale told in many countries as an excuse



OBERWESEL

for cruel persecutions and shameless spoliation of the scattered tribes of Israel.

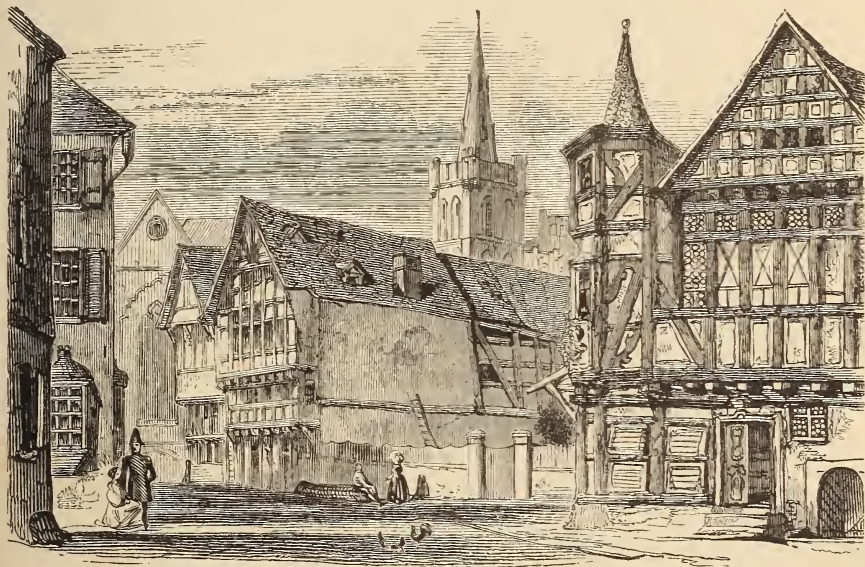


TO SCHÖNBERG, now seen in ruins, there came, in its days of pride, many cavaliers to seek the love of seven beautiful maiden sisters who dwelt there; but the ladies' hearts were full of scorn in place of love, and suitor after suitor retired in despair. At length, however, many knights happened to be together at the castle; and, gather-

ing courage from good company, they had the hardihood to reproach the damsels for their cruelty, and urge them to give no further pain to knightly breasts, by choosing from the noble company then present those whom they thought most worthy to be their husbands. With a loud laugh at the temerity of their guests, they promised to do so, on condition that all the counts, barons, and noble cavaliers would assemble in their gayest attire in the great hall of the castle next day at sunrise. At that hour they agreed that all should know their fate.

Never before had the dawn glanced through the painted windows of the hall to throw a rich light upon a more glittering company than met together next morning. Casques, and plumes, and golden-hilted swords were there in plenty; and patiently did their owners rest, hour after hour, thinking the maidens late, but still hoping each to be able, when one of them was his own, to teach her more care for his wishes. Suddenly the loud laugh of over-night was heard outside the window; and, looking forth, behold the seven sisters seated in a boat, leaving the castle, and, as they sailed down the stream, waving their hands in mockery of the jilted company. Loud was the wrath, and louder the oaths (for knights' oaths were often as heavy as their swords), when—in a moment—their anger was stayed. The boat staggered in her course. Intent upon their cruel jest, the helm was unheeded; and the frail vessel trembled a moment in its struggle with the waters, as though some demon had hold upon its keel, and then sunk. For a moment their white dresses were seen upon the surface, and for a moment their loud screams for help were heard upon the shore,—then all was hushed. From that hour seven rocks mark the spot which the boatmen name **THE SEVEN SISTERS**; and he is a bold man, and need be a sound Christian and good helmsman, who would dare pass them after sunset; for the stony points are cunningly hidden beneath the surface, and woe to the bark that nears them! It is said, too, that a delicious voice is sometimes heard, like that of the Lurley, luring the ear and chaining the spirit, till the hapless listener is within reach of the fatal power which seeks his destruction.

PFALZ, Caub, and Gutenfels, are all points of interest, and come quickly one after another upon the eye. It was in the curious castle of the Pfalz, in the centre of the stream, says tradition, that the wives of the Counts Palatine came for safety when about to bless their lords with an heir: it was at Caub that Blucher crossed the Rhine: and Gutenfels, whose ruins stand above the town, received its name from the beautiful Guda, whose love was sought by Richard of Cornwall, Emperor of Germany, and brother to Henry III. of England. Here, also, toll is still paid to the Duke of Nassau for free passage up or down the stream, he being the only potentate who is now allowed to levy such a tax. Time was when upwards of thirty such charges were enforced, each owner of a stronghold asserting a right to pillage the voyager so soon as he came within reach.



STREET IN BACHARACH.

BACHARACH is full of antique buildings, and is surrounded by ancient walls and watch-towers. It is said to gain its name from Bacchus—a tale which deserves to be true on account of the excellence of its wines.

These were so good in times gone by, that it is said Pope Pius the Second (and Popes are all known to be excellent judges) annually sent for a tun of it for his own drinking; and that the Emperor Wenzel was bribed into granting



LORCHHAUSEN.

walls of Furstenburg, which rise above Rheindiebach. This stronghold was dismantled by the French in 1689.

LORCH is an antique and quiet town, comfortably ensconced in the opening of



RHEINDIEBACH.

their freedom to the citizens of Nuremburg in return for four casks of the delicious liquor. At this day it is the greatest wine mart on the Rhine, with the single exception of Cologne. The high ground above Bacharach is crowned by the ruins of Stahleck, passing which the Traveller is greeted by the towers of Nollingen and by the village of Lorchhausen, and soon afterwards by the round tower and crumbling

of the valley of the Wisperthal. It is near here that the precipitous mountain of Kerdich raises its head aloft, but whose steepness was no proof against the steps of the Evil One, who rode up its side on horseback one night, and left behind him some marks still pointed out as The Devil's Ladder. The same feat was afterwards performed by a young knight, Sir Hilchen von Lorch, who, with the help of a few kind fairy friends, scaled the height to rescue his lady-love, held in duress upon the summit by some spiteful gnomes. The Rheingau commences at Lorch; and, as we pass it, the castles be-

come more and more numerous. Fursteneck is rapidly succeeded by Heimbürg, Sonneck, Reichenstein or Falkenburg, and Rheinstein. The last has been restored, and is filled with antique furniture, made after the fashion of "the days of chivalry," which the passing Traveller may see by asking admission at its gates—a favour readily granted by the *schlossvoght*. The village of Assmanshausen, which stands on the left (as the stream is ascended), is another birth-place of the Rhine wine; and a little higher up the stream stands Ehrenfels, an old castle of the Archbishops of Mayence; and the Mouse Tower, with its Legend of Bishop Hatto, versified by Southey:

The Legend of Hatto.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around,
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store;
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay:
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoic'd at such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

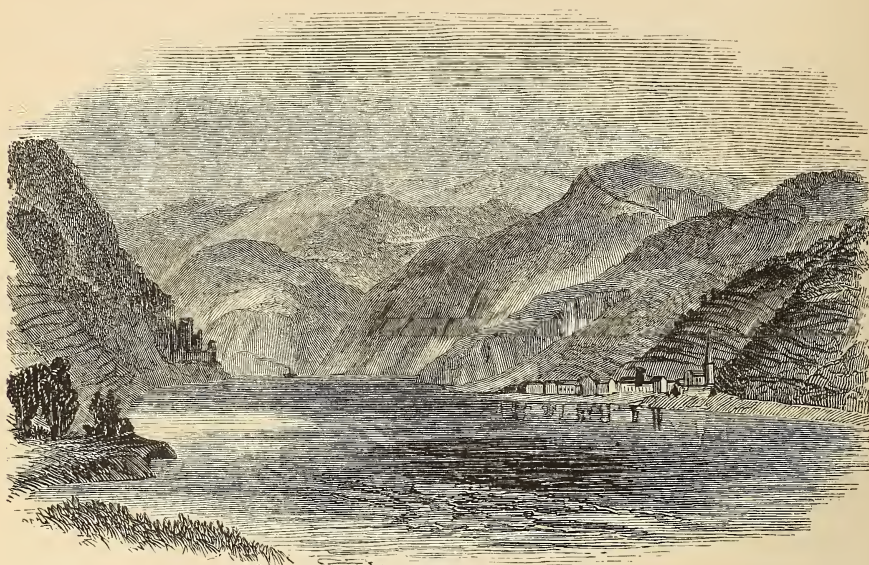
Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.



RHEINSTEIN

"I faith 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly oblig'd to me,
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily.
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.



ASSMANSHAUSEN.

In the morning as he enter'd the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all o'er him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

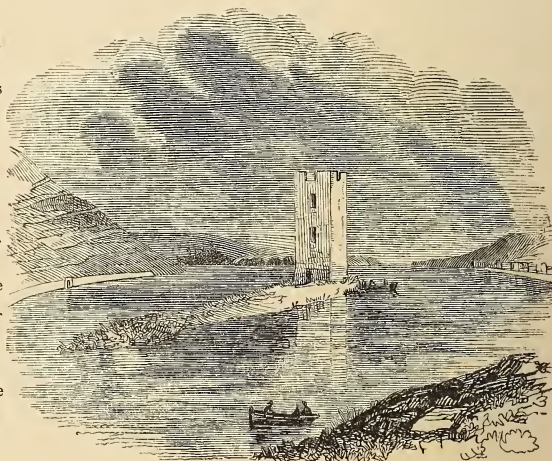
As he look'd there came a man from his
farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm.
"My Lord, I open'd your granaries this
morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be :
"Fly ! my lord bishop, fly," quoth he.
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way,
The Lord forgive you for yesterday !"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," re-
plied he,
"'Tis the safest place in Germany ;
The walls are high, and the shores are
steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water
deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes
there.

He laid him down, and clos'd his eyes ;
But soon a scream made him arise ;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming
came.



THE MOUSE TOWER.

He listen'd and look'd: it was only the
cat;
But the bishop he grew more fearful for
that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

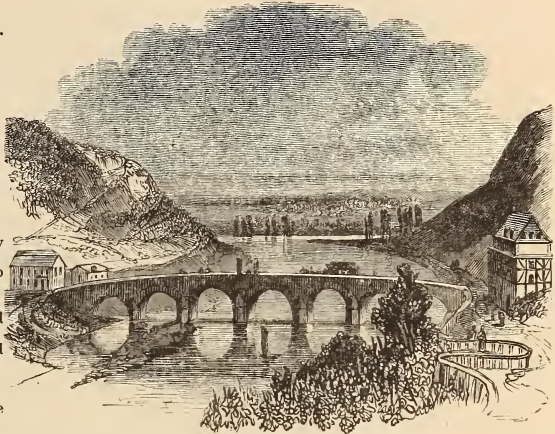
For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could
hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they
pour,
And down through the ceiling, and up
through the floor,

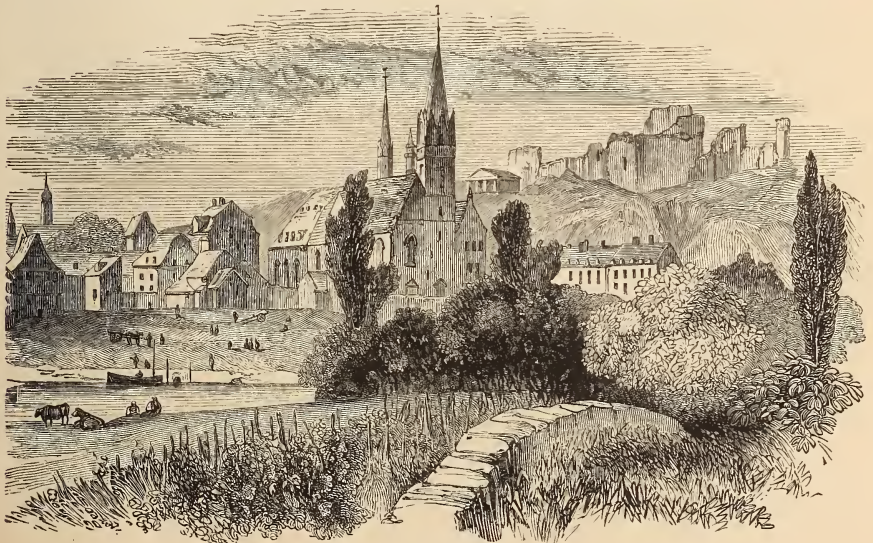
From the right and the left, from behind
and before,
From within and without, from above and
below;
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the
stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on
him.
SOUTHEY.



BRIDGE OVER THE NAHE, NEAR BINGEN.

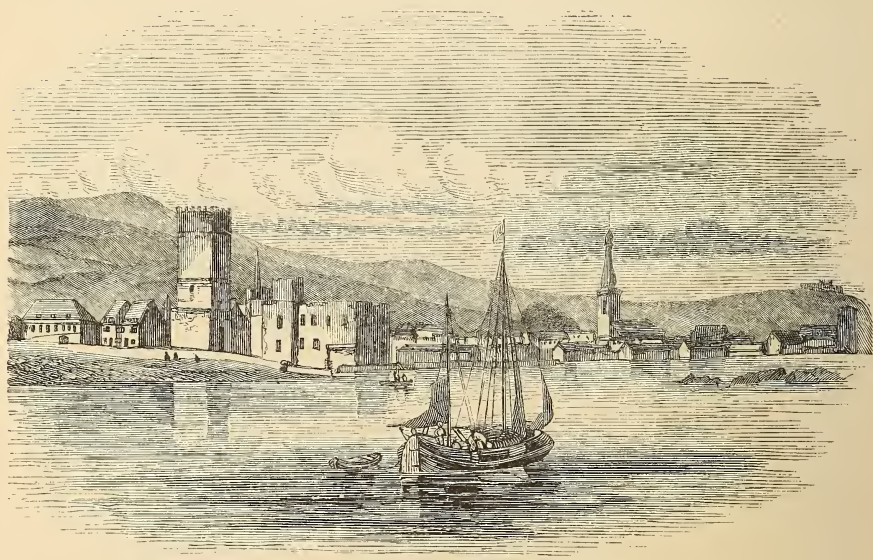
Near the Mouse Tower, the river Nahe falls into the Rhine; near it also is the



BINGEN.

Bingenloch, where the stream has been deepened, — a fact recorded on a small obelisk seen upon the shore.

Bingen is a place to stop at for a day or more. Its environs are full of beauty, and the town itself has many points worthy of attention. On the summit of a hill stands the chapel of St. Rock, a spot visited on the 16th of August, the day of that saint, by thousands of pilgrims. Goethe has described the scene presented on that day, and in memory of his visit to the town presented to the chapel the altar-piece that now adorns it. "It is very evident," says Dr. Schreiber, "that the ridge of mountains near Bingen was formerly obstructed by rocks, which opposed a sort of dyke to the waters of the Rhine, and gave rise to the formation of an extensive lake between Ladenburg, Spire, Mannheim, Mayence, Grossgerau, and Pfungstadt. This mass of water having risen over the dyke fell with impetuosity to the bottom of the precipice, and it was not till after many ages that the river effected a free passage, the rocks being then broken by the violence of the current, or more probably, in consequence of one of those grand revolutions of nature which sometimes take place."



BINGEN.

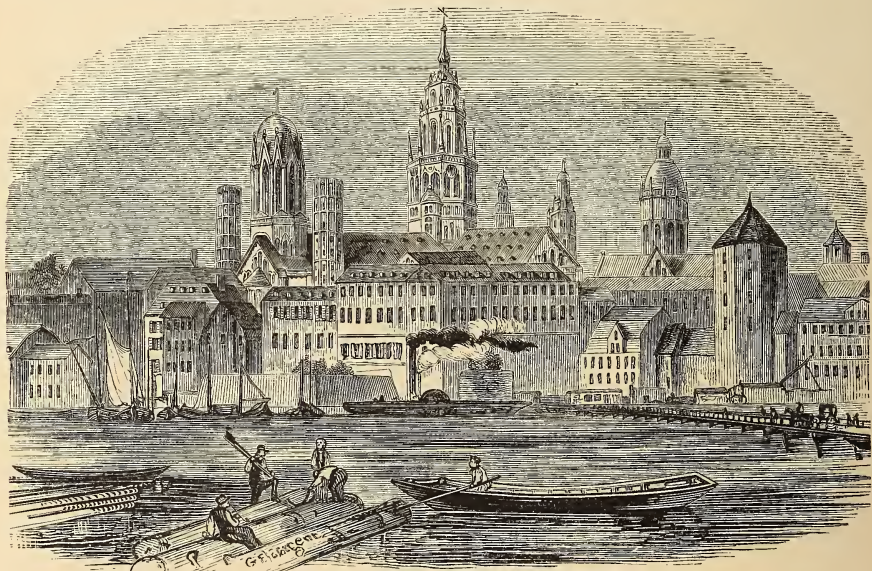
RUDESHEIM is alike renowned for wines and ruins—for the comforts of the present and the memories of the past. The town is the centre of a vineyard, the grapes being grown in great profusion near it, owing to the favourable nature of the locality—a secret discovered, it is said, by Charlemagne, who, remarking the rapid disappearance of the snow in the slopes about Rudesheim, declared his belief that fine wine might be grown there. Sending to France for some plants, they were placed in the earth, and have ever since yielded a grape worthy of their parentage—a grape still called Orleans. From this town the Tourist may make a pleasant excursion to the Niederwald, having first given his attention to the history of Rudesheim, once the seat of an Imperial Court held in the Nieder Burg, and scanned its four ancient castles. Of these, one belonged for a time to Prince Metternich, who, however, sold it to Count Ingelheim, its present possessor ; another is picturesquely posted at the upper part of the town, and still retains some curious relics of the Bromser family, its old possessors. A tradition still exists telling how Hans Bromser, being taken captive in Jerusalem, made a vow to Heaven that if released he would dedicate his only daughter to the service of the church. Gaining his liberty soon afterwards, he returned to the Rhine, to find the child he had left when he started for the Crusades grown to womanhood ; and he learned also that, secure of her father's sanction, she had betrothed herself



NEAR MAIENCE.

to a youthful knight. Love and duty struggled in the maiden's heart when she was told of the vow ; but in her young bosom love was strongest, and she begged her parent to relent ; but in the hasty bitterness of his spirit he launched at her young head a father's curse if she dared to marry. Driven by despair she fled to the highest rock on the bank, and plunged headlong into the Rhine, down which her dead body floated as far as the Mouse Tower ; and the old gossips of the neighbourhood, when they hear that the stream is troubled thereabouts, shake their heads, and sigh, "It is the uneasy spirit of Bromser's daughter wrestling with the dreadful fate her father drove her to."

Passing Rudesheim a fine view of the Rhine presents itself. Nearly opposite to that town is the village of Kempten, seated at the foot of the Rochersberg. The steamer leaves the high banks behind, and in succession passes Geissenheim, — Johannisberg, with its fine vines, the property of Prince Metternich, — the villages of Winkel, Mittelheim, and Oestrich, — Ellfeld, and its Gothic towers, — Walluff, "the gate of the Rheingau," — Budenheim with its ferry, — Scheirstein, "the orchard of the Rheingau," — and Bieberich. Here the Duke of Nassau has a palace and a garden, which the visitor is allowed to enjoy. Mayence is now rapidly approached, and the Traveller, as he nears that city of Gutemberg, has leisure to reflect upon the character of the scenery of the Rhine he has now left behind him, and to resolve what portions of it he will make further acquaintance with.



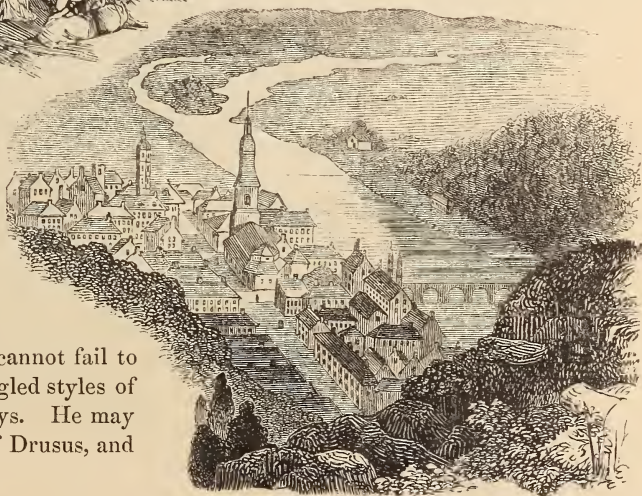
MAYENCE.



The Troubadours made Mayence their headquarters, and from its walls they issued to sing the deeds of knighthood, and to spread far and wide the fame of beauty; and at Mayence Guttenburg first completed the printing press. Henry Frauen-

lob, the most celebrated of the Minnesingers, has a tomb in the cathedral, to which his body was borne by the women of Mayence. Guttenburg has a statue in the market-place, raised to his memory three centuries after his death by the contributions of scholars in all

parts of Europe. The Traveller must visit these two memorials of poetry and learning, and in searching them out will see both the interior and the exterior of the ancient cathedral of the city, and cannot fail to be struck by the mingled styles of architecture it displays. He may also seek the stone of Drusus, and

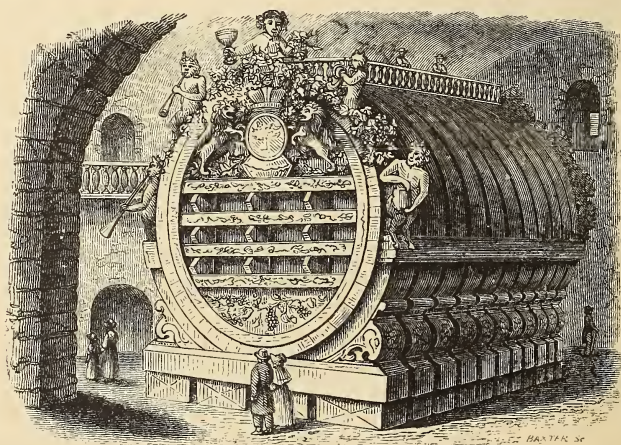


view the ramparts; and afterwards see the Teutonic House, where Napoleon for a short time resided.

At Mayence the Tourist has to decide (if he has not previously done so) whither he will journey next. Frankfurt, Strasbourg, Baden, and many other points offer their attractions. Two places, however, he should visit ere he returns down the stream — HEIDELBURG by way of Mannheim, and WIESBADEN. The former of these towns has a splendid ruin overhanging the Neckar, and a tun memorable throughout the world for its capacity, being capable of containing two hundred and eighty three thousand bottles! it is thirty-three feet long, and 24 feet in diameter: —the latter offers an excellent idea of the Spas of Germany.

HEIDELBURG (grand duchy of Baden) is delightfully situated at the entrance of the valley of the Neckar, and the beginning of the Bergstrasse, so much and so deservedly extolled. It contains 12,635 inhabitants, exclusive of the students; it has suffered much from the horrors of war; twice it was reduced to ashes, with the exception of one house, which still remains, and gives some idea of its former splendour, by the richly decorated façade, ornamented with statues, coats of arms, &c.: it is now an inn, called *Zum Ritter*, from the figure of a knight on the top; the house stands in the Market-place.

The principal curiosities of Heidelberg are the Castle, which is one of the finest ruins in Germany, and commanding extensive views of the valley below. It is also highly interesting from its varied fortunes, its truly picturesque situation, and the relics which still remain of ancient grandeur, and architectural magnificence. It has three times been set on fire, once by lightning, and twice during war. One part cannot fail to be interesting to the traveller, from its having been built for the reception of the daughter of James I., the princess Elizabeth Stuart, and the grand-daughter of the beautiful but unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. It is called the English Palace, and was, with the triumphal arch, erected by her husband, the Elector Frederick V., afterwards King of Bohemia, in celebration of their nuptials.



THE HEIDELBURG TUN.

INTERCHAPTER FOR THE TRAVELLER.



- 1 Cathedral.
- 2 Theatre.
- 3 Statue of Guttenburg.
- 4 Corn Magazine.
- 5 Town Hall.

- 6 Palace of Justice.
- 7 Arsenal.
- 8 Teutonic House.
- 9 Palace (now a warehouse.)
- 10 Library.

- 11 Government Offices.
- 12 Post Office.
- 13 Office Cologne Steamers.
- 14 Office Dusseldorf Steamers.

MAYENCE.

HOTELS.

Rhine.
Angleterre.
Hollandischer.

CHIEF THINGS TO BE SEEN IN MAYENCE.

The Cathedral (A. D. 978.), and the tombs within it.

The Museum, formerly the palace of the Electors.

The Teutonic House, once the abode of Napoleon.

The Public Gardens.

The Tower of Drusus.

MAYENCE is the most important town in the territory of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the strongest fortress of the German Confederation. It is garrisoned by Prussian and Austrian troops, commanded by a governor

elected alternately from both nations for a certain period of years. Mayence is situated on the left bank of the Rhine, in a rich and fertile country; it is connected by a bridge of boats with the strongly fortified faubourg of Cassel. The population of Mayence is about 31,200; the garrison consists of 8000 men.

The venerable Cathedral, in the centre of the town, has suffered much from conflagrations, from the being bombarded by the Prussians, and afterwards from having been used by the French as a magazine and barrack; a very small portion of the original structure now remains; the interior contains many remarkable monuments.

Mayence also contains a Museum of paintings, and many curious antiquities found in the neighbourhood; a monument to Gutemberg; a public library; and a new and handsome theatre. The old Roman tower of Drusus, said to be the tomb of Drusus, deserves to be visited on account of the fine view it commands from the top.

Outside the fortifications are some public gardens, from which a beautiful view of the town and the surrounding country is obtained. The military Austrian and Prussian bands play here. They also play every day on parade during the summer months.

The gates of the town are shut at 10 o'clock, and are only opened to those who travel by *eilwagen* or extra-post.

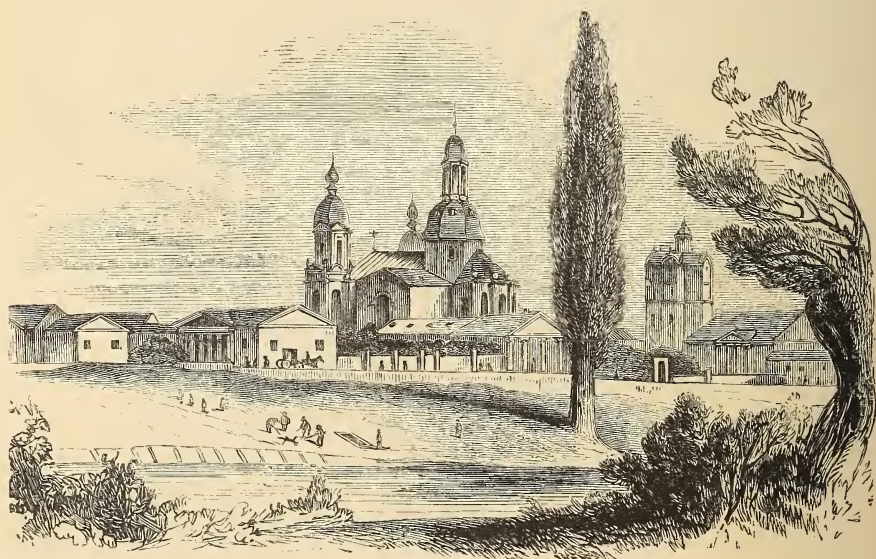
Wiesbaden is eight miles distant from Mayence; a railroad is now in full operation.

Railway to Frankfurt in one hour and a half: — to Wiesbaden in a quarter of an hour.

EXCURSIONS FROM MAYENCE.

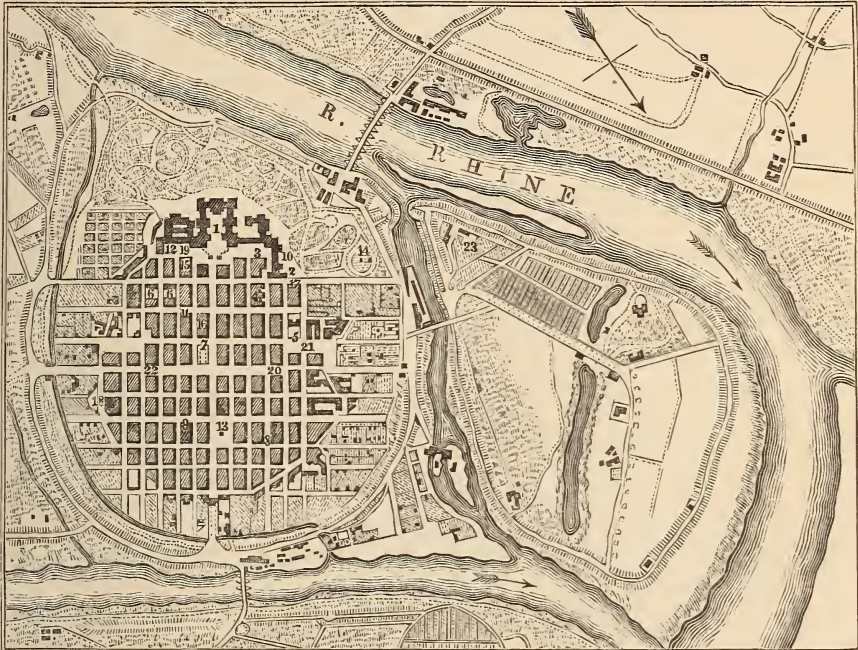
		Miles.
Fare 1s.	to Wiesbaden (Railway)	- 6
Fare 3s. 6d.	to Frankfurt ditto	- 22
	to Mannheim	- 46½

The best route to Heidelberg is by steam-boat to Mannheim, and thence by railway.



MANHEIM.

INTERCHAPTERS FOR THE TRAVELLER.



- 1 Palace.
- 2 Church of the Jesuits.
- 3 Observatory.
- 4 Theatre.
- 5 Arsenal.
- 6 New Barracks.

- 7 Town Warehouse.
- 8 Lutheran Church.
- 9 Protestant Church.
- 10 Lyceum.
- 11 Courts of Law.
- 12 Cabinet of Fine Arts.

- 13 Market.
- 14 Botanical Garden.
- 15 Public School.
- 16 Court of Chancery.
- 17 Government Office.
- 18 House of Correction.

- 19 Picture Gallery.
- 20 Corn Market.
- 21 Neue Planken.
- 22 Straw Market.
- 23 Bath.

MANNHEIM.

HOTELS.

De l'Europe.
Pfälzer.
Rheinischer.
Russischer.

MANNHEIM is a large and handsome town in the territory of the grand duchy of Baden ; it is situated on the left bank of the Rhine. Formerly it was a strong fortress, and in consequence

has been exposed to various sieges : twice it has been burnt to ashes by the French and Austrians.

The chief point of attraction at Mannheim is the society formed by the amiable Grand Duchess and her Court. Many English have taken up their residence here chiefly on that account. The Palace is a large red structure ; a part of it is occupied by the Grand Duchess ; one wing is appropriated for the Museum, and

another, which contained the Theatre, was burnt by the Austrians, and is still in ruins. The gardens of the Palace overlook the Rhine, and form a delightful promenade.

In the environs are some private gardens situated on the banks of the river Neckar, which add much to the beauty of Mannheim.

The Theatre is good, and its orchestra is not to be surpassed in this part of Germany.

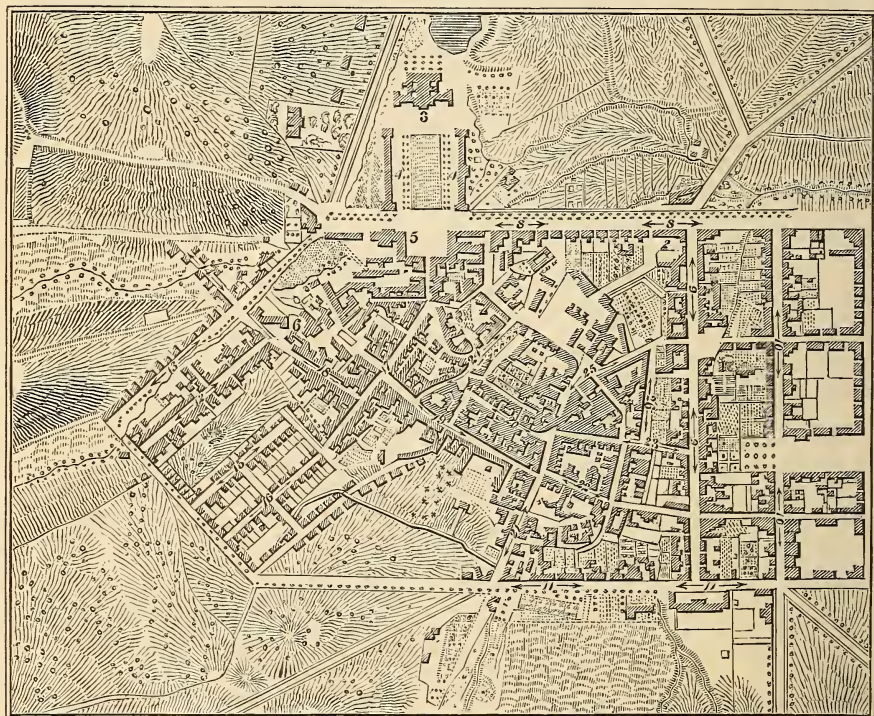
The church of the Jesuits is generally visited.

The gardens Schwetzingen are about 9 miles

from Mannheim, and can be visited on the way to Heidelberg.

There are diligences daily to Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, Frankfurt, and Mayence.

Mannheim is remarkable for its cleanliness, and contains about 20,630 inhabitants. In summer this city presents a bustling appearance from the immense number of travellers who disembark here from the steam-packets; most of them remain a day or two to view the town, the gardens, and the environs.



WIESBADEN.

- 1 Palace of the Duke.
- 2 Library.
- 3 Kursaal.
- 4 Colonnade.
- 5 Theatre.
- 6 Boiling Spring.
- 7 Four Seasons' hotel.

- 8 Wilhelm Strasse.
- 9 Friedrich Strasse.
- 10 Luise Strasse.
- 11 Schwalbacher Strasse.
- 12 Nero Strasse.
- 13 Taunus Strasse.
- 14 Nach dem Geisberg.

- 15 Steingasse.
- 16 Am Römer Berg.
- 17 Weber Gasse.
- 18 Saalgasse.
- 19 Lang Gasse.
- 20 Metzger Gasse.

- 21 Am Michels Berg.
- 22 Kirchgasse.
- 23 Neu Gasse.
- 24 Mühlgasse.
- 25 Markt Strasse.
- 26 Mauergasse.

WIESBADEN.

AN English surgeon, Mr. EDWIN LEE, in his medical work, affords us the best account of Wiesbaden, and also an analysis of its waters.

WIESBADEN, the capital of the Duchy of Nassau, is about an hour's drive from Mayence, and three from Frankfurt. It lies in a valley, encircled by low hills; behind which, on the north and north-west, rises the range of the Taunus Mountains, whose dark foliage forms an agreeable contrast to the brighter green of the meadows and the white buildings of the town. Within the last few years several new streets have been erected: the Wilhelmstrasse, fronting the promenades, would bear a comparison with some of the finest streets in Europe; it consists principally of lodging-houses elegantly fitted up. The Kurhaus der Vier Jahrzeiten, or principal hotel and bathing-house, forms one corner of this street and one side of a square; on the opposite side of which stands the handsome new theatre, where the Mayence company performs during the season. Across the road lies a verdant meadow, bordered by avenues of limes and chestnut trees; beyond which are colonnades for shops, and the Kursaal, which contains a handsome saloon for dinners on fête days and public balls, with smaller rooms for refreshment and games of hazard. The ground behind this building and the colonnades is laid out as a public garden, adorned with shrubs and parterres of roses, and shaded by acacias and other trees, the resort of numerous singing birds. From this pleasure ground an agreeable path is continued by the side of a streamlet up the valley of Sonnenberg, beyond the ruins of the ancient castle.

Nothing has been neglected to render Wiesbaden the most frequented watering-place in Germany; the walks and drives are pleasing; and from the rising grounds the Rhine, with Mayence and other towns on its banks, are seen. A hunting-box of the Duke's stands in a con-

spicuous position, on an elevated ridge of the Taunus, and commands a fine prospect over an extensive tract of variegated country, including the richest part of the Rheingau. At Biberich on the river, four English miles from Wiesbaden, the Duke has a château where he usually resides; the garden is tastily laid out à l'Anglaise, and admission is granted to strangers.

The population of Wiesbaden amounts to about 8000 persons, mostly Protestants, consisting of the military, government employes, tradespeople, and others connected with the bathing establishments. The people throughout the duchy appear to be industrious and contented. Sunday is with them a gala day: the shops at Wiesbaden continue open, as also the theatre and ball-room, which are filled with visitors from Frankfurt, Mayence, and other parts in the neighbourhood. On these occasions some hundreds of persons dine at the tables-d'hôte of the Kursaal, the Vier Jahrzeiten, and the Adler. Most of the English visitors remaining at Wiesbaden and other watering-places on the continent dine at the tables-d'hôte, private dinners being frequently composed of dishes warmed up a second time.

The springs of Wiesbaden were used in the time of the Romans, and have always enjoyed a high reputation. Within the last few years the place has been greatly frequented by the English, to whom it presents many advantages in the superiority of its accommodations, its delightful environs, and its comparatively short distance from England, which may be reached in four days by descending the Rhine. The efficacy of the waters, which are among the most powerful of their class, is a great inducement for invalids to prefer it to other continental watering-places; in some cases, however, their action is too exciting, and others less powerful, as Baden-Baden, are found to agree better.

The Kochbrunnen, or boiling spring, is the

most generally used: it rises in the town, and is the central point where a crowd of persons of various nations assemble at stated hours to sip their glasses of water, while sauntering about under the acacia avenues, and listening to the musical band. The water is perfectly limpid when taken into a glass; its taste is rather agreeable than otherwise, and has been compared to that of weak broth over-salted; its temperature is 151° Fahrenheit. The carbonic acid gas is seen bubbling up to the surface of the water; the quantity contained in a pint amounts, according to Ritter, to $6\frac{3}{4}$ cubic inches. This spring holds in solution a greater quantity of saline substances than any other of the same class; those of Pyrmont and Borette, perhaps, excepted. The Kochbrunnen supplies the public baths and the hospital, which are close to it, the hotel of the Vier Jahrzeiten, and some bathing-houses. The temperature of the spring at the Adler, and of the others, is somewhat lower than that of the Kochbrunnen; there is, however, no very material difference with respect to their chemical composition.

Used in the form of bath, the water is generally exciting; it stimulates powerfully the skin and absorbent system, not unfrequently producing an eruption on the surface, whence the excitement is transmitted to internal parts, especially the abdominal viscera, increasing the activity of their functions, though in many cases no perceptible change is experienced at the time. Internally taken it promotes digestion, sometimes producing an aperient effect: frequently increases the secretion of the kidneys, and acts consecutively upon the skin. Most invalids combine the internal with the external use of the water.

A course of this water is specially applicable to cases of articular rheumatism, with swellings of the joints of long duration; chronic gout,

particularly when accompanied with calcareous deposits; disorder of the digestive powers, with vitiated secretion; strumous enlargement of the glands, or disease of bones; derangement of the general health in persons who have long resided in tropical climates, as well as that caused by intemperance, or the abuse of mercury, when not attended by exceeding debility; some cases of neuralgia and tic; amenorrhea, and dysmenorrhea, if unaccompanied with a high degree of local irritation; paralytic affections, especially if caused by morbid impressions upon the organic nervous system, and not depending upon cerebral disease; and some chronic diseases of the skin. It is also said to be efficacious in bronchial complaints and asthma, with copious expectoration; in these cases the inhalation of the vapour is joined to the employment of the water. Douches, local and general vapour baths, are used in many cases of local disease, as is also occasionally the muddy sediment deposited from the water.

SOLID SUBSTANCE YIELDED BY A PINT OF WATER
FROM THE KOCHBRUNNEN, ANALYSED BY
KASTNER.

			Grains.
Muriate of soda	-	-	44.225
Sulphate of soda	-	-	0.700
Muriate of lime	-	-	5.480
Sulphate of lime	-	-	0.420
Carbonate of lime	-	-	1.650
Muriate of magnesia	-	-	0.790
Carbonate of magnesia	-	-	0.700
Extractive matter	-	-	1.750
Iron - -	-	-	0.078
Muriate of potass	-	-	1.200
Fluate of magnesia	-	-	1.600

57.593

APPENDIX.

I. DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF ART IN THE
MUSEUM AT ANTWERP.

II. DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES IN THE
MUSEUM AT BRUSSELS

I.

NOTICE

DES TABLEAUX EXPOSÉS AU MUSÉE D'ANVERS.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
1	<p data-bbox="150 778 227 808">INCONNU</p> <p data-bbox="150 1141 471 1209">QUINTEN METSYS, dit le Maréchal d'Anvers, né à Anvers vers 1450, mort dans la même ville en 1529.</p>	<p data-bbox="492 778 911 1141">Tableau gothique. Fête du serment des Archers d'Anvers, dit Jongen Handboog. Elle a lieu devant un château; le roi de la Fête est assis sous un dais, dont le fond en dossier porte une grande clef en or: on lui verse à boire et une jeune dame lui offre une pomme, deux fous, tels qu'ils s'en trouvait anciennement attachés aux corps des sermens font leurs Esbats de saillie. — Les armes d'Espagne et d'Anvers, qu'on voit dans les croisées et autres parties du tableau, semblent indiquer que la fête a lieu vers la fin du 15^e siècle; apparemment à l'occasion du mariage de Philippe d'Autriche avec Jeanne d'Arragon. Ce tableau a passé pour être de Hans Verbeëck, nommé Hans de Malines.</p> <p data-bbox="492 1141 911 1368">Tableaux avec volets. L'Inhumation de Jésus Christ. Les amis de Jésus, après avoir descendu son corps de la croix, lui rendent les derniers devoirs. La Vierge, dont la cuisante douleur s'allie à une profonde vénération, s'est prosternée devant les restes inanimés de son divin fils et leur fait ses adorations: St. Jean la soutient: deux vieillards vénérables soulèvent l'un le chef, l'autre la partie supérieure du corps du Sauveur, pendant que les saintes femmes en em-</p>

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
3	QUINTEN METSYS	<p>baument les plaies. On voit à droite sur le second plan, le sepulchre, qu'on prépare pour recevoir le corps, le calvaire sur un plan plus élevé et à gauche la ville de Jerusalem.</p> <p>Volet de droite.</p> <p>La tête de St. Jean Baptiste sur la table d'Hérode.</p>
4	-	<p>Volet de gauche.</p> <p>Saint Jean dans l'huile bouillante.</p> <p>Ces trois tableaux forment un des plus précieux monumens de cette époque de l'art, et on peut les considérer comme les chefs-d'œuvre de ce grand maître, qui d'après une tradition assez généralement reçue, échangea, inspiré par l'amour, le marteau pour la palette, et qui d'habile forgeron, devint ainsi un des premiers peintres de son tems.</p>
5	INCONNU	<p>D'après Alexandre Van Fornenbergh, le corps des menuisiers de cette ville fit faire ces tableaux en 1508 et s'arrangea avec le maître pour la somme de trois cents florins. — Un acte, sous la date du 26 août 1511, qui repose dans les archives de cette ville, fait supposer que cette somme ne lui fut payée qu'en partie et que ce corps s'acquitta du reste par la constitution d'une rente perpétuelle, au profit des enfans de Metsys. Malgré cette pénurie apparente il refusa, d'après Karel Van Mander, une offre considérable que Philippe II, lui fit faire pour ces ouvrages. Ils furent sauvés des dévastations exercées par les Iconoclastes, et ayant été vendus en 1577, le peintre Martin De Vos insista si fortement près du magistrat, que celui-ci se décida à les acheter. Il en fit l'acquisition au prix de fl. 1500, et dès lors ils ornèrent la chapelle, que le magistrat avoit dans la cathédrale, jusqu'à l'époque de l'enlèvement de nos objets d'art en 1794, auquel on fut assez heureux de les soustraire.</p>
6	-	<p>Au bas du grand tableau se trouve placée l'ancienne pierre sépulchrale de ce maître, et son Epitaphe se voit à côté de l'entrée principale de l'église de Notre-Dame en cette ville.</p> <p>La Vierge montre le petit Jésus, qu'elle tient assis sur une table.</p> <p>L'Adoration des Mages.</p>
7	-	<p>Ce tableau passait autrefois pour être de Josse Van Cleef, surnommé le fou, peintre d'Anvers, un des doyens de la corporation de St. Luc de cette ville en 1519.</p>
8	-	<p>La Transfiguration.</p> <p>Le tableau porte la date de 1550.</p> <p>Le Sauveur descendu de la croix. La Vierge,</p>

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
9	GILLES MOSTAERT, né à Hulst, mort en 1598.	St. Jean, la Madelaine, et plusieurs autres de ses amis lui rendent les derniers devoirs. Huit portraits d'hommes en exvoto ; au milieu dans un cadre séparé, on voit Jésus Christ en croix, entre la Vierge et Saint Jean.
10 et 11	ADRIEN THOMAS KEIL, 1575.	Exvoto de deux pièces représentant l'une les hommes, l'autre les femmes de la famille Franco-y-Feo-de-Briez.
12	INCONNU	Portrait d'homme. Tableau de forme ronde et qui semble appartenir au tems de Pourbus le père.
13	FRANÇOIS POURBUS, né à Bruges en 1540, mort à Anvers, élève de son père Pierre Pourbus et de Frans Floris.	St. Eloy, prêchant devant un nombreux auditoire. St. Eloy, d'abord orfèvre du roi Clotaire II. puis trésorier de Dagobert, fut nommé à l'évêché de Noyon en 640. Il a été un des premiers apôtres du christianisme dans ce pays, et y prêcha vers 650.
14	MICHEL COXIE, dit le Raphael, né à Malines en 1497, mort à Anvers en 1592, élève de Bernard Van Orley.	Lé Martyre de Saint Sébastien. St. Sébastien fut martyrisé à Rome en 288, sous la longue et cruelle persécution de Dioclétien et Maximien : il tenait un premier rang dans les armées romaines, et les chrétiens avaient eu en lui jusques-là un puissant protecteur, quand la rage de la persécution l'enveloppa dans le sanglant décret de ces empereurs, lequel n'épargna ni rang ni condition. La tradition porte que le peintre fit ce tableau à 82 ans.
15	- -	Le Martyre d'un saint.
16	- -	Le Martyre d'un saint.
17	- -	Jésus Christ ressuscité et assis sur son tombeau, triomphe de la mort et du péché.
18	PIERRE BREUGHEL, dit le vieux, né à Breughel, près de Breda : il fut reçu dans la Corporation de Saint Luc de cette ville en 1551.	Le Portement de la Croix. Tableau qui fourmille de figures : il est remarquable par les idées bizarres qu'il représente.
19	FRANÇOIS DE VRIENDT, dit Frans Floris, né à Anvers en 1520, mort dans la même ville en 1570.	St. Luc devant son chevalet. C'est le portrait de Ryckaert Aerts dit Ryck-metter-stelt, peintre et ami de Floris, né à Wyck-sur-mer en 1482, et qui mourut à Anvers en 1577. Derrière lui est un homme occupé à broyer les couleurs, et à ses pieds le bœuf, signe symbolique de l'Evangéliste Luc : il porte sur le front les armes de la corporation sous l'invocation de ce Saint, dont les peintres, sculpteurs, graveurs, etc. firent partie.
20	- -	La Vierge adore le divin Enfant auquel elle vient de donner naissance, derrière elle on voit Saint Joseph : les bergers accourent et se prosternent, en faisant leurs offrandes.
21	- -	La chute des anges rebelles. L'exécution de ce tableau doit faire regretter

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
		que le sujet ait jetté l'auteur dans un amas de tant de bizarreries et d'idées fantastiques. Les anges, qui précipitent leurs compagnons reprouvés, attestent cependant combien il méritait le surnom de Raphael de Flandre, qu'on lui a donné.
22	FRANC DE VRIENDT	Portrait d'un Chanoine, derrière lequel on voit Saint Luc.
23	LE TIFIEN, né à Cadore dans le Frioul, en 1477, mort de la peste à Venise en 1576.	Le Pape Alexandre VI. présente à St. Pierre l'évêque de Paphos (de la famille vénitienne Pesaro) qu'il a nommé amiral de ses galères, destinées à agir conjointement avec les forces de Venise contre les Turcs. Pesaro est en habit de l'ordre de Saint Dominique, et tient d'une main l'étendard de l'Eglise, qui porte à la partie supérieure de la banderolle les armes de Borgia. Le Tableau porte cette inscription : <i>Ritratto uno de casa Pesaro, che su fatto generale di St. Chiesa. Titiano fecit.</i>
24	INCONNU	Sa Majesté fit présent de ce tableau au Musée d'Anvers en 1823. Une Fête de village. Ce Tableau semble être peint vers le milieu du 16 ^e siècle.
25	MARTIN DE VOS, né à Anvers en 1524, élève de Frans Floris et du Tintoret : un des doyens de la Corporation de St. Luc en 1572, mort à Anvers en 1604.	Jésus Christ ressuscité. Au côté droit on voit Saint George en pleine armure ; à gauche Sainte Marguerite : sur le devant Saint Pierre et Paul qui tiennent des livres, offrant des passages de l'Ecriture, qui traitent de la Résurrection du Sauveur.
26	-	Constantin fait bâtir à Constantinople l'Eglise, qu'il dédia à la Sagesse éternelle, sous le nom de Sainte Sophie. On voit cet Empereur, avec une suite de sa cour, au milieu des architectes et des ouvriers.
27	-	Le Baptême de Constantin. Ces deux derniers numéros ont servi de volets au n ^o 25.
28	-	Les Pharisiens, s'étant joints aux Hérodiens, veulent éprouver Jésus et lui tendre une embûche, où il devait se trouver entre le choix et la vindicte de l'autorité et de la haine du peuple : ils lui demandent s'il était permis de payer le tribut à César. Le Sauveur confond leur astuce par la sage sentence, qui leur remontre, qu'il y a des devoirs envers le Prince comme il y en a envers Dieu.
29	-	La valeur de la modique offrande de la pauvre veuve.
30	-	Les Apôtres trouvent dans un poisson de quoi payer le tribut.
31.	-	Le Sauveur confond l'incredulité de Saint Thomas.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
32	MARTIN DE VOS	Le Baptême de Jésus Christ.
33	-	La Décollation de Saint Jean Baptiste.
		Ces deux derniers numéros ont servis de volet au No. 31.
34	-	Les Tentations de Saint Antoine.
		Le sujet est en partie traité dans le style burlesque, comme on le représente ordinairement ; en partie il est historique, comme montrant divers passages de la vie du Saint, le principal est celui de la visite que le Saint fit à Saint Paul, premier ermite. La légende dit, qu'Antoine, étant venu voir celui-ci, il le trouva près de sa fin : à sa prière il le quitta, pour aller chercher le manteau de Saint Athanase, dans lequel il désirait de mourir ; mais à son retour le Saint Anachorète était expiré. Embarrassé dans les moyens pour mettre le corps en terre, deux lions survinrent et firent la fosse. Le peintre a aussi eu en vue d'indiquer, par le couvent qui s'élève à droite, que Saint Antoine doit être considéré aussi bien comme Patriarche des Cénobites que des Anachorètes.
35	-	St. Luc occupé à peindre la Ste. Vierge.
		Ce tableau est peint en 1572 pour l'autel qu'avait la corporation de Saint Luc dans la Cathédrale de cette ville : Saint Luc est le portrait du maître, et la Sainte Vierge celui de sa femme.
36	-	Deux petites Grisailles, représentant des actes de charité.
37	FRANCK, dit le VIEUX	Jésus Christ se fait connaître, au moment de la fraction du pain, des deux disciples, qui l'avaient accompagné à Emaüs.
38	-	La Sainte Congrégation des premiers Fidèles est assemblée, pour l'élection de deux Apôtres : Saint Pierre officie et le Saint Esprit designe par des rayons de lumière Paul et Barnabas.
39	FRANÇOIS FRANCK, un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc de cette ville en 1588.	La Nativité de Jésus Christ.
40	-	St. François et un autre saint de son ordre. Les onze numéros suivans représentent des faits de la vie et des miracles de ces deux saints.
41	-	Ce saint compagnon de Saint François, encore en habits du monde, est agenouillé devant l'autel de la Vierge.
42	-	Il reçoit l'habit de l'ordre.
43	-	Se trouvant avec le Saint Instituteur, dans un lieu sauvage et désert, ils sont miraculeusement pourvus de nourriture.
44	-	St. François fait sortir sain et sauf d'un four ardent un enfant qui y était tombé.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
45	FRANÇOIS FRANCK	St. François prêche en pleine campagne, derrière lui deux infidèles, armés d'arcs et de traits, semblent vouloir décharger sur le saint le dépit et la rage qu'ils ressentent de l'effet que font ses paroles sur l'auditoire.
46	-	St. François donne la guérison à divers aveugles, perclus, et autres malades.
47	-	Mort de Saint François.
48	-	L'attouchement de son corps rend la vie à une jeune dame expirée.
49	-	Une femme offre son enfant à St. François qui se montre dans une gloire.
50	-	Un enfant ressuscité par l'intercession de Saint François.
51	-	Le tombeau de Saint François devenu un objet de vénération et de recours, tant pour les puissans que pour les malheureux.
52	-	Combat des Horaces et des Curiaces. Grisaille.
53	JEROME FRANCK	La Cène. Jésus bénit le calice qui doit circuler entre ses Apôtres, pour leur être un des types du testament qu'il leur lègue.
54	AMBROISE FRANCK, un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc de cette ville en 1582.	Le martyre des Saints Crépin et Crépilien. Ces deux Saints d'extraction noble, scellèrent la foi de leur sang à Soissons, sous une des plus cruelles persécutions que l'Eglise eut à essuyer.
55	-	Martyre de Saint Côme.
56	-	Martyre de Saint Damien.
57	-	St. Sébastien parmi les prisonniers.
58	-	St. Sébastien impose les mains à une dame romaine, à genoux devant lui. Ce tableau offre plusieurs portraits, apparemment ceux des donateurs. On distingue particulièrement ces trois derniers
59	INCONNU	FRANCK, nés à Herenthals, qui étaient frères et peintres d'histoire, dont François était l'aîné, Jerome le second, et Ambroise le cadet : ce dernier vivait encore en 1600. Le Sauveur en croix entre la Vierge et Saint Jean; la Madelaine, à genoux, adore son divin Maître.
60	HANS VAN DER ELBURCHT, alias KLEIN HANSKEN, né près de Campen : reçu dans la corporation de Saint Luc de cette ville en 1535.	Le miracle de la multiplication des pains. Depuis trois jours une troupe nombreuse suivait Jésus dans le desert; elle était sans nourriture. Le Sauveur eut pitié d'elle, et opéra ce célèbre miracle par lequel il rassasia cinq mille hommes de cinq pains et de deux poissons. Pharaon périt avec son armée dans la mer rouge.
61	HANS JORDAENS, né à Anvers, mort à Delft.	La Résurrection de Jésus Christ.
62	LAMBERT VAN OORT, né à Amersfort.	Suite de sept Sybilles.
63	-	-

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
64	MARTIN PEPPYN, Contemporain de RUBENS. Il quitta jeune encore la patrie, pour aller se perfectionner en Italie : l'accueil qu'on y fit à ses talens l'y fixa, et nous possédons peu de ses ouvrages.	Les Israélites ont passé la mer rouge, qui se ferme sur Pharaon et son armée.
65	- -	St. Luc prêche l'Evangile à une multitude de tout âge et de tout sexe, réunie en pleine campagne. Ce tableau ornait la salle aux réunions de la corporation de St. Luc.
66	OCTAVIO VAN VEEN (OTTO VENIUS,) né à Leyden en 1556, mort à Bruxelles en 1636, élève d'Isaac Swanenbourg : un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc de cette ville en 1605.	Acte de charité de Saint Nicolas. St. Nicolas instruit de l'état de détresse, dans lequel se trouve une famille honnête, vient la nuit, pour ne pas être reconnu, et lui jette, pendant qu'elle travaille autour d'une lampe, un sac d'argent à travers la croisée ouverte.
67	- -	Divers miracles de Saint Nicolas.
68	- -	Le maître représente particulièrement dans ce tableau la multiplication du froment.
68	- -	La vocation de l'Apôtre Matthieu. Jésus, passant devant le bureau d'impôts de Cap-harnaum, vit Matthieu, un des commis de la recette, il l'invite à le suivre : Matthieu y répond par une pleine docilité et un entier abandon.
69	- -	Zachée sur le figuier. Désireux de voir le Sauveur, qui passait par Jéricho, Zachée, un des principaux publicains, empêché par la foule qui l'entourait, monte sur un figuier : Jésus l'apercevant, l'invite à descendre et lui demande l'hospitalité.
70	- -	St. Luc devant le proconsul. Il défend avec dignité devant son juge la Doctrine de son divin maître. Ce tableau a été peint pour la corporation de Saint Luc, dont il ornait la salle aux réunions.
71	- -	Portrait de Sonnius, premier évêque d'Anvers.
72	PIERRE PAUL RUBENS, né à Cologne, de parens Anversoïis, le 28 Juin, 1577, mort à Anvers le 30 Mai, 1640, élève d'Adam Van Oort et d'Octavio Van Veen, un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc de cette ville en 1631.	Le Sauveur en croix entre les deux larrons.
73	- -	Ste. Thérèse intercedant pour les ames du purgatoire.
74	- -	Le Sauveur mort entre les bras de son père ; le Saint Esprit descend sur cette scène, qui représente la Sainte Trinité.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
75 76	PIERRE PAUL RUBENS. -	L'Educaton de la Sainte Vierge. La Communion de Saint François.
		St. François d'Assise sentant approcher sa fin, s'est fait conduire au pied de l'autel pour y recevoir le Viatique. Il existe dans la famille Vande Werve, de cette ville, la quittance que Rubens donna de 750 fls qu'il reçut pour ce tableau, dont voici la teneur :
		Ic onderschreven bekenne ontfanghe te hebben it handen van Mynheer Jaspers Charles desomma van zeven hondert en vyftig guldens, tot volkomen betalinghe van een stuck Schildery door myne handt gemaectt, staende in Ste. Franciscus Kerkce tot Antwerpen. Ende t'oirconde der waerheydt hebbe ic dese quittance gescreven en onderteeckt deze 17 May 1619. (geteekenz.) PIETRO PAULO RUBENS.
77	-	L'Adoration des Mages.
78	-	Répétition ou imitation en petit de la Descente de Croix de l'église de Notre-Dame de cette ville.
79	-	Jésus Christ montre ses plaies à St. Thomas.
80	-	Le portrait de Nicolas Rockox, Bourguemaitre de cette ville, ami de Rubens.
81	-	Le portrait d'Adrienne Perez, son épouse. Ces deux derniers numéros formaient les volets du n°. 79, avec lequel ils formaient l'Epitaphe de ce Bourguemaitre dans l'église des Récollets de cette ville.
82	-	Le Sauveur descendu de la croix. Le corps du Sauveur, posé sur une pierre, est soutenu par la Vierge, Saint Jean et Saint Joseph d'Arithmatie, derrière lesquels on voit la Madelaine.
83	-	St. Jean Evangeliste.
84	-	La Vierge avec l'Enfant Jésus. Ces deux derniers numéros formaient les volets du n°. 82.
85	-	La Vierge, l'Enfant Jésus, et St. Joseph. On croit que Rubens fit présent de ce tableau à la corporation de Saint Luc, dont il ornait la salle aux réunions.
86	-	Le Sauveur en croix.
87	-	Esquisse d'un Char triomphal, qui a servi pour l'entrée solennelle de l'archiduc Ferdinand.
88	-	Esquisse d'un arc de triomphe.
89	-	Esquisse d'un arc de triomphe. Ces deux derniers Esquisses ont également servi à l'occasion citée au n°. 87.
90	HENRY VAN BALEN, né à Anvers, élève d'Adam Van Oort : un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc de cette ville en 1609.	Un concert d'anges.
91	-	Un Idem.

No.	Artist's Name,	Description.
92	ABRAHAM JANSSENS, né et mort à Anvers : un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc de cette ville en 1607.	Le fleuve l'Escaut et la ville d'Anvers ; allégorie ; figures de grandeur colossale. Ce tableau ornait autrefois la salle d'audience du magistrat de cette ville.
93	-	L'Adoration des Mages.
94	-	La Vierge, l'Enfant Jésus, et Saint Jean.
95	THÉODORE ROMBOUTS, né à Anvers en 1597, élève d'Abraham Janssens ; un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc de cette ville en 1628, où il mourut en 1640.	La Sainte Famille dans un paysage : le paysage est par Wildens.
96	GASPAR DE CRAEYER, né à Anvers en 1585 : élève de Coxie, mort à Bruxelles dans un âge très-avancé.	Elie dans le désert
97	CORNEILLE DE Vos, né à Hulst ; un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc de cette ville en 1619.	La Famille Snoeck offrant des ornemens d'église à l'abbé de l'abbaye de St. Michel à Anvers.
98	-	Le Concierge de la corporation de Saint Luc, d'Anvers. Il est décoré de médailles et placé devant une table, couverte de riches gobelets en vermeil ; triomphes remportés, ou présens de souverains et de princes, que cette corporation possédait et que les bouleversemens politiques ont fait disparaître. Un de ces gobelets fut donné à la Corporation par la noblesse d'Anvers ; il portait les portraits de Jean Van Eyck et d'Albert Durer.
99	-	St. Norbert et un autre Saint agenouillés devant le Saint Sacrement.
100	-	Exvoto ; portraits de deux époux agenouillés devant la Sainte Vierge.
101	-	Exvoto d'une Famille en prière ; il se compose de deux pièces.
102	SIMON DE Vos, né à Anvers en 1603.	L'Adoration des Mages.
103	-	Exvoto. — Un Donateur et Saint Guillaume.
104	-	Exvoto. — Une Donatrice et Sainte Barbe.
105	JACQUES JORDAENS, né à Anvers en 1594, mort dans la même ville en 1678 : élève d'Adam Van Oort et de Rubens.	L'Adoration des Bergers.
106	JACQUES JORDAENS	Les Sœurs hospitalières de Sainte Elisabeth.
107	-	Le Sauveur mis au tombeau.
108	-	Le Pégase. Ce tableau a servi autrefois de pièce de plafond dans la salle aux réunions de la corporation de Saint Luc.
109	-	La Cène.
110	-	La Loi Humaine basée sur la Loi Divine. Ce tableau ornait autrefois la salle aux réunions de la corporation de Saint Luc.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
111	ANTOINE VAN DYCK, né à Anvers en 1599, élève de H. Van Balen et de Rubens: un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc en 1634; mort à Londres en 1641.	Jésus Christ en croix, Saint Dominique, et Sainte Cathérine de Sienne.
112	-	Le Sauveur mort sur les genoux de la Vierge.
113	-	Même sujet différemment traité.
114	-	La tradition porte que ce tableau a été peint en Italie. Portrait de Cæsar Alexandre Scaglia, un des négociateurs pour l'Espagne au congrès de Munster: il est appuyé sur un piédestal, portant une inscription, qui fait connaître cette circonstance. Ce portrait ornait la ci-devant église des Récollets de cette ville.
115	-	Jésus Christ en croix: tableau de petite dimension.
116	LE MÊME, OU DANS SA MANIÈRE	Portrait de Malderus, Evêque d'Anvers.
117	GERARD SEGHERS, né à Anvers en 1589, mort dans la même ville en 1651, élève de H. Van Balen.	Saint Stanislas, entrant dans l'ordre de Saint Ignace.
118	-	Le mariage de la Vierge.
119	-	La Vierge tient l'Enfant Jésus, auquel Sainte Claire fait ses adorations.
120	-	Sainte Thérèse. Un ange lui enflamme le cœur de l'amour divin.
121	-	La Vierge au scapulaire.
122	-	Le Sauveur reçoit en grâce les pécheurs.
123	DANIEL SEGHERS et CORNEILLE SCHUT. Seghers naquit à Anvers en 1590: il fut élève de Breughel, dit de Velours. Il entra comme frère-lai dans la Société de Jésus, et mourut à Anvers en 1660	Une grande guirlande de fleurs, au milieu de laquelle on voit Saint Ignace, peint par Schut.
124	-	Une guirlande de fleurs entoure l'image de la Vierge, également peint par Schut.
125	CORNEILLE SCHUT, né à Anvers en 1590, mort dans la même ville en 1676; élève de Rubens	Le Martyre de Saint George.
126	-	Le Sauveur et la Vierge donnent à Saint François l'indulgence dite Portiuncula.
127	THEODORE VAN THULDEN, né à Bois-le-Duc en 1607, élève de Rubens: il travailla avec lui à la galerie du Luxembourg, et fut un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc en 1638.	Esquisse d'un arc de triomphe, qui a servi à l'occasion de l'entrée de l'archiduc Ferdinand.
128	-	Esquisse d'un autre arc de triomphe, ayant servi à la même occasion.
129	-	Des assassins présentent une coupe empoisonnée à un religieux de l'ordre de Saint François: on

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
130	THEODORE VAN THULDEN	voit au haut du tableau la Vierge dans une gloire.
131	-	Saint François dans une gloire.
132	FRANÇOIS SNYDERS, né à Anvers en 1579, mort dans la même ville en 1657; élève de Henry Van Balen.	Le portrait du Bernardin Van Thulden. Du Gibier sur une table.
133	-	Des Cygnes dans l'eau, qui se défendent contre un chien.
134	LUC. FRANÇOIS, né à Malines en 1574; mort dans la même ville en 1643.	Saint Joachim, Sainte Anne, et la Vierge.
135	-	La Vierge présente le petit Jésus à un Saint Carmélite.
136	H. P. FRANCK	Apparition de Saint Antoine de Padoue, entouré d'anges dans une gloire, aux fidèles qui vénèrent son tombeau. Ce tableau ornait l'épitaophe d'Alexandre Vanden Broeck et de son frère.
137	ADAM WILLAERTS, né à Anvers en 1577; mort à Utrecht.	Fête donnée à Tervuren à leurs altesses royales Albert et Isabelle.
138	GUILLAUME NIEULANDT, né à Anvers en 1584, mort à Amsterdam en 1635; élève de Savary.	Vue du Forum et du Campo-vaccino à Rome.
139	PIERRE VAN MOL, né à Anvers en 1580, mort à Paris en 1650; élève de Rubens.	L'Adoration des Mages.
140	DEODAT DELMONTE	La Transfiguration.
141	JEAN VAN BRONCKHORST, dit Langen Jan, né à Utrecht en 1603.	Le portrait d'un homme d'âge.
142	DAVID TENIERS, le Jeune, né à Anvers en 1610: il fut élève de son père et doyen de la corporation de Saint Luc en 1644. Il est un des premiers directeurs de l'académie de dessin de cette ville, pour laquelle, conjointement avec ses confrères, il sollicita et obtint en 1663 de Philippe IV., roi d'Espagne, le titre d'Académie Royale.	Valenciennes secourue. Valenciennes se trouvait serrée de très-près, en 1656, par l'armée Française, sous les ordres des maréchaux De Turenne et De la Ferté; quand les Espagnols, commandés par Don Juan d'Autriche, fils naturel de Philippe IV. et de Marie Calderonne, comédienne, qui avait avec lui le Grand Condé, que des mécontentemens avaient fait quitter la France pour s'attacher à l'Espagne, vinrent à son secours. La Ferté avait une position très-désavantageuse et séparée du corps de Turenne par l'Escarot: celui-ci, qui en sentit tout le danger, tâcha de persuader La Ferté de mettre la rivière entre lui et l'ennemi, et de joindre leurs forces, mais inutilement: aussi La Ferté fut-il attaqué et défait, et Turenne n'opéra sa retraite, qu'à travers les plus grandes difficultés. Le centre du tableau donne le plan de la ville, celui de la position des armées et de leurs mouvemens d'attaque et de défense. Dans la partie supérieure, on voit la ville de Valen-

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
		<p>ciennes, que le peintre a placée sous la protection du Saint Sacrement et de la Vierge. Le premier représenté avec les accessoires du Sacrement de Miracle, se trouve au milieu d'une gloire, formée d'une quantité d'anges, dont plusieurs tiennent baissés et comme trainants des drapeaux pris sur l'armée Française.</p> <p>Le tableau est encadré en son entier dans une espèce d'arc de triomphe, formé d'une multitude d'armures et d'instrumens de guerre, rendus avec une grande vérité et d'une exécution admirable, au milieu desquels on voit, à la partie inférieure, en bronze, le buste de Philippe IV., tenu par Minerve et Hercule. Minerve foule aux pieds la Discorde, et à côté d'Hercule le Lion Espagnol tient le Coq, symbole de la France, sous ses griffes. De chaque côté sont plusieurs portraits, en médaillon, parmi lesquels on distingue ceux de Don Juan et de Condé.</p> <p>Sa Majesté fit présent de ce tableau au Musée d'Anvers en 1823.</p> <p>L'Assomption de la Vierge.</p>
143	PIERRE THYS, né à Anvers, un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc en 1666; élève de Antoine Van Dyck.	
144	-	Un ange présente Saint François à Jésus Christ et à la Vierge.
145	-	La Vierge apparaît à Saint Guillaume duc d'Aquitaine.
146	-	Portrait d'homme.
147	-	Icare et Dédale.
148	JEAN ERASME QUELLIN, nommé le Vieux; né à Anvers en 1607, mort dans la même ville en 1678; élève de Rubens.	Saint Brunon guérit par le signe de la croix un homme de la morsure d'un serpent.
149	-	Un Enfant est ressuscité par un Saint Evêque.
150	JEAN ERASME QUELLIN, nommé le Jeune; né à Anvers en 1629, mort dans la même ville en 1715; élève de son père.	Les trois numéros qui suivent forment un trait de l'histoire de nos guerres civiles vers le milieu de 16 ^e siècle, et représentent les Martyrs de Gorcum
	-	Le premier fait voir deux Religieux, prémontrés, conduits par une forte garde, à pied et à cheval, vers une prison, devant laquelle se trouve déjà un grand nombre de personnes de différens sexes et conditions.
151	-	Dans le second on voit dans une des salles d'une abbaye le tribunal qui va prononcer sur leur sort.
152	-	Dans le troisième on voit le supplice des condamnés, qui a lieu dans une grange.
153	-	Le Sauveur au repas de Simon le Pharisien, la pécheresse est à ses pieds.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
154	JEAN ERASME QUELLIN	Saint Brunon reçoit du Pape l'approbation de sa règle.
155	-	Le Martyre de Sainte Agathe.
156	-	La Piscine de Bethesda.
		Ce tableau, qui pour la dimension est un des plus extraordinaires que l'on connaisse, est aussi une des plus fastueuses compositions que la peinture ait produites, et le chef-d'œuvre reconnu de ce maître.
156*	-	La partie supérieur du tableau représentant La Piscine de Bethesda.
		Cette magnifique composition servait d'épitaque, comme le témoigne l'inscription placée au bas du numéro 156.
157	-	Portrait de Gaspar Nemius, 6 ^e évêque d'Anvers.
157*	-	Portrait de Aub. Vanden Eede, 8 ^e évêque d'Anvers.
158	GASPAR VAN OPSTAL, un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc, et un des directeurs de l'Académie de cette ville en 1598.	Jésus Christ apparaît à Saint Jean de la croix, Carmélite.
159	T. BOEYERMANE, élève de Antoine Van Dyck.	Personnages de haut rang, qui se présentent devant un jeune monarque.
160	-	Jésus Christ la Source du Salut et de la Guérison : tableau allégorique.
161	-	L'Académie d'Anvers, mère nourricière de la peinture, distribue des encouragemens : on y voit les portraits de Rubens et de Van Dyck.
162	-	Ce tableau représente une Réunion de Famille : on y distingue une vieille dame en habits de dévote, deux jeunes époux et deux ecclésiastiques : la tradition dit, que cette famille se distingua par ses bienfaits envers le Séminaire de cette ville.
163	THIERRY VAN DELEN et BOEYERMANS. Van Delen naquit à Heusden : il fut élève de François Hals, florissait en 1625, et mourut à Arnemuyden en Zélande.	Dans une magnifique architecture, qui représente le temple de la Paix, on voit cette bienfaisante Déesse, entourée de la Peinture et de la Poésie, dont elle est la protectrice : des génies chassent du temple le démon de la discorde.
164	KEERINGS et A. GENOELS	Minerve et les Muses dans un paysage. Le paysage est de Keerings.
165	G. MAES, un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc, et un des directeurs de l'Académie de cette ville en 1682.	Le Martyre de Saint George. Saint George occupa un rang distingué dans les armées Romaines : il fut décapité sous Dioclétien.
166	PIERRE VAN LINT	Le portrait d'un frère Cellite.
167	-	Sainte Cathérine.
168	-	Portrait du Cardinal Ginnazio, patron de l'auteur. Une inscription sur ce tableau porte que par cet ouvrage il remporta le prix à Rome en 1639.
169	-	Réunion de plusieurs personnes des deux sexes, qui se reposent au bord d'une rivière.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
170	JEAN COSSIERS, né à Anvers en 1603, élève de Corneille de Vos; un des doyens de la corporation de Saint Luc en 1639.	L'Adoration des Bergers.
171	- -	Même sujet que le numéro précédent, de moindre dimension, et varié pour la composition.
172	- -	Un Gentilhomme allumant sa pipe: il est accompagné d'un page, qui lui verse à boire.
173	- -	La Flagellation.
174	- -	Portrait d'un Chirurgien.
175	JEAN VAN HOECK, né et mort à Anvers	Saint François fait ses adorations à la Vierge.
176	P. THYS, Dominicain à Anvers.	Le Sauveur descendu de la croix.
177	RAFAEL VAN ORLEY	Marche triomphale du Pape et de l'Empereur Charles Quint à Rome.
178	HERREYNS, nommé le Vieux, né et mort à Anvers.	Le Père éternel.
179	VAN THIELEN	Une guirlande de fleurs.
180	N. EYCKENS, nommé le Vieux, né et mort à Anvers.	Ste Cathérine disputant avec les philosophes.
181	- -	Portrait d'homme.
182	ADRIEN DE BACKER, né et mort à Amsterdam.	La Justice regagne par la paix les forces qu'elle avait perdues pendant les troubles de la guerre et l'anarchie des troubles. Allégorie.
183	THOMAS WILLEBRORDTS-BOSSCHAERT, né à Bergen-op-Zoom en 1613, mort à Anvers en 1656, élève de Gerard Segers.	Le Sauveur en croix, la Madelaine et Saint François.
184	JEAN VAN KESSEL, né à Anvers en 1626, mort dans la même ville.	Concert d'oiseaux.
185	JEAN FEYDT, né et mort à Anvers	Des Chiens de chasse et du Gibier mort.
186	JEAN SIBRECHTS, né et mort à Anvers: le tableau porte la date de 1666.	Deux religieux de l'ordre de St. François, dans un paysage agreste, dans lequel on voit rassemblée une quantité d'animaux de toute espèce.
187	ANTOINE GOBAU, né et mort à Anvers.	Réunion d'artistes à Rome. Le tableau porte l'année 1668.
188	- -	Vue de la Place Navona à Rome.
189	GODEFROI KNELLER, né à Lubeck, peintre de Charles II. et de Jacques II. Rois d'Angleterre.	Le portrait du chanoine Cockx, chantre de la Cathédrale d'Anvers.
190	MARC ANTOINE GARIBALDO	La Fuite en Egypte.
191	VAN MINDERHOUT	Vue d'un port du Levant, au soleil couchant.
192	INCONNU	Un Hyver.
193	- -	Deux jeunes Filles: une d'elles apprête un Bouquet, l'autre carresse une Brébis.
194	- -	Un Berger joue de la flûte devant sa bergère, pendant que celle-ci pare une brébis.
195	JEAN PEETERS	L'Escaut pris devant Anvers. On voit nombre de personnes sur la glace; des tentes et même des voitures chargées.
196	VAN ES	Nature morte. Une cruche à vin, des citrons coupés, et un couteau.
197	BALTH. VANDEN BOSSCHE, né et mort à Anvers: le tableau est peint en 1711.	Réunion du serment de l'arbalète. Mr. le Bourguemestre est introduit dans l'assem-

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
198	GOVAERTS	blée et complimenté à l'entrée par les Doyens. Les figures de ce tableau présentent autant de portraits. Assemblée des confrères du même serment de l'arbalète. Ce tableau est enrichi de l'illustration d'un protecteur, représenté allégoriquement. Joseph vendu par ses frères.
199	BALTH. BESSCHEY, né à Londres d'un père Anversoïse en 1709, mort à Anvers en 1776 : un des directeurs de cette académie en 1756.	Joseph Vice-roi d'Egypte : devant lui sont ses frères qui viennent s'approvisionner en grain. Portrait du peintre, il a la palette en main. Agar et son fils renvoyés par Abraham. Réunion de philosophes. Un paysage orné de fleurs, d'insectes, etc.
200	-	
201	-	
202	VERHAGEN, né et mort à Louvain	
203	TASSAERT, surnommé l'Anglais	
204	P. SNYERS, nommé le Saint, né à Anvers, il y mourut en 1752.	
205	MARTIN J. GEERAERTS, né à Anvers en 1706, mort dans la même ville en 1791 : un des directeurs de cette académie.	Bas-relief, représentant les Beaux-Arts.
206	ANDRÉ LENS, né à Anvers en 1739, mort à Bruxelles en 1822, un des directeurs de cette académie en 1763.	L'Annonciation.
207	-	
208	-	Le portrait du graveur Martinasie : il travaille à la planche de l'Enlèvement des Sabines, d'après le tableau peint par Rubens. Hercule prend sous sa protection les Arts contre l'envie et l'ignorance, qu'il terrasse à coups de sa formidable massue.
209	KERCKX	L'Agneau de Dieu dans une gloire, au milieu des bienheureux. Au haut du tableau on voit le Père éternel entouré d'anges.
210	KERCKX	Les Israélites, prêts à sortir d'Egypte, mangent, d'après le préscrit de Moïse, l'agneau-pascal. On voit l'ange exterminateur qui frappe les premiers-nés des Egyptiens.
211	INCONNU	Blazons de nos anciennes sociétés de Rhétorique.

COPIES.

212	PAR P. THYS, Dominicain à Anvers	Saint Ambroise refusant à l'Empereur Theodose le Grand l'entrée du temple de Milan, pour n'avoir pas expié le crime du massacre de Salonique. L'original se trouve à la Galerie Impériale de Vienne.
213	Inconnu d'après RUBENS	La grande chasse au lion.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
214	Idem d'après VAN DYCK	Silène ivre : il est soutenu par des satyres et une bacchante.
215	Copies d'après VAN DYCK	Saint Pierre.
216	-	Saint Paul.
217	-	Tête de Madelaine.
218	-	Portrait de l'Infante Isabelle Claire Eugenie.
219	-	Portrait de l'évêque d'Anvers Malderus.
220	-	Portrait d'un abbé.
221	Inconnu d'après Le TITIEN	Jésus rejeté pour Barrabas.
222	Idem d'après PAUL VERONÈSE	Le centurion aux pieds du Sauveur.
223	Idem d'après DE WIT	Un jeune homme dessinant.
224	Idem d'après un Inconnu	Portrait du Pape Pie VI.

M A R B R E S.

225	ARTHUR QUELLIN	Le Buste de Louis Benavides, Marquis de Caracène, etc.
226	KERRICKX, né et mort à Anvers : un des Directeurs de cette Académie en 1692.	Buste de son Altesse Maximilien Emanuel de Bavière, gouverneur des Pays-Bas Espagnols.
227	LOUIS WILLEMSSENS	Buste de Jean Dominique de Zuniga et Fonseca, comte de Monterey, gouverneur des Pays-Bas Espagnols.
228	P. VAN BAURSCHEIT, 1700	Buste d'un jeune personnage de haut rang ; il est décoré de l'ordre du Saint Esprit.
229	CHARLES GEERTS, Professeur à l'Académie de Louvain, Artiste vivant.	Quinten Matsys ; statue de grandeur naturelle.
230	GUILL. GEËFS, Artiste vivant	Buste du Roi.
231	INCONNU	Deux Bustes en marbre blanc et noir.
et 232		
233	DAVID TENIERS, le Jeune	Vue de Flandre. Sur le devant se trouvent des fumeurs ; le fond est un paysage.
234	JACQUES JORDAENS	Le commerce et la prospérité publique font fleurir les beaux-arts.
235	AMBR. FRANCKEN, dit le Vieux, Elève de Martin De Vos, doyen de la corporation de St. Luc, en 1581—1582, mort en 1619.	Les sept œuvres de Miséricorde.
236	-	
237	JEAN B. FRANCKEN, Fils et élève de Sébastien Francken, né à Anvers vers l'an 1596.	Le martyre de Ste. Cathérine. Esquisse terminée.
238	GASPARD VAN OPSTAL	Des possédés et des malades prennent leur recours au tombeau d'un saint. Esquisse.
239	JEAN VAN ORLEY	Portrait de forme ovale.
240	PIERRE VAN LINT, né à Anvers en 1609, mort dans la même ville en 1668.	La Sainte Vierge et l'enfant Jésus.
		Saint Christophe portant l'Enfant divin sur ses épaules. Figures à mi-corps.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
241	HOREMANS, le Vieux, il vivait vers la fin du 17 ^e siècle.	L'Abbé de St. Michel et M. le Bourguemestre rendent visite au corps du serment de l'es-crime.
242	JEAN PEETERS	Mer calme; on y voit un vaisseau à l'ancre, un yacht faisant voile et un bateau pêcheur.
243	BILTUIS	Un poulailler.
244	GUILLAUME JACQ. HERREYNS, né à Anvers le 10 Juin, 1743, mort dans la même ville le 10 Août, 1827; Directeu y de cette Aca-démie.	Portrait de J. Ghesquière, de l'Abbaye de Tongerlo.
245	-	Portrait de Jacq. Buens, de la même abbaye.
246	FERDINAND DE BRAEKELEER, Artiste vivant.	Les Anversoises se défendent contre les Espagnols qui veulent piller leur ville, le 4 Novembre, 1576. Ce tableau, acquis par la régence, a été par elle placé au Musée.
247	MATHIEU IGN. VAN BRÉE, né à Anvers le 22 Février, 1773, mort dans la même ville le 15 Décembre, 1839, premier Professeur à l'Académie depuis 1803 jusqu'en 8127; Directeur depuis cette époque jusqu'à son décès.	Mort de Pierre Paul Rubens, le 30 Mai, 1640. Il était âgé de 62 ans et 11 mois. Le Roi Guillaume a fait don de ce tableau au Musée.
248	INCONNU	Un portrait de religieux.
249	-	Un idem.
250	PENNEMAËKERS, le Recollet, le Vieux	L'Ascension de Notre Seigneur.
251	SIMON DE VOS, mort en 1676	Ex-voto d'une famille en prière devant l'image de Sainte Vierge.
252	INCONNU	Buste d'Ortelius en médaillon: on voit au bas le globe qui orne les œuvres de ce célèbre géographe. Il provient de son épitaphe à l'Abbaye de St. Michel.
253	-	Monument funéraire romain de la Famille des Fabius. Trouvé aux environs d'Anvers.
254	-	Statue d'Isis, don de Mr. J. B. De Witte, trouvé au Reuzen-huys à Anvers.

II.

CATALOGUE OF PAINTINGS, MUSÉE ROYAL,
BRUSSELS.

ECOLAS FLAMANDE, HOLLANDAISE, ET ALLEMANDE.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
1	ARTOIS (JACQUES VAN), né à Bruxelles en 1613, mort en 1665.	Paysage, scène d'hiver.
2	-	Paysage forestier, pris au déclin du jour.
3	-	Paysage boisé.
4	ARTOIS (VAN), DE CRAYER et SEGERS.	Conversion de Saint Hubert.
5	ASSELIN, né à Anvers en 1610, mort à Amsterdam en 1660; élève d'Isaac Van Ostade.	Paysage d'Italie.
6	BACHUYZEN (LOUIS), né à Embde en 1631, mort à Amsterdam en 1709; élève d'Everdingen.	Vue marine.
7	BACKEREEL (GILLES), né à Anvers en 1572, mort en	Adoration des bergers.
8	-	Vision de Saint Félix.
9	-	Saint Antoine de Padoue portant l'enfant Jésus et le Saint Sacrement.
10	BEGGYN (ABRAHAM), Hollandais, né en 1650, mort à Berlin en 1708.	Marine des environs de Naples.
11	BERGHEM (NICOLAS KLAES, dit), né à Harlem en 1624, mort dans la même ville en 1683.	Paysage; site d'Italie.
12	BOL (FERDINAND), né à Dordrecht en 1611, mort à Amsterdam en 1681; élève de Rembrandt.	Un vieillard qui étudie, le coude appuyé sur une table où l'on remarque un grand livre, une sphère et une tête de mort.
13	BOSSCHAERT (WILLEBRORD), né à Berg-op-Zoom en 1613, mort à Anvers en 1656; élève de Gérard Segers.	Des anges annoncent à Abraham la naissance d'Isaac.
14	BRAUWER (ADRIEN), né à Audenarde en 1608, mort à Anvers en 1640; élève de François Hals.	L' dispute grotesque de joueurs de cartes.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
15	BREUGHEL (ABRAHAM), né à Anvers en 1672, mort en 1720.	Bouquet de fleurs.
16	BREUGHEL (JEAN, dit de VELOUR, et VAN BAELEN), né à Bruxelles en 1589, mort à Anvers en 1642. Né à Anvers en 1562, mort en 1638.	L'Abondance et l'Amour répandant leurs dons sur la terre.
17	BREYDEL (le Chevalier CHARLES), né à Anvers en 1677, mort à Gand en 1744.	Choc de cavalerie.
18	-	Idem.
19	CHAMPAGNE (J. B. VAN), né à Bruxelles en 1643, mort en 1688; élève de Philippe Van Champagne.	Assomption de la Vierge.
20	CHAMPAGNE (PHILIPPE VAN), né à Bruxelles en 1602, mort à Paris en 1674; élève de Fouquières.	Portrait de Saint Charles Borromée.
21	-	Sainte Geneviève de Brabant.
22	-	Saint Joseph.
23	-	Saint Etienne.
24	-	Saint Ambroise.
25	-	Présentation au temple.
26	-	Saint Benoît dans la grotte.
27	-	Saint Benoît visité par un prêtre.
28	-	Le pain empoisonné.
29	-	Saint Benoît fait jaillir une fontaine par la force de sa prière.
30	-	Saint Maur retirant Placide de l'eau.
31	-	La hache perdue qui se rattache à son manche.
32	-	Le démon chassé d'une pierre.
33	-	L'incendie imaginaire.
34	-	L'enfant ressuscité.
35	-	Sainte Scolastique visitée par Sainte Benoît.
36	COCHELS (JOSEPH)	Retour de la chasse au cerf.
37	COENE (C.), né à Vilvorde en 1780, mort à Bruxelles en 1841.	Soldat de la bataille de Waterloo, rentrant dans la maison paternelle.
38	COPPENS, né à Bruxelles au 17 ^e siècle.	Portrait de l'auteur.
39	COSSIERS (JEAN), né à Anvers en 1603, mort en 1652; élève de Corneille Devos.	Le déluge universel.
40	-	La sainte famille.
41	COXIE (MICHEL VAN), né à Malines en 1499, mort en 1592; élève de Van Orley.	Le couronnement d'épines.
42	-	La cène. Tableau avec volets. L'un des volets représente le Christ lavant les pieds des apôtres, et l'autre le Christ au Jardin des Olives.
43	CRAESBEKE (JOSEPH VAN), né à Bruxelles en 1608, mort en 1688; élève d'Adrien Brauwer.	Tabagie flamande.
44	DANKERS VAN RY (PIERRE), né à Amsterdam en 1605, mort à Stockholm en 1659.	Portrait du mathématicien Dow, oncle de Gérard Dow.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
45	DANKERS VAN RY	Portrait de la femme de Gérard Dow.
46	DE BAETS (ANGE), né à Evergem, près de Gand, en 1793.	Intérieur de l'église Saint Bavon, à Gand.
47	DE BONSLATTER (A.).	Paysage; vue des environs de Rome.
48	DE BRACKELEER (FERDINAND), né à Anvers en 1792.	Vue intérieure de la ville d'Anvers.
49	DE CAISNE (HENRI), né à Bruxelles en 1799.	Agar dans le désert.
50	-	Sapho.
51	DE CAUWER, né à Beveren en . . .	Plusieurs blessés de la bataille de Waterloo dans l'intérieur d'une ferme.
52	DE KLERCK (HENRI), né à Anvers en 1570, mort en 1629; élève de Martin Devos.	Le Seigneur appelant à lui les petits enfans.
53	-	Une sainte famille.
54	DE CONINCK (JACQUES), né à Harlem en 1650, mort en 1709; élève d'Adrien Vandewelde.	Vue de Hollande; paysage.
55	DE CRAYER (GASPARD), né à Anvers en 1582, mort en 1669; élève de Raphaël Coxie.	Pêche miraculeuse de St. Pierre.
56	-	Assomption de Sainte Catherine.
57	-	Apparition de la Vierge à Saint Bernard.
58	-	Martyre de Saint Blaise.
59	-	Conversion de Saint Julien.
60	-	Le Chevalier Dongelebert et sa femme en adoration devant le Christ mort.
61	-	Saint Paul et Saint Antoine.
62	-	Saint Paul ermite, avant sa conversion.
63	-	Saint Paul après son martyre.
64	-	Saint Antoine et Saint Paul, ermites.
65	-	Martyre de Sainte Apolline.
66	-	La sainte famille.
67	-	Portrait d'un moine de l'ordre des Augustins. (Le fond est un paysage.)
68	DE JONGHE (J. B.), né à Courtrai en 1785.	Paysage; vue prise aux environs de Tournai.
69	DE LANDTSHEERE (JEAN), PERE, né à Baesrode en 1750, mort à Bruxelles en 1828.	Vénus coupant les ailes à l'Amour.
70	DE LANDTSHEERE (J. B.), FILS, né à Bruxelles en 1797.	Tancrède blessé et soigné par Herminie.
71	DELVAUX (ED.), né à Bruxelles en 1806.	Paysage montagneux. Coup de vent.
72	DELVAUX (FERDINAND), né à Bruxelles en 1782, mort à Bologne en 1815.	Intérieur du cloître des Chartreux à Rome.
73	-	Intérieur d'un couvent de femmes à Rome.
74	DENIS (SIMON JOSEPH ALEXANDRE CLÉMENT), né à Anvers en 1755, mort à Naples en 1813.	Combat de deux taureaux. Effet de soleil couchant.
75	DE NOTER (P. F.), né à Walhem en 1779, mort en 1842.	Vue prise à Bruges.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
76	DE NOTER	Hiver; vue prise du Pont Neuf à Gand.
77	-	L'église de Saint Nicolas, à Gand, vue du Marché-aux-Grains.
79	DE ROI (J. B.), né à Bruxelles en 1759, mort en 1839.	Un nombreux convoi de bestiaux destinés à l'armée.
80	-	Paysage avec bestiaux. Effet de brouillard.
81	DEVADDER (LOUIS), né à Bruxelles en 1560, mort en 1623.	Paysage boisé.
82	DEVIGNE (FÉLIX), né à Gand en 1806.	Les amours d'Abrocome et de la belle Anthia.
83	DEVOS (MARTIN), né à Anvers en 1524, mort en 1604; élève de Pierre Devos, son père, et de Franck Floris.	Portrait.
84	DEVRIES (FERDINAND), né à Leeuwaerden en 1527, mort en 1588.	Chasse au cerf dans un chemin creux et boisé.
85	DE WIT (EMMANUEL), né à Alcester, en 1607, mort en 1692; élève d'Evrard Van Alst.	Intérieur de l'église de Delft.
86	DIETRICH (GUILLAUME ERNEST), né à Weimar en 1712, mort à Dresde en 1774.	Portrait de ce Peintre.
87	DOW (GÉRARD), né à Leyde en 1613, mort en 1680; élève de Rembrandt.	Gérard Dow dessinant à la faible lueur d'une lampe d'après un Amour de Duquesnoy.
88	DUQCQ (JOSEPH FRANÇOIS), né à Ledeghem en 1762, mort à Bruges en 1829.	Vénus sortant des eaux.
89	DU CORRON (J.), né à Ath en 1770.	Vue prise aux environs d'Irchonwelz, près de Chièvres, province de Hainaut.
89*	-	Paysage; clair de lune.
90	FABER (F.), né à Bruxelles en 1782, mort en 1844.	Repos d'un ouvrier.
91	FABRIQUE (NICOLAS LA), né à Namur vers la fin du 17 ^e siècle, mort en 1736.	Un jeune homme examine avec attention une pièce d'or qu'il tient dans le creux de sa main.
92	FLORIS (FRANCK), DE VRIENDT (FRANÇOIS, dit), né à Anvers en 1520, mort en 1570; élève de Lambert Lombard.	Le Jugement dernier.
93	-	Altercation entre deux jeunes époux.
94	-	L'enfant Jésus, couché dans son berceau, tend les bras à la Sainte Vierge à genoux qui va l'embrasser. Saint Joseph contemple cette scène d'amour avec respect.
95	FRANCK (JEAN BAPTISTE), né à Anvers en 1600, mort en 1653; élève de son père, Sébastien Franck.	Décollation de Saint Jean.
96	FRANÇOIS (P. J. C.) PÈRE, né à Namur en 1759.	Marius assis sur les ruines de Carthage.
97	GEERNAERTS	Le Seigneur et ses disciples à Emaüs; grisaille.
98	-	Le Seigneur chez Simon le Pharisien; grisaille.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
99	GEERNAERTS	Les fils d'Aaron punis par le feu du ciel; grisaille.
100	-	La femme adultère; grisaille.
101	-	Abraham et Melchisédech; grisaille.
102	-	Le sacrifice d'Abraham; grisaille.
103	-	Le sacrifice d'Elie; grisaille.
104	GOLZIUS (HUBERT), né à Venloo en 1520, mort à Bruges en 1583.	Portrait de femme.
105	HEEM (DAVID DE), né à Utrecht en 1570, mort en 1632.	Bouquet de fleurs.
106	HELLEMANS (P. J.), né à Bruxelles en 1787.	Vue prise sur la lisière du bois de Soignes, chaussée de Namur.
107	-	Paysage; vue d'un moulin à eau; figures et bétail.
108	HEMSKERKE (EGBERT, dit le Paysan), né à Harlem en 1610, mort en 1680.	Intérieur d'un cabaret flamand.
109	HERREGOUTS, né à Malines en 1666, mort à Anvers en 1724.	Saint Jérôme dans le désert.
110	HOLBEIN (JEAN), né à Bale en 1498, mort à Londres en 1554; élève de son père, Jean Holbein.	Portrait de Thomas Morus.
111	HUYSMAN (CORNEILLE, dit de Malines), né à Anvers en 1648, mort en 1727; élève de Jacques Artois.	Paysage.
112	JANSSENS (ABRAHAM), né à Anvers en 1569, mort en 1631.	La Foi et l'Espérance soutiennent la Vieillesse contre les fatigues du temps.
113	JANSSENS (VICTOR HONORÉ), né à Bruxelles en 1664, mort en 1739.	Des anges présentent le cordon de l'ordre des Chartreux à Saint Bruno, pendant une apparition de la Vierge.
114	-	Saint Charles Borromée priant pour les pestiférés.
115	-	Didon, accompagnée de sa sœur, faisant bâtir Carthage.
116	-	Sacrifice d'Enée arrivant à Carthage.
117	JOLLY (A. E.), né à Bruxelles.	Zampiero et Vanina.
118	JORDAENS (JACQUES), né à Anvers en 1594, mort en 1678; élève d'Adam Van Oort et de Rubens.	Saint Martin guérissant un possédé.
119	-	Tableau allégorique des dons et des occupations de l'Automne.
120	-	Le triomphe du Prince Frédéric Henri de Nassau.
121	-	Tête d'apôtre priant Dieu. (Esquisse.)
122	KLOMP (ALBERT), Hollandais, vivait en 1636.	Scène rurale, entrée de ferme.
123	-	Apparition des anges aux bergers devant leurs tentes, pour annoncer la naissance du Messie.
124	KOEBERGER (WENCESLAS), né à Anvers en 1560, mort en 1630; élève de Martin Devos	Le Christ porté au tombeau.
125	KUYP (BENJAMIN), né à Dordrecht en 1608, mort vers la fin du 17 ^e siècle.	L'Adoration des mages.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
126	KUYP (JACOB GERRITZ), né à Dordrecht en 1578, mort en 1642; élève d'Abraham Bloemaert	Paysage.
127	LAIRESSE (GÉRARD DE), né à Liège en 1640, mort à Amsterdam en 1711; élève de son père, Renier de Lairese.	La mort de Pyrrhus.
128	LENS (ANDRÉ), né à Anvers en 1739, mort à Bruxelles en 1822; élève de Pierre Eyckens le Vieux et de Balthazar Besschey.	Dalila coupant les cheveux à Samson.
129	LENS (JACQUES), né à Anvers vers 1746, mort en	Portrait de l'empereur Léopold
130	LINGELBACH (JEAN), né à Frankfort-sur-le-Mein en 1625, mort à Amsterdam en 1687.	Vue de la Place du Peuple à Rome.
131	LOOTEN (JEAN), né à Amsterdam en , mort en 1681.	Paysage boisé.
132	LUCAS FRANCHOYS (le Vieux), dit FRANÇOIS, né à Malines en 1574, mort en 1643.	Portrait de Phiderpe, sculpteur flamand.
133	MATHIEU (LOUIS), né à Champlon (Luxembourg) en 1805.	Marie de Bourgogne tombant de cheval à la chasse.
134	MEERT (PIERRE), né à Bruxelles en 1618, mort en 1669.	Portrait des anciens magistrats de Bruxelles en 1600.
135	MILÉ (FRANÇOIS), né à Anvers en 1643, mort à Paris en 1680; élève de Laurent Francken.	Repos de la Sainte Famille pendant la fuite en Egypte.
136	MOLENAER, né à Anvers en 1540, mort en 1589.	Tabagie flamande.
137	Idem.	
138	MOMMERS (HENRI), né à Harlem en 1623, mort en 1697.	Un marché aux herbes.
139	MOREELSE (PAUL), né à Utrecht en 1571, mort en 1638; élève de Michel Mirevelt.	Portrait d'un homme tenant une pomme dans la main droite.
140	MOUCHERON (ISAAC VAN), né à Amsterdam en 1670, mort en 1744.	Paysage Arcadien.
141	- -	Paysage garni de haute futaie et entrecoupé de montagnes.
142	NASON (PIERRE), Hollandais, vivait en 1639.	Portrait du Prince d'Orange, gouverneur du Brésil.
143	NAVEZ (F. J.), né à Charleroi en 1787.	Portrait d'Engelspach-Larivière.
144	- -	Agar dans le désert.
145	NEEFS (PIERRE), né à Anvers en 1570, mort en 1639.	Intérieur de la Cathédrale d'Anvers.
146	NOEL, né à Waulsort-sur-Meuse en 1789, mort en 1822.	Station de cavalerie.
147	ODEVAERE (JOSEPH DENIS), né à Bruges en 1778, mort en 1830; élève de Suvée et de David.	Victoire navale de Canaris sur les Ottomans.
148	- -	Les Athéniens s'embarquant pour Salamines.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
149	OMMEGANG (B. PAUL), né à Anvers en 1755, mort en 1826.	Paysage des Ardennes.
150	PAELINCK (Madame), née HORGNIERS.	Sujet tiré de Lamartine.
151	PALAMEDE STEVENS (ANTOINE), né à Delft en 1607, mort en 1638.	Portrait d'homme
152	POURBUS, né à Bruges en 1540, mort en 1580; élève de Franck Flore.	Portrait d'homme.
153	QUILLIN (ERASME), le vieux, né à Anvers en 1607, mort en 1678; élève de Rubens.	Charles Borromée, archevêque de Milan.
154	-	Un statue en grisaille, représentant le Sauveur sur un fond d'architecture, entouré de fleurs peintes par Segers père.
155	REMBRANDT (PAUL), dit VAN RYN, né près de Leyde en 1606, mort à Amsterdam en 1674; élève de Zwanenburg.	Portrait d'homme.
156	REYKAERT (DAVID), le Jeune, né à Anvers en 1615, mort en 1677; élève de son père.	Chimiste dans son laboratoire.
157	RICQUIER (L.), né à Anvers en 1795	Une famille de brigands.
158	ROBBE (LOUIS), né à Courtrai en 1807.	Animaux au pâturage, vue prise aux environs de Courtrai.
159	ROOS (JEAN HENRI), dit ROSA DE TIVOLI, né à Otterberg, dans le Palatinat, en 1631, mort en 1685, élève de Julien Dujardin.	Pasteur assis.
160	RUBENS (PIERRE PAUL), né à Cologne en 1577, mort à Anvers en 1640; élève d'Adam Van Oort et d'Otto Venius.	Le Seigneur voulant foudroyer le monde. La Vierge, à ses côtés, découvre son sein maternel, et veut arrêter le bras de son fils; les anges consternés suivent le Seigneur. Saint François se précipite, avec la pâleur de l'effroi, sur un globe qui figure la terre, le couvre de son corps et de ses mains: un énorme serpent, symbole des vices, entoure ce globe, derrière lequel il cherche à se cacher. On aperçoit dans le lointain l'image des crimes qui ont provoqué la vengeance céleste.
161	-	Le Martyre de Saint Liévin. Sans entrer dans les détails d'un affreux et dégoûtant supplice, la pensée se porte avec plaisir vers ces esprits célestes qui, armés de la foudre, s'élancent du fond de nuage sur une troupe de bourreaux et de féroces soldats. Saisis de terreur, ceux-ci se précipitent les uns sur les autres; les chevaux se cabrent et ajoutent au désordre. Tout est action autour de Saint Liévin, qui paraît oublier ses souffrances à l'apparition de deux anges qui descendent vers lui avec la palme et la couronne du martyr.
162	-	Le Couronnement de la Vierge.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
163	RUBENS - -	<p>La Vierge agenouillée sur un croissant, s'élève au-dessus des nuages; le Père Eternel et son Fils l'attendent, et vont poser sur son front modeste la couronne immortelle. Un groupe d'anges paraît au-dessus du nuage qui soutient la Vierge.</p>
164	- -	<p>Station du Christ, montant au Calvaire, secouru par Marie Madeleine.</p> <p>Jésus Christ marche vers le lieu du supplice, entouré de ses bourreaux et précédé d'un bruyant cortège; il est tombé de douleur et de fatigue sous le poids d'une énorme croix; son divin visage, meurtri, ensanglanté, regarde le spectateur; il excite la pitié, touche l'âme du pécheur. Sa mère et les saintes femmes qui suivent sont navrées de douleur.</p>
165	- -	<p>Le Christ au Tombeau.</p> <p>La mère de Jésus, accompagnée des saintes femmes, avait eu la constance de rester au Calvaire pendant ces terribles instants. Saint Jean est le seul disciple qui soit resté auprès d'elle; le corps du Sauveur est couché sur un peu de paille; on a découvert le linceul; sa mère en arrière le soutient; le sang a cessé de couler de ses plaies; ses membres sont décolorés; la douceur des traits de son visage n'a pas été altérée par son supplice. Les femmes, Saint Jean, et Saint François expriment leur tristesse; deux anges se trouvent sur le devant: la Madeleine baissée vers la terre, tient les clous ensanglantés qu'elle arrose de ses larmes.</p>
166	- -	<p>L'adoration des mages.</p> <p>Trois mages sont venus de l'Orient pour adorer l'enfant Jésus; la Vierge le soutient debout sur le haut d'une crèche: l'un des trois mages, richement vêtu, lui présente un vase rempli d'or; les deux autres debout, saisis d'un saint respect, tiennent les mains croisées sur leur poitrine; le mage noir, le cœur pénétré de joie, regarde en souriant le divin enfant; Saint Joseph se tient derrière la Vierge; un nègre et un blanc portent chacun un candélabre; vers le haut d'un escalier, un guerrier couvert d'une cuirasse oppose son bouclier à la foule qui, du haut d'un galerie, cherche à pénétrer dans l'intérieur de l'étable. Le lieu représente une place souterraine.</p>
		<p>L'Assomption de la Vierge.</p> <p>La Sainte Vierge quitte la terre sur un nuage qui s'élève glorieusement vers le ciel. Les esprits célestes, entourés d'une lumière éclatante, l'accompagnent et le conduisent vers l'éternel séjour. Les saintes femmes, ses compagnes, ne</p>

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
		trouvent plus dans sa tombe que quelques fleurs. Les apôtres, frappés d'admiration et interdits, suivent la Vierge des yeux.
167	RUBENS - -	Portrait demi-corps de l'Archiduc Albert.
168	- -	Portrait demi-corps de l'Infante Isabelle.
169	RUYSDAEL (JACQUES), né à Harlem en 1640, mort à Amsterdam en 1681.	Paysage, avec une pièce d'eau entourée d'une forêt.
170	SALLAERT (ANTOINE), né à Bruxelles en 1570, mort en 1632.	Procession des corps de métiers de Bruxelles, sur la Grande Place, en 1620. Les différents corps de métiers, avec leurs enseignes, y marchent en file. On y trouve indiqué le nombre de maîtres dont se composait chaque métier à cette époque. La vue représente une partie de la Grande Place; l'on remarque des maisons bâties en bois.
171	- -	Suite de cette procession.
172	- -	Solennité du tir à l'arbalète. Ce tableau rappelle le souvenir du jour où, en 1615, l'Infante Isabelle, souveraine des Pays-Bas, abattit d'un coup d'arbalète l'oiseau élevé à la hauteur de la flèche de l'église du Sablon. L'Infante, et son époux, l'Archiduc Albert, s'y trouvent placés sur une estrade, l'arbalète à la main; le doyen, à la tête du grand serment, leur présente son hommage. Toute la cour assiste à cette fête; un peuple immense borde le chemin par lequel les corps de serments avancent précédés de leur musique.
173	- -	Procession de l'Ommegang, à Bruxelles. Ce tableau fait suite au précédent. L'Infante Isabelle ayant reçu du magistrat de Bruxelles, comme reine du grand serment, un don de 25,000 florins, employa cette somme à une fondation au Sablon, en faveur de douze jeunes filles, à chacune desquelles était destinée une dot, dont la collation se renouvelait tous les ans. La procession représentée dans ce tableau a été instituée en mémoire de cet événement; les douze jeunes pucelles, uniformément vêtues en blanc, et tenant un cierge à la main, précèdent le clergé de cette église, l'archiduc, l'archiduchesse, les seigneurs et les dames de la cour.
174	- -	Allégorie de la Passion du Christ. Deux anges soutiennent sur une draperie l'enfant Jésus debout, portant sa croix et montrant de la main droite une gloire céleste dont les rayons représentent, dans les interstices, les principaux épisodes de la vie et de la passion du Seigneur.
175	SCARON (ALEXANDRE), né à Bruxelles.	Vase de Fleurs.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
176	SCHAEPKENS (THEODORE), né à Maestricht en 1810.	La prise de Maestricht en 1579.
177	SCHALKEN (GODEFROI), né à Dordrecht en 1645, mort en 1706; élève de Samuel Van Hoogstraten et de G. Dow.	Un jeune homme, vêtu de vert et coiffé d'une toque noire, tient un flambeau et s'amuse à faire tomber de la cire fondue sur un plateau.
178	SCHOUWAERTS, de Bruxelles	Marché aux poissons.
179	-	Le bœuf gras.
180	SCHUT (CORNEILLE), né à Anvers en 1590, mort en 1676; élève de Rubens.	Esquisse du tableau du martyr de Saint Jacques.
181	SCHUT (CORNEILLE) et SEGERS, Père	Portrait de la Sainte Vierge entourée de guirlandes de fleurs supportées par des anges.
182	SCHWARTS (CHRISTOPHE), né à Munich en 1550, mort en 1594.	Vulcain montrant à l'assemblée des dieux Mars et Vénus, qu'il a surpris ensemble.
183	SEGERS (DANIEL), Père, né à Anvers en 1590, mort en 1661.	Bouquet.
184	SIEBRECHS (JEAN), né à Anvers en 1625, mort en 1686.	Scène matinale de travaux rustiques.
185	SMEYERS (GILLES), né à Malines en 1635, mort en 1710.	Saint Norbert consacrant deux diacres.
186	-	La mort de Saint Norbert.
187	SNEYDERS (FRANÇOIS), né à Anvers en 1579, mort dans la même ville en 1657; élève de Henri Van Baelen	Sur une longue table sont étalés un cygne, un chevreuil, un paon, un homard, quelques pièces de gibier, des fruits, et des légumes de différentes espèces.
188	SOOLMAKER (J. F.), né vers le 17 ^e siècle.	Réconciliation de Jacob et d'Esau.
189	-	Fontaine entourée de troupeaux, au milieu d'un paysage d'Italie.
190	STOMME (M. B.), né vers le 16 ^e siècle	Sur une table couverte d'une nappe, sont représentés un verre, une cruche renversée, un plat sur lequel est un poisson grillé, un couteau, et quelques autres objets.
191	STOOP (THIERRY), né à Dordrecht, florissait en 1651.	Vue d'un paysage d'Italie.
192	-	Halte de postillon.
193	TENIERS (DAVID), le Jeune, né à Anvers en 1610, mort à Bruxelles en 1694; élève de son père et d'Adrien Brauwer.	Le devant d'une maison rustique.
194	THYS (PIERRE), né à Anvers en 1625, mort en 1682.	Le martyr de Saint Guillaume.
195	-	Portrait d'une femme vêtue de noir, la main gauche appuyée sur le dossier d'une chaise.
196	TILBORGH (GILLES VAN), né à Bruxelles en 1625, mort en 1678.	Les Princes de Ligne, de Chimay, de Rubempré, de la Tour-Taxis, et le Duc d'Arenberg, tous à cheval, et en grand costume de chevalier de la toison d'or, sortent du palais des Ducs de Brabant. (L'ancienne cour brûlée en 1731.)
197	VAN ASLOOT (DIONEL), né à Bruxelles en 1570, mort en 1620.	Représentation topographique des ci-devant parc et château de Mariemont.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
198	VAN ASSCHE (HENRI), né à Bruxelles en 1775, mort en 1841.	Cascade formée par la Toccia, dans la vallée du même nom, canton du Tessin (Suisse Italienne).
199	-	Paysage.
200	VAN BREE (MATHIEU), né à Anvers en 1773, mort en 1839.	Portrait en pied de Guillaume Premier, roi des Pays Bas.
201	VAN BREE (Philippe), né à Anvers en 1786.	Intérieur de l'église Saint Pierre à Rome, le jour de la Fête-Dieu.
202	-	Sixte-Quint, lorsqu'il était encore pâtre.
203	VANDENHEUVEL (ANTOINE), né à Gand, au commencement du 17 ^e siècle, mort en 1677; élève de Gaspard de Crayer.	Le martyre de Sainte Amélie. La sainte, percée d'une lance qui s'est brisée dans la plaie, est représentée étendue mort à terre; le soldat, qui l'a tuée, montre d'un geste menaçant sa jeune victime à une femme tenant une petite fille à la main, et qui recule d'effroi. Derrière, se trouvent deux prêtres païens. Un ange descend vers la sainte.
204	VANDERAVOND (PIERRE), né à Anvers vers 1619, mort en	Assomption de la Vierge.
205	VANDER HELST, né à Harlem en 1613, mort à Amsterdam en 1671.	Portrait de l'Auteur.
206	-	Portrait de la femme de Vander Helst.
207	VANDERMUELEN, né à Bruxelles en 1634, mort à Paris en 1690; élève de Pierre Snayers.	Siège de Tournai par Louis XIV.
208	VANDERFLAS (PIERRE), né à Harlem en 1570, mort à Bruxelles en 1626.	La Sainte Vierge et l'Enfant Jésus, entourés des donateurs de qui provient ce tableau.
209	VANDER POORTEN (HENRI), né à Anvers en 1789.	Paysage orné de figures et de bétail.
210	VANDERVINNE (VINC. LAUR.), dit LE NAPOLITAIN, né à Harlem en 1629, mort en 1702.	L'ange apparaît à Saint Pierre, et le délivre de la prison.
211	VANDIEPENBECK (ABRAHAM), né à Bois-le-Duc en 1607, mort en 1675; élève de Rubens.	Saint François adorant le saint Sacrement.
212	VAN DYCK (ANTOINE), né à Anvers en 1599, mort à Londres en 1641; élève de Henri Van Baelen et de Rubens.	Le Christ en croix.
213	-	Saint Antoine de Padoue tenant l'Enfant Jésus.
214	-	Saint François en extase devant le crucifix.
215	-	Le martyre de Saint Pierre.
216	-	Esquisse heurtée de la tête du juif présentant le roseau dans le tableau du couronnement d'épines de ce maître.
217	-	Vieux Silène, ivre, soutenu par un berger et une bacchante.
218	VAN DYCK (PHILIPPE), né à Amsterdam en 1680, mort en 1752.	Portrait d'une dame, vêtue du bleu.
219	VAN EVERDINGEN (CÉSAR), né à Alcmæa en 1606, mort en 1679.	Jeune femme se coiffant devant une glace.
220	VAN HEIL (DANIEL), né à Bruxelles en 1604, mort en 1662.	Incendie à Anvers.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
221	VAN HEIL -	Hiver, scène de patineurs.
222	- -	Incendie en 1731 de l'ancienne cour du Palais Royal, qui occupait autrefois le terrain où se trouvent maintenant les deux grands pavillons de la Place-Royale du côté du Parc.
223	- -	Incendie d'une maison située Grand Place, à côté de la rue de la Tête d'Or, où a été bâtie depuis la maison dite des Merciers.
224	- -	Vue des bâtiments de la vieille cour à Bruxelles, du côté de l'Orangerie.
225	- -	Vue de Bruxelles dans son ancienne enceinte, prise sur les hauteurs de la porte de Flandre.
226	VAN HERP (N.)	Saint Nicolas Tolentin.
227	VAN HUGTENBURGH (JEAN), né à Harlem en 1646, mort à Amsterdam en 1733.	Choc de cavalerie.
228	VAN LOON (THÉODORE), né à Bruxelles en 1629, mort dans la même ville en 1678.	Adoration des bergers.
229	- -	Assomption de la Vierge.
230	- -	Adoration des bergers.
231	VAN NIKKELE (ISAAC), né vers le 16 ^e siècle.	Vue intérieure de la grande église de Harlem.
232	VAN NIEUWLANDT (ADRIEN), mort en 1601.	Le carnaval sous l'un des bastions de la ville d'Anvers.
233	VAN RAVENSTEIN (JEAN), né à la Haye en 1580, mort en 1649.	Portrait de Kinna Van Hasselaer, héroïne qui défendit Harlem contre les Espagnols, en 1572.
234	VAN SON (JEAN), né à Anvers en 1661, mort à Londres en 1723; élève de son père.	Fruits.
235	VAN THULDEN (THEODORE), né à Bois-le-Duc en 1607, mort en 1686; élève de P. P. Rubens.	Orgies pendant une kermesse de village.
236	- -	Le Christ à la colonne.
237	VENIUS (GERTRUDE), fille d'Otto Venius.	Portrait du peintre Otto Venius.
238	VENIUS (OTTO), né à Leyde en 1556, mort à Bruxelles en 1636; élève d'Isaac Swanenburg, maître de Rubens.	Le portement de la croix.
239	- -	Le Christ au Calvaire.
240	- -	Le Sainte Famille.
241	- -	Le Christ descendu de la croix entre les saintes femmes et Saint Jean (copie d'après Raphaël).
242	VERBOECKHOVEN (EUGÈNE), né à Warneton, en 1799.	Un troupeau de moutons battu par une averse.
243	VERBOOM (ADRIEN), né à Harlem, vivait en 1690.	Le départ pour la chasse.
244	VERHAEGEN (PIERRE-JOSEPH), né à Aerschot en 1728, mort en 1811.	L'adoration des mages.
245	VERVOLOET (F.), de Malines	Le cloître de Sainte Marie-la-Neuve, à Naples. (Moines Franciscains.)

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
246	VIELLEVOYE (PIERRE-JOSEPH-CÉLESTIN), né à Verviers en 1798.	Tête d'étude de vieillard.
247	VOORDECKER (HENRI), né à Bruxelles en 1779.	Vue du village et de la chapelle de Waterloo.
248	WEENINCX (JEAN-BAPTISTE), né à Amsterdam en 1621, mort en 1660.	Portrait d'une dame assise devant un miroir.
249	WOUVERMANS (PIERRE), né à Harlem en 1626, mort en 1683; élève de son frère Philippe.	Manège au pied d'un rempart.
250	WYNANDTS (JEAN), né à Harlem en 1600, mort en 1662.	Paysage.
251	- -	Paysage.
252	- -	Paysage sablonneux.

ECOLES ITALIENNE ET ESPAGNOLE.

253	ALBANE (FRANCESCO ALBANI), né à Bologne en 1578, mort en 1660; élève des Carrache. (Ecole Bolognaise.)	Adam, assis et s'appuyant sur la main droite, reçoit la pomme qu'Eve lui présente.
254	BARROCHIO D'URBIN (FEDERIGO BARROCCI OU FIORI), né à Urbin en 1528, mort en 1612. (Ecole Romaine.)	Le Christ appelant à lui Saint Pierre et Saint Simon.
255	BASSAN (LEANDRO), né en 1558, mort en 1623. (Ecole Vénitienne.)	Ascension du Christ.
256	BASSAN (BASSANO-JACOPO DA PONTE, dit le), né en 1510, mort en 1592; élève de Francesco da Ponte son père. (Ecole Vénitienne.)	Le Christ au tombeau. (Copie.)
257	CALABRESE (MATTIA PRETI, dit le), né à Taverna dans le royaume de Naples, en 1613, mort à Malte en 1699; élève de Guercin. (Ecole Napolitaine.)	Les costumes bizarres et les physionomies des personnages n'ont pas permis de reconnaître le sujet de ce tableau.
258	- -	Job visité par ses amis.
259	CANALETTO (ANTONIO CANAL, dit), né à Venise en 1597, mort en 1668; élève de Bernardo Canal son père. (Ecole Vénitienne.)	Vue de la Brenta.
260	- -	Intérieur de l'église Saint-Marc, à Venise.
261	CASTIGLIONE (GIOVANNI-BENEDETTO), né à Gènes en 1616, mort à Mantoue en 1670. (Ecole Génoise.)	Portrait de vieillard.
262	CIGOLI (LODOVICO CARDI DA), né en 1559, mort en 1613; élève de Sandi di Tito. (Ecole Florentine.)	La Vierge soutenant l'enfant Jésus derrière lequel se trouve le jeune Saint Jean.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
263	FERRARI (GAUDENZIO), né en 1484 à Valdugia, vallée de la Sesia, mort en 1550. (Ecole Milanaise.)	La Sainte-Vierge.
264	GIORGION (GIORGIO BARBARELLI, dit le), né à Castel-Franco en 1477, mort en 1511; élève de Jean Bellin. (Ecole Vénitienne.)	Portrait de jeune homme.
265	GIOTTO, né à Florence en 1276, mort en 1336. (Ecole Florentine.)	Le Calvaire.
266	GUERCHIN (GIO-FRANCESCO-BARBIERI, dit le), né à Cento en 1590, mort en 1666; élève de Crémonini et de Benedetto. (Ecole Bolognaise.)	Un ex-voto.
267	GUIDE (RENI GUIDO, dit le), né à Bologne en 1575, mort en 1642. Il passa de l'école de Denis Calvart dans celle des Carrache. (Ecole Bolognaise.)	La fuite en Égypte.
268	-	Sibylle inspirée par un génie.
269	MARATTE (CARLO MARATTA OU MARATTI), né à Camanero di Ancona en 1625, mort en 1713; élève d'Andrea Sacchi. (Ecole Romaine.)	Apollon et Daphné.
270	-	Saint François adorant l'enfant Jésus.
271	PALME LE VIEUX (JACOPO PALMA), né à Serinalta en 1540, mort en 1588; élève de Titien. (Ecole Vénitienne.)	Le Christ au tombeau.
272	PANINI (JEAN-PAUL), né à Plaisance en 1678, mort en 1740. (Ecole Romaine.)	Ruines et monuments de Rome.
273	PERUGIN (PIETRO VANNUCCI, dit le), né à Castel della Pieve di Perugia en 1446, mort en 1524. (Ecole Romaine.)	Madone.
274	PROCACCINI (GIULIO-CESARE), né à Bologne vers 1548, mort vers 1626. (Ecoles bolognaise et milanaise.)	Saint Sébastien protégé par des anges qui détournent les flèches de son martyre.
275	SAGORO (Ecole Lombarde.)	Le Christ mort près de la Sainte Vierge et des Saints Personnages.
276	SASSO FERRATO (GIO-BATISTA SALVIDA), né en 1605, mort en 1685. (Ecole Romaine.)	Tête de Madone, les yeux baissés, couverte d'un voile.
277	TINTORET (JACOPO ROBUSTI, dit le), né à Venise en 1512, mort en 1594. (Ecole Vénitienne.)	Le martyre de Saint Marc. (Esquisse.)
278	TITIEN (TIZIANO VICELLIO), né à Cadore en 1477, mort en 1576. (Ecole Vénitienne.)	Portrait de jeune homme vêtu d'une robe de soie noire.
279	-	Portrait de vieillard, costumé en robe bordée d'une fourrure.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
280	TITIEN (attribué à)	Le Christ chez Simon le Pharisien.
281	VELASQUEZ (DON DIEGO-RODRIGUEZ DE SILVAY), né à Séville en 1599, mort en 1660. (Ecole Espagnole.)	Portraits de deux enfants.
282	VÉRONESE (PAUL, PAOLO CALIARI), né à Vérone vers 1530, mort en 1588. (Ecole Vénitienne.)	La Richesse répandant ses dons sur la ville de Venise.
283	-	Adoration des Bergers.
284	-	Adoration de l'enfant Jésus par Sainte Catherine.
285	-	Les Noces de Cana.

ECOLE FRANCAISE.

286	CLOUET (FRANÇOIS), dit JANET, vivait en 1547.	Portrait d'Élizabeth, reine d'Angleterre.
287	COURTIN (JACQUES-FRANÇOIS)	Le Christ mort, sur les genoux de la Vierge.
288	COURTOIS (JACQUES, dit LE BOURGUIGNON), né à Saint-Hippolyte, en Franche-Comté, en 1621, mort à Rome en 1676; élève de Jérôme, peintre Lorrain.	Choc de cavalerie.
289	GYSELS, né à Paris en 1610, mort en 1673.	Un Cygne mort entouré de gibier.
290	LE POITTEVIN (EUGÈNE), né à Paris en 1808.	Naufrage sur la côte d'Afrique.
291	LE SUEUR (EUSTACHE), né à Paris en 1617, mort en 1655; élève de Simon Vouet.	Le Sauveur donnant sa bénédiction.
292	MIGNARD (NICOLAS), né à Troyes en 1608, mort à Paris en 1668.	Portrait d'Henriette d'Angleterre.
293	MIGNARD (PIERRE), surnommé LE ROMAIN, né à Troyes, en Champagne, en 1610, mort à Paris en 1695; élève de Vouet.	Portrait de femme, sous la figure de Diane couchée.
294	NATIER, né à Paris en 1642, mort en 1705.	Marie-Thérèse, impératrice d'Autriche.
295	TANNEUR, de Paris	Vue de mer à la marée montante.
296	VAN LOO (CARLE), né à Nice en Provence en 1705, mort à Paris en 1765.	Diane et Endymion.
297	VAUTIER (ALEXANDRE)	Portrait d'un gentilhomme du 17 ^e siècle.
298	VOUET (SIMON), né à Paris en 1582, mort dans la même ville en 1641.	Saint Charles-Borromée, priant pour les pestiférés de Milan.

AUTEURS INCONNUS.

No.	Description.
299	Déposition du Christ au tombeau.
300	Le Seigneur entre deux Juifs, tenant le roseau.
301	La Résurrection.
302	Le Calvaire.
303	Des anges détachent les flèches du corps de Saint Sébastien. (Ecole Italienne-Lombarde.)
304	Saint Pierre.
305	Sainte Famille.
306	Saint François devant une tête de mort tient un crucifix de la main droite.
307	Le Christ porté au tombeau.
308	Une Sainte Famille. (Ecole Lombarde.)
309	Madone.
310	Le sommeil de Jésus.
311	Sainte Famille.
312	Marthe et Marie.
313	Sainte Anne.
314	Façade latérale de l'église des SS. Michel et Gudule à Bruxelles, dans son état primitif.
315	Première assemblée du parlement de Malines en 1473, présidée par le duc Charles de Bourgogne.
316	Portrait de Charles le Téméraire, duc de Bourgogne.
317	Portrait de François I.
318	Portrait de l'impératrice Marie-Thérèse.
319	Portrait en pied de l'archiduc Albert.
320	Portrait en pied de l'infante Isabelle, épouse de l'archiduc Albert, gouvernante des Pays-Bas.
321	Portrait de Loquenghien, amman de Bruxelles, en l'an 1575.
322	Portrait de S. A. R. le prince Charles-Alexandre, duc de Lorraine et de Bar, gouverneur des Pays-Bas.
323	Portrait de Madame du Deffant.
324	Portrait de dame en costume du commencement du 17 ^e siècle.
325	Portrait d'un général commandant.
326	Portrait d'homme vu jusqu'aux genoux.
327	Portrait d'homme.
328	Portrait de l'empereur Joseph II.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
TABLEAUX ANCIENS.		
Les tableaux désignés ici sous la dénomination d' <i>anciens</i> sont ceux qui ont été produits avant l'époque où les frères Van Eyck inventèrent, en 1410, la manière de peindre à l'huile, jusqu'à Otto Venius, maître de Rubens.		
329	DE MABUSE (JEAN), né à Maubeuge en 1499, mort en 1562.	Le Christ chez Simon le Pharisien.
330	- - -	La Vierge et l'enfant Jésus.
331	GRIMNER (JACQUES), né à Anvers en 1510, mort en . . .	Histoire de la vie de Saint Hubert.
332	HEMSKERKE (MARTIN), dit LE VIEUX, né à Hemskerke en 1498, mort en 1574.	Le Seigneur succombant sous le poids de la croix.
333	KOECK (PIERRE D'ALOST), né à Alost en 1500, mort en 1553; élève de Van Orley.	Le Christ descendu de la croix.
334	MOSTARD (JACQUES), né à Harlem en 1499, mort en 1555.	Deux tableaux ayant servi autrefois de volets à un grand tableau que le Musée ne possède pas.
335	PATENIERS (JEAN), né à Dinant en 1480, mort en 1548.	La Vierge aux sept douleurs.
336	SCHOREEL (JEAN), né à Schoreel en 1495, mort en 1562; élève de Jean de Mabuse.	L'adoration des mages.
337	SWART (JEAN), né à Groeningue en 1480, mort en 1541.	L'adoration des images.
338	VAN CONIXLOO (JEAN).	La Sainte Famille.
339	- - -	La naissance de Saint Jean-Baptiste.
340	- - -	Un saint prélat au lit de la mort.
341	- - -	Les noces de Cana. (Volet.)
342	- - -	Jésus au milieu des docteurs. (Volet.)
343	VANDERGOES (HUGO), né à Bruges en 1366, mort en 1427; élève de Jean Van Eyck.	L'adoration des bergers.
344	VANDERWEYDE (ROGIER), né à Bruxelles en 1480, mort en 1529.	Le portement de la croix.
345	- - -	Le Christ en croix.
346	- - -	Tête de femme en pleurs, coiffée d'une guimbe.
347	- - -	La Vierge encore enfant est reçue par un ange sur les marches du temple.
348	- - -	Jésus parmi les docteurs.
349	- - -	L'annonciation à la Sainte Vierge.
350	- - -	La Nativité.
351	- - -	L'adoration des mages.
352	- - -	La circoncision.
353	- - -	Le Christ au tombeau.
354	- - -	Les disciples et les saintes femmes qui s'éloignent du sépulchre.
355	VAN HEMMISTEN (JEAN), né à Anvers au 16 ^e siècle.	La descente de croix.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
356	VAN OORT (LAMBERT), né à Amersfort en 1520, mort en 1547.	Déposition de la croix.
357	-	Adoration des bergers.
358	VAN ORLEY (BERNARD), né à Bruxelles en 1470, mort en 1548.	Jésus-Christ mort au milieu de saints personnages.
359	-	Sainte famille.

TABLEAUX ANCIENS

DONT LES NOMS DES AUTEURS SONT INCONNUS.

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| 360 Le Père éternel, revêtu de la dalmatique et la tête couverte de la tiare, tient son fils mort sur ses genoux. | 383 Esaü devant son père. |
| 361 Le massacre des innocents. | 384 La Vierge et l'enfant Jésus. |
| 362 Saint Benoît. | 385 Deux tableaux dans un encadrement. |
| 363 Le Seigneur appelant à lui les petits enfants. | 386 L'adoration des mages. |
| 364 La circoncision. | 387 Le sacre de Saint Grégoire. |
| 365 La Vierge soutenant l'enfant Jésus endormi, attend son réveil pour lui offrir une pomme. | 388 La Vierge dans une gloire entourée de symboles de litanies. |
| 366 Le sacre de Saint Grégoire. | 389 Le Christ dans sa gloire. (Ecole de Crayer.) |
| 367 Tableaux à deux volets. | 390 L'adoration des mages. |
| 368 L'adoration des bergers. | 391 L'adoration des bergers; effet de lumière. |
| 369 L'annonciation de l'ange Gabriel à la Vierge Marie. | 392 La Sainte Vierge et l'enfant Jésus. |
| 370 La Vierge, l'enfant Jésus et Saint Bernard. (Figures à mi-corps.) | 393 Cavalier. |
| 371 Deux volets d'un grand tableau très ancien, peints sur un fond doré, représentant, l'un, le Christ à la colonne, et l'autre, la résurrection. | 394 Tête du Christ. |
| 372 Deux volets d'un grand tableau que le Musée ne possède pas, représentant deux religieux entre deux colonnes. | 395 Tête de la Vierge. |
| 373 Pendant du tableau précédent. | 396 La sainte cène. |
| 374 Célébration de la messe à l'élévation. | 397 L'assomption de la Sainte Vierge. |
| 375 La Vierge et l'enfant Jésus. | 398 Tête du Christ. |
| 376 L'adoration des mages. | 399 Portrait d'une femme en prière. |
| 377 La Vierge et l'enfant Jésus. | 400 Portrait d'homme. |
| 378 La Création d'Eve. | 401 Portrait de femme. |
| 379 Le sacrifice d'Abraham. | 402 Portrait d'homme, sous le patronage de Saint Jacob. |
| 380 L'adoration des mages. | 403 Portrait de femme, sous le patronage de Sainte Catherine. |
| 381 Noé et sa famille devant l'arche. | 404 Deux portraits. |
| 382 La rencontre d'Esaü et de Jacob. | 405 Portrait de Guillaume de Croy, mort à Worms, en 1521, fondateur du convent des Célestins à Heverlé, près de Louvain. |
| | 406 Portrait de Jean Barrat. |
| | 407 Portrait de son épouse, Jehenne Cambri. |
| | 408 Portrait d'une jeune dame, tenant un œillet. |

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| <p>409 Portrait d'un homme habillé dans le goût du 16^e siècle.</p> <p>410 Portrait d'Edouard, roi d'Angleterre.</p> <p>411 Portrait.</p> <p>412 Portrait d'une dame en costume du 16^e siècle.</p> <p>413 Portrait en pied d'une dame du 16^e siècle.</p> <p>414 Portrait d'homme en buste.</p> | <p>415 Portrait d'une dame en costume du 15^e siècle.</p> <p>416 Portrait d'Elisabeth, reine d'Angleterre.</p> <p>417 Portrait en pied de la princesse Marie d'Angleterre, dans sa jeunesse.</p> <p>418 Portrait en pied de la reine Marie d'Angleterre, femme de Philippe II., roi d'Espagne.</p> <p>419 Portrait d'homme, peint en 1551.</p> |
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INDICATION DES TABLEAUX COURONNES

AUX DIVERSES EXPOSITIONS QUI ONT EU LIEU A BRUXELLES, SOUS LES AUSPICES DE
LA SOCIÉTÉ DES BEAUX-ARTS, FONDÉE EN 1811.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
420	BOENS (L.), de Tournai.	Reconnaissance des filles de la Messénie envers le sage Bias. (Dessin.) Concours de 1813.
421	DE COENE (HENRI), de Nederbraekel.	L'incrédulité de Saint Thomas. Concours de 1827.
422	DE JONGHE (J. B.), né à Courtrai en 1785, mort en 1844.	Site boisé; un âne traverse l'eau. Concours de 1824.
423	DELVAUX (ED.), né à Bruxelles en 1806.	Paysage avec figures et bestiaux. Concours de 1827.
424	DE VLIÉGER, d'Eecloo.	Artisan en prière. Concours de 1827.
425	DU CORRON (J.), né à Ath en 1770.	Coup de vent au coucher du soleil. Concours de 1813.
426	FRANÇOIS (ANGE N. J.), né à Bruxelles en 1800.	La robe ensanglantée de Joseph présentée à Jacob. (Dessin.)
427	GASSIES, de Bordeaux.	Agar renvoyée par Abraham. Concours de 1811.
428	GEIRNAERT (JOSEPH), né à Eecloo (Flandre orientale) en 1791	Officier rentrant dans ses foyers. Concours de 1818.
429	GELISSEN (M. J.), de Bruxelles.	Paysage représentant une vue de l'Arcadie. Concours de 1818.
430	MAES (J. B. L.), né à Gand en 1794.	Alexandre le Grand et son médecin Philippe. (Dessin.) Concours de 1818.
431	NAVEZ, né à Charleroi en 1787.	Le serment de Brutus. (Dessin.) Concours de 1811.
432	PAYEN (A. J. J.), de Tournai.	Clair de lune. Concours de 1815.
433	PICOT (FRANÇOIS-ÉDOUARD), né à Paris en 1786.	La rencontre d'Enée et de Vénus. Concours de 1813.
434	THYS (JEAN-FRANÇOIS), né à Bruxelles en 1783.	Le père Segers, jésuite et peintre distingué, recevant les présents que le Prince d'Orange lui envoie par son premier peintre Willeberts, en 1643. Concours de 1821.

No.	Artist's Name.	Description.
435	VANDESANDE-BAKHUYZEN (HENRI), né à la Haye en 1795.	Vue de dunes. Concours de 1821.
436	VAN REGEMORTER (J.), né à Anvers en 1785.	Vue matinée d'automne. Concours de 1811.
437	VERELLEN, né à Anvers.	Jupiter et Mercure chez Philémon et Baucis. Concours de 1815.
563	DUGHET (GUASPARE ou GASPARD,) dit POUSSIN, né à Rome en 1613, mort en 1675; élève de Nicolas Poussin son beau-frère.	Paysage.
564	HEMLING (JEAN), né à Damme, près de Bruges; travaillait en 1479.	Descente de croix.
565	INCONNUS -	Une Sainte Famille.
566	- -	L'adoration des mages.
567	- -	Un évêque prêchant devant une assemblée de prélats.
568	JACOBS (PIERRE-FRANÇOIS).	César à qui l'on présente la tête de Pompée.
569	JORDAENS.	Les vanités du monde. (Tableau allégorique.)
570	MAZZUOLI (FRANCESCO), dit PARMIGIANO ou le PARMESAN, né à Parme en 1503, mort en 1540; fut disciple de Pierre Mazzuoli et se perfectionna chez le Corrège. (Ecole Lombarde.)	Sainte Famille.
571	NICOLIE. (Ecole Flamande.)	Intérieur de l'église Saint-Jacques à Anvers.
572	POURBUS.	Portrait du magistrat Jacques Vander Gheenste, échevin et conseiller de la ville de Bruges en 1552.
573	STURM (JACQUES), né à Luxembourg en 1805, mort à Rome en 1844.	L'eau bénite.
574	VANDER MEER (GERARD), né à Gand vers 1540.	L'Assomption de la Vierge.
575	VAN DYCK.	Portrait de Dellafaille, bourgmestre d'Anvers.
576	- -	Portrait de l'auteur, peint par lui-même.

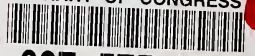
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